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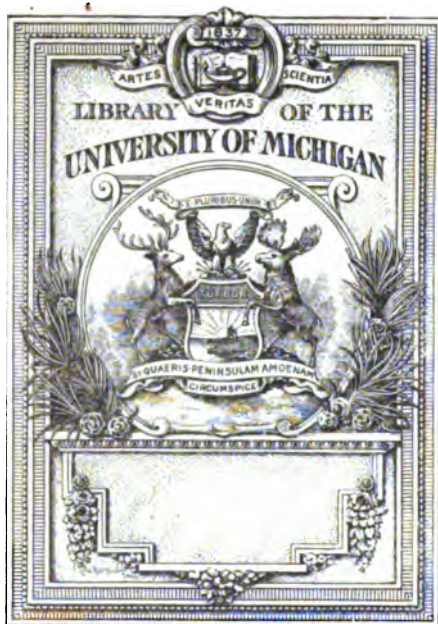
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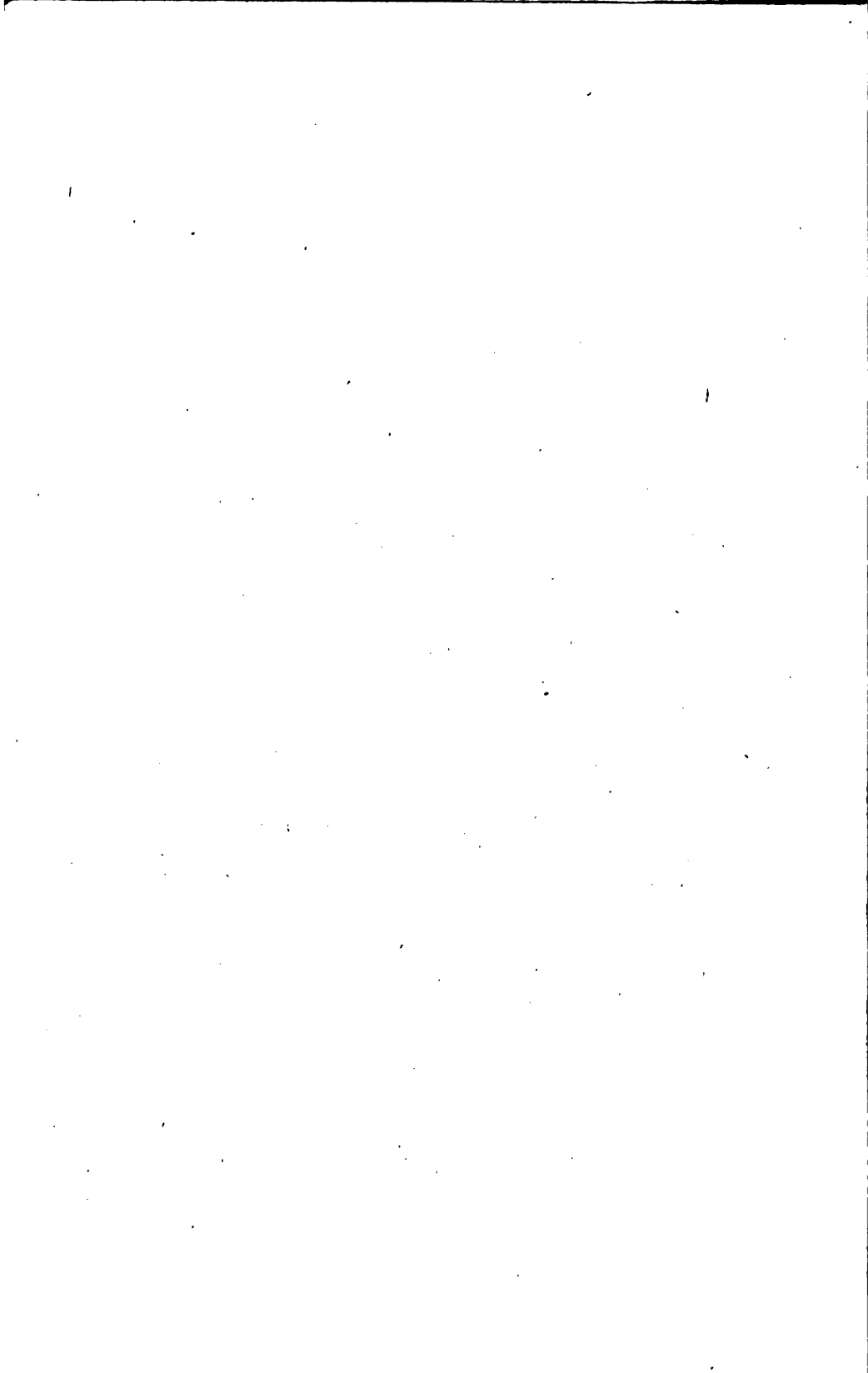
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THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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1. *A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe.* Vol. III. By George Saintsbury, LL.D. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1905.
 2. *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art.* By S. H. Butcher, LL.D. Third edition. London: Macmillan, 1902.
 3. *Harvard Lectures on Greek Subjects.* By the same. London: Macmillan, 1904.
 4. *Dramatic Criticism.* By A. B. Walkley. London: Murray, 1903.
 5. *Sainte-Beuve.* Par Léon Séché. Tomes I, II. Paris: Société du Mercure de France, 1905.
 6. *Correspondance de Sainte-Beuve avec M. et Mme Juste Olivier.* Par Mme Bertrand. Notes, etc., de Léon Séché. Paris: Société du Mercure, etc., 1905.
- And other works.

FIRST, as the Greeks would say, acknowledgments are due to that Power which has bestowed on Professor Saintsbury the vigour, perseverance, insight, and opportunities whereby he can now look upon his *opus magnum*, the story of criticism, as a thing accomplished. It is done, and well done. Hardly another man living could have dared so large an enterprise; and who would not have fainted in the long journey, which in depths and heights may be thought Dantean, from the Greek dawn of literature to the twilight or sunset of the nineteenth Christian century? Three volumes, two thousand pages, authors beyond reckoning; 'the best' and 'the rest' whom our critic summons before his judgment-seat; add the problems of style, matter, purpose, that break in

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at side-entrances; the dates and personal issues; the audience itself, creative genius here, ideal spectator there, and the general reader, who cannot be turned out once he has made his way in. It is the 'Review of Reviews' sublimated to a quintessence, the Great Exhibition of critical products, set out by one hand, but filling court after court with samples and trophies from the chief western languages, every one duly ticketed and priced. Certainly our English architect rivals 'the almost frightful laboriousness of Bouterwek and Eichhorn,' much as these excited the astonishment of Carlyle. His reading, inexhaustible, minute, always at command, would have charmed the melancholy Burton, stirred up Warburton of the 'Divine Legation' to envy and argue with him, challenged Buckle to a second exploration in the wastes of print; and it may deter the less resolute from taking, as he declares every critic is bound to take, all literature for his province.

'To read, and read, and evermore to read,' in books often obsolete, has been the occupation of a lifetime with Professor Saintsbury. His aim is the delight which he considers to be the true purpose of literature—delight given by the work of genius, felt by the reader who comes to it in receptive mood. For literature is the art of expression in words, criticism the impression it makes on that 'sensitised plate' which our minds should be when in contact with it. When we know how to record the lines and strokes of the mental photograph, not blurring them by prejudice, or overcharging lights and shadows with our private darkness, we are fit to be named critics, not otherwise. The whole art of judgment is faithful impression. Nor is any way but this conceivable, whereby to 'discover and celebrate the beautiful things of literature.' It is not a science *a priori*, with rules, kinds, qualities, measures and limits laid down beforehand in some 'Ars Poetica,' whether we term the lawgiver Aristotle, or Vida, or Boileau. The critic does not legislate, he observes; and his observation is a feeling, the test of it enjoyment. For he is concerned, not as the philosopher with what is true, nor as the moralist with what is right or wrong in conduct, but simply with what is beautiful in the written word. Literature is, then, something which we can define as

an end to itself, distinct from ethics as from metaphysics, subject to its own laws and conditions, a mode of human activity claiming its proper value. The appraiser of that value is the critic.

Unless we mistake, such is the Professor's 'articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ' in the hotly-debated question that has filled so many volumes from Plato's 'Phædrus,' 'Symposium,' and 'Republic,' and from the 'Poetics' of Aristotle onwards to our own day. Let it be remarked, however, that for the historian of critics it is a 'previous question.' Professor Saintsbury, though a student of philosophies—which no Petrus Comestor of books old and new could well escape being—is on his guard against the German fault (as he considers it) of striking too high into the clouds of speculation, not less than against the opposite one, now growing much more common, of resolving poet and poetry into parish registers and laundresses' washing-bills. He quotes from Joubert, 'Quelquefois un besoin de philosopher gâte tout'; and he is inclined to flee 'ultra Sauromatas' or the Icy Ocean rather than take service under Baumgarten, nay, even the greater Hegel. Yet he would doubtless agree when Professor Butcher tells his American audience that 'from the outset Greek thinkers looked slightly on that multifarious learning which holds together a mass of unrelated facts, but never reaches to the central truth of things.' Had no dramatic unity, arising by means of a strangely varying conflict, governed the wide and scattered movements of criticism, where would be the binding interest of these three great volumes?

But Professor Saintsbury's dislike, not to put too fine a point on it, of system in every shape, brings with it a little inconvenience. For want of clearly stated principles, there is repetition which takes up room and often reduces to the proportions of a vignette the pictures of consummate artists on which we should delight to dwell. On the opposite side, condensation is sacrificed to a humorous enforcement of the writer's view, in places and ways that, if unexpected, are not always inevitable. To complain of lively touches, quaint allusions, or even friskings and gambollings, in a work derived, as to manner, from Montaigne and reminiscent of Rabelais,

is not at all the drift of these observations. When the Titan scales heaven, he may do anything he will with Ossa and Pelion, provided he can get thither. But while we praise the alertness, gaiety, and defiant good-nature of this never-wearied Adeimantus, we feel that perhaps 'a wider metacritic would not hurt our critic'—if Aurora Leigh will forgive the parody. A philosophic programme would have saved space and time, brought out the unity which underlies a discursive treatment, and let us into the secret of criticism.

However, once we have seized the clue, it becomes a pleasant game to trace through all his windings the Romantic—for such our guide declares himself to be—who leads us in and out and round about on a quest resembling that of the 'Faery Queen,' and not less intricate or less adventurous. The giants of a false criticism must be met and overthrown: the paladins of a true theory—yes, theory it cannot fail of being, do what the author may to dissemble it—need praise and encouragement. For there is a dramatic contest, as in the creations of genius, so in the judgments on what it has achieved. If poets came first, in that *Juventus Mundi* to which we look for their Golden Age—an age not occurring everywhere at the same time, but consequent on those peculiar and mysterious causes whence inspired imagination takes its origin—philosophers came second, and in their train the problems of a critical enquiry into all that poets mean or ought to mean by their singing.

This is that 'long quarrel,' known to us well from Plato's 'Dialogues,' between the votary of Beauty and the disciple of Truth. It is even more. The philosopher could not but grow into a preacher; among Greeks he was by profession a moral dignitary; and he asked whether old romance, with its legends of the gods exhibited on a public stage, did not corrupt the world which it was only too willing to please. Truth, scientific or matter of fact, murmured at the poet's 'lying fables.' Morality declaimed against his light and frivolous, or terrible and disedifying, mythological scenes, which outraged a more humane conception of life than the primitive one whence they had sprung. The dispute, beginning with Ionians like Anaxagoras, who attacked the popular religion, rises in Plato to the height of that great argument

between Puritan and Dilettante, between Church and Stage, nay, between culture and life itself, of which the forms are innumerable, the debates unceasing, the issue never long decided in favour of one or other combatant. For we dealing are with incommensurables, from which, whatever common measure we apply to them, there is always left over an unexplored remainder.

The first brilliant piece of criticism that we fall in with among Athenians illustrates the tangle and points the paradox recurring ever and anon in Professor Saintsbury's volumes. The critic is Aristophanes; the victim of his cruel yet earnest sport is Euripides. One would fancy that the comic poet should allow or practise what has been known to later times as 'Art for Art's sake.' But not so; he censures 'our Euripides the human' as a bad citizen, a sophist, a sentimentalist, a realist, who teaches how to make the worse appear the better cause, and whose unbelief is a crime against the State. Æschylus, on the other hand, represents for this out-and-out Conservative the poet of heroic days, who instructs youth in all high wisdom :—

*τοῖς μὲν γὰρ παιδαρίοισιν
ἔστι διδάσκαλος ὅστις φράζει, τοῖς ἡβῶσιν δὲ ποιηταί.*

And this view lingered down to Roman times, to Plutarch and Strabo; or shall we not rather say that it never died, and is not likely soon to die? For what is the intent of reading in elementary schools Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and other inspired singers, but to cultivate and enhance the moral sensibilities of childhood? Poetry has ever been the 'prima philosophia' of those who would turn away in disgust and despair from abstract systems. Nor did Plato condemn the use of poets as 'fathers and guides to wisdom' for the young, which he permits in that choice little drama of boys at play, the 'Lysis.' But, when he sketched the better life that was to be, and would have built up the perfect State, his judgment became inexorably severe. The crowned and delightful poet must go into banishment. Plato's reasons, in part, are those of Aristophanes; all culture which does not make for education, moral and political, is naught. The Athenian has now become a Spartan; we behold in far-off perspective Calvin at Geneva; or we hear the milder

Racine protesting, as by the lips of Jansenius, that, if he writes the tale of love in 'Phèdre,' his aim has been a warning not to indulge wickedness even in dreams. 'Ce que je puis assurer c'est que je n'en ai point fait,' he says of his tragedies, 'où la vertu soit plus mise en jour que dans celle-ci.' Virtue alone will justify beautiful writing, these lofty prophets teach us. But the 'unexplored remainder' is not thereby reasoned out of court.

Aristotle felt it, with his happy gift of looking round every problem and letting it make its own impression, whether he could solve it or not. His 'Poetics,' though no more than a fragment, opens the first chapter in scientific criticism, and was long esteemed its inspired or at least infallible Testament. It is still among the living things of literature, serene with a Greek tranquillity which gives the effect of light on marble; and if we read it for suggestions towards a doctrine of the ancient epic and drama, nothing will do us more good. Happily, too, it has been translated and commented upon by a master whose knowledge is as rare as his manner of presenting it, 'lenis minimeque pertinax,' is persuasive. We could not wish for an introduction more illuminating to Mr Saintsbury's record of critical achievement—excellent as he, too, is on Hellenic subjects—than Mr Butcher's edition of this thought-provoking treatise, and his 'Harvard Lectures,' which, with his earlier essays on the 'Greek Genius,' complete what he has to tell us concerning Greek literary criticism.

Than the 'Poetics' no work of antiquity has been more misconstrued, partly owing to ignorance, but quite as much because the author was himself uncertain of his position, tentative and elusive, not enough of a poet to allow for the 'demonic,' or, in later language, the 'unconscious,' that lies beneath intellect, creative or critical; and, though he had been Homer's peer in that respect, too entirely Greek to feel with a different world of poetry, suppose the Oriental then, or the Romantic since. He was not prescribing how genius ought to write; he drew from dead and famous authors examples to demonstrate how they had written; and his rules are judgments which *they* seem to give, not which he imposes on them. He is not consistent, and is far from infallible. Yet he takes us a step beyond Plato; for he sees, at last, that

poetry, which κατ' ἐξοχήν is literature, cannot, as being a fine art, merely subserve didactic ends, but is an end in itself; its object is 'to produce an emotional delight, a pure and elevated pleasure.' This truth, never hidden from the great masters, found classic statement when it was most needed in Dryden: 'Delight is the chief, if not the only end of poesy; instruction can be admitted, but in the second place, for poesy only instructs as it delights.'

May, then, truth and virtue be disregarded, clean contrary to that Platonic sermon which ends to such wonderful effect the dialogue with Phædrus? It might seem so while we are quoting the Stagirite's judgments on poetry, appealing as they do to logic and to strictly æsthetic *momenta*. Yet, says Mr Butcher, Aristotle would not 'set aside as a matter of indifference the moral content of a poem or the moral character of the author.' Nay, 'they are all-important factors in producing the total impression'; and, since tragedy is the imitation of life, 'the pleasure he [Aristotle] contemplates could not conceivably be derived from a poem which offers low ideals of life and conduct, and misinterprets human destiny. An American scholiast—we rejoice to know that Greek studies flourish in Maryland—Mr Carroll, has perhaps brought out the principle better than Aristotle did himself: 'Morality enters into consideration,' for the artist, he says, 'only as implied in the æsthetic ideal.'

But the older prepossession survives along with this more accurate judgment; and rules too rigorous on their ethical side left the 'Poetics' a fertile debating-ground for after-times. What shall the drama make of its hero from this point of view? Can he be a villain, or the Prince of Darkness, and not rather morally noble, though there may be flaws in his nature? Is the contemplated 'excellence' possible in a character like, we will say, Napoleon, whose deeds were on so magnificent a scale, but whose principles were the reverse of 'eminently good'? The answer seems to be that moral grandeur is demanded, but that μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας throws the quality into the action, implies a deeper universal element than we understand by such words as 'ethical' and their kindred, and leads us on to the disclosure of laws which, in the range and import of their bearing, do, by deliverance of our emotions from the commonplace, 'lift us till

we touch the spheres.' Here lies the morality of great or true literature.

Meanwhile, the point was to be unceasingly argued by critics, right and wrong, 'between whose endless jar justice resides.' So, too, when the delight given is defined as 'rational enjoyment,' are we not left in a quivering balance of adjective and substantive? Enjoyment we know, but what is reason? Socrates, in the 'Apology,' cannot discover it when he turns to the mighty bards. 'They showed me in an instant,' he says, 'that not by wisdom do poets write poetry, but by a sort of genius and inspiration; they are like diviners and soothsayers, who also say many fine things, but do not understand the meaning of them.' It was a teaching from of old, explicitly stated by Democritus of Abdera, but far more splendidly in the Theban 'Pindarus'—to speak Miltonically—that the Muse utters the oracle and her 'prophet' renders it in rhyme. 'The idea of the frenzied poet,' observes our Harvard lecturer, 'strikes us as having a strangely un-Greek air.' Is not that because we set in front of our thoughts a more recent, more Attic, stage of life and literature than the remote but exceedingly grand primeval era to which Dionysus came with his revellers in the echoing glades of Cithæron; when Apollo was first oracular at Delphi, and the vast mythologies arose that overshadowed Æschylus? Trained skill, deliberate intellect, mark out Sophocles, Thucydides, and other men of the centre. Yet there was a mystic mountain-scenery behind them to which we owe the 'Bacchanals' and that choral rhythm, long untameable, without which drama had never come to birth.

Plato could not be unaware of it; therefore his 'Laws' maintain that 'the poet, when he sits down on the tripod of the Muse, is not in his right mind.' To Aristotle, who stays below in the cool element of prose congenial to science, reason means the conscious intellect; to his predecessor of the Academy, supreme in another kind of prose, who foresaw in the 'Symposium' a possible Shakespeare, as in the 'Phædrus' he almost reveals Dante by anticipation of his fused consummate qualities, reason could not but signify 'divine powers inherent.' But there is nothing so distinctive of the 'Poetics' as that, while it leans unquestionably to the side of

formal understanding, it does not surrender the tradition dear to Greeks. We are taught in it that 'poetry implies a happy gift of nature or a strain of madness. In the one case a man can take the mould of any character; in the other, he is lifted out of his proper self.' Four expressive terms, amplified to this English rendering, open the arena on which the Classic and the Romantic have since engaged in their everlasting Theban struggle. The 'happy gift,' the flexible genius, the delicate power of seeing resemblances, the quickness to enter dramatically into another's feelings, convey in their idea, says Mr Butcher, 'a more conscious critical faculty.' But 'the strain of madness,' which Longinus termed 'vehement and inspired passion,' is something else, greater or less according to its achievement. We, who have learnt that this play of 'The Critics' will be matter for centuries and nations to wrangle over, perceive how the first act has already begun. Like every good opening, it carries with it incidents, persons, style, atmosphere; it has a certain equipoise not to be troubled, though swaying never so violently hither and thither. Criticism, remarks Professor Saintsbury with uncommon depth, is the fencing-match between Hamlet and Laertes in which the combatants change swords, not once but often, each alternately crying out that nature, reason, imagination, good sense and good taste are on his side; and philosophy does its best to make the rivals friends.

Allowing, as does Mr Butcher, that 'Greece presents a phenomenon unique' in the fine arts, that it knew how to create 'fixed types, governed by a rigid code of rules, yet working in harmony with the spontaneous play of native faculty,' we may, by pressure here and inference there, derive the problems which all succeeding critics have undertaken, from Plato and Aristotle. The Grecian style does not encourage a lawless indulgence of personality. Caprice, freakishness, humour—in Ben Jonson's handling of the term—it will scarcely tolerate; and, if we meet no allusion to Aristophanes in the 'Poetics,' this may be partly the reason. *Æschylus* also stands aloof and foreign to it, as an elder god, Titanic rather than Olympian. Measure is the word for *Hellas*, not mania.

Nevertheless, a third pre-eminent critic, whom we are

still not forbidden to think of as Longinus, corrects the pedantry under which Romans were tempted to follow their own less excellent way, and thanks to which scholars of the Renaissance came near to defeating the very object of humane letters. That genial survey of the elevated in Greek and Latin authors, 'On the Sublime,' with its side-glance even at Hebrew, holds up from first to last enthusiasm or inspiration as the source to which poets owe their influence. Almost we hear the language of Goethe when it declares that 'sublimity is the echo of a great soul.' The end of literature, like its beginning, is 'transport'—to be carried out of ourselves into a world beyond the common. It demands an innate power of forming great conceptions, it moves us in the rapture of 'vehement and inspired passion'; these combine to express themselves in figured speech, by noble diction, by dignified and lofty composition. But the elevated mind holds the foremost rank. The fine anthology, ranging over seven hundred years, which Longinus has selected, bears witness to his catholic taste. He can appreciate Homer and Demosthenes, Herodotus and Thucydides, Sappho and Cicero. He has come down to our modern world as the last of the Greek critics who understood their own literature. But he is also the first of comparative students, acquainted with models in every different style, large-minded enough to pursue the quest of high thoughts clad in beautiful words wherever they might be found. He, more than either Aristotle or Plato, is the pattern on which a literary critic should frame his judgments, having first drunk at the fountain of so deep and stimulating an enthusiasm; for, as Pope sings in an almost fervent stanza, 'he is himself that great sublime he draws.'

We need not linger among the Romans except to mark that, whether in Cicero, Horace, or Quintilian, they were always moving from poetry towards rhetoric, as the genius of Latin could not but incline them. For the topmost works of Hellas, its epic and its tragic miracles, they never entertained the feeling which Northerners, more susceptible to inward things, to the essence and spirit of the unconventional, have shown. Rome might always be defined as a grandiose convention; its ideal spectator was the Senate; its vulgar, the crowd which thronged to Circus and Colosseum. Virgil and Catullus betray another

mood; but they are not Romans proper. Though Professor Saintsbury will not allow any definite application of 'race' or *milieu* as explaining the colours of genius, it would be hardly fair to deny that there is such a thing as Latin rhetoric, which corresponds now, as in every preceding age, to the temperament best summed up in the word 'meridional.' Nay, the Greeks had it first; and Socrates enquired scornfully, 'Is not rhetoric the art of enchanting by argument?' But, while the singer in every land calls forth admiration, the rhetorician among Germans and Englishmen is held, as he was by Plato, to be somewhat of a sophist and his art a pretence. These Barbarians have gone one step with Quintilian. '*Pectus est enim quod disertos facit, et vis mentis*'—be sincere, and eloquence will take care of itself. In their eyes rules of fine speaking are pedantry, the use of gestures is theatrical, the study of tones and attitudes affectation, and the whole thing unworthy of a serious man. We should greatly err if we fancied southern peoples, or those who govern them, indifferent, as most of ourselves, to these outward forms. On the contrary, when they are in earnest, meridionals become at once theatrical; they cannot understand the British quality that intensifies action by its quietness. Rhetoric breeds formal rules; and the Southern who turns critic is not happy until he has registered them.

The magnificent instance here is Cicero, undoubtedly a man of genius. His discussions touching oratory and orators illustrate, in graceful language, the precepts which they enforce. Quintilian, who had good sense but nothing more, criticises, as a reviewer and a college tutor, in his Tenth Book, the chief writers of Greece and Rome. Seneca, from the moralising point of view, contributes to an art not dissimilar, the art of being wise, sententious, persuasive, by maxim and aphorism. As we read, we feel that inspiration has bent its neck to training, poetry given way before prose; that literature may now be hand-made according to receipt; and we look round for Juvenal to satirise Nero, the decadent versifier of Trojan themes, or for Petronius and his butt Trimalchio in the immortal supper.

All this wears a modern air indeed. But the Romantic adventure which we know as the Middle Ages puts

between our own period and that of Roman decadence an interlude during which no critic arose to vex the poets of the Barbarians. Rules were not; instinct pleased itself and wrought things not contemptible, the strong medieval epics, *chansons de gestes*, rhymed Latin hymns, and prose, —a world of marvels, undreamt by Aristotle, from the Vulgate and Church liturgies to the cycles of romance, legends of saints, chronicles, and fairy-tales, concerning all which it may be said that, if inspired, they were artless, if dull, chaotic; but the air in which they live and move is poetry. Their wild freedom takes us back again to man's golden prime, to mythologies, visions, oracles, wonders of every sort; we lose ourselves in an enchanted forest, and are willing to be led astray—all the more that we feel how this breath of a new dawn will kindle into flame on the lips of St Francis of Assisi, and modulate, when the time arrives, into the mystic unfathomable song of Dante. What, then, are rules if an untutored Umbrian, without any rule, can strike the note of Italian popular literature? what, if the whole world cries 'Onorate l'altissimo poeta' when the Florentine passes, wearing the crowns of all-creative genius; a prophet in his deep wisdom; a visionary whose dreams are adamantine realities; a moralist whose pity is infinite while he utters the sentence of doom; a craftsman whose words are jewels and his verses a shining light; finally, a soul whose 'vehement and inspired passion' carries the pilgrim along through every stage of suffering and of glory until the universe lies open to his gaze in splendour everlasting? Can this wonder be accomplished without Aristotle's 'Poetics'? If so, the question of rules *a priori* is decided against them once for all.

So did not the Renaissance believe when its hour struck on the great horologe of change. It canonised Cicero, stereotyped Virgil, declared poetry to be an imitation of nature, and made of it a *pastiche*. It was wholly a thing of tradition, precedent, scholarship, plagiarism, and letter-worship. Even Politian, one of its genuine poets, had so little discriminating sense as to fancy that the pseudo-Epistles of Phalaris might have been forged by Lucian. Except Ariosto, the singer of a *chanson de geste* in choice Italian, to whom add Rabelais, the French Aristophanes (certainly no ape of rule or custom), and Montaigne, free

as air in his wide wanderings through literature, the Humanists are all seated at the second table. Not, surely, Erasmus, it will be said. No, not Erasmus, if we judge him by his affinities with Lucian, or by his contempt for fanatical Ciceronians, or by the living grace and personal touches that adorn his Latin style. Erasmus, however, was absorbed in scholarship, which is not here the question. But the crowd remains, ever growing in numbers and arrogance, who quoted Aristotle the critic, but did not see the varied strands in his teaching, and who upheld him as a literary dictator amid the ruins of old religion and the revolt against medieval philosophy. These are the Neo-Classics, mighty men of renown, to whose influence, as one cause out of several, we may ascribe it that Italian ceased to do its first works, turned away from Dante, and gave us for the 'Orlando,' not so much the 'Gierusalemme,' as an aureate and laureate jargon, empty but pretentious, fatal to sense in its cultivation of sound. The Neo-Classics made of Italian that dead language which in books represents the dead churches drawn in perspective by Palladio. Lines and measures are everything; but the spirit of life is not in them. Of course, freedom was wanting too; and the last pages of Longinus, with their noble sadness, might have been written for the age of Spanish despotism that discredited the genius of Italy.

This false Aristotle it is whom Professor Saintsbury, in his second volume, delineates under all masks and counterfeitings, with infinite citations, a vivacity that seldom flags, a justice of appraisal the more striking that he is, or means to be, utterly opposed to the mere Humanist. Literature, he grants, will yield formulas of a kind, and we may apply the Lesbian rule; but will formulas yield criticism? If the same explanation does not hold for any two instances of the sublime, how can they? From that Torres Vedras the professor will not budge. 'Poetical predestination' is heresy worse than Calvin's. Not only must dogmas of that limiting power be cast aside, but in the Republic of Letters no absolute sovereign keeps his court.

'Not Homer, not Dante, not Shakespeare himself' (cries the anarchist) 'can be allowed the first position' as a 'positive pattern of all poetic excellence'; and 'the main principle

and axiom of all sound criticism is that not merely no actual poet, but no possible one, can be allowed the second,' namely, as an '*index expurgatorius* of all poetic delinquency' (ii, 85).

Thus our historian, who becomes for the moment a philosopher *malgré lui*, nails his colours to the mast. How should we not cheer and follow him? Let us write on the pennon with Petronius, '*Præcipitandus est liber spiritus*': Freedom shall have its fling. Our fighting tactics we borrow from Nelson, 'Grapple and board'; or, to vary the phrase with Balzac's Marius, the barber of Paris, '*L'exécution, voilà la chose.*'

There is, then, no art of creation teachable by the card. A composer may understand all the mysteries of verse-making, and have all knowledge of Virgil; but, if he fail in that which is beyond, he is nothing, his poem has never drawn breath of life. Now contrast the '*Poetics*' of Vida, which, in Professor Saintsbury's judgment, has wielded an influence greater than Horace or Aristotle. We are not reviewing the professor's second volume, tempting as it would be to pass our time delectably among his masterpieces—for they deserve that recognition—of fully-informed, well-balanced verdicts on the humanist criticism. But if we have not surveyed the battlefield from Vida to Boileau and Pope, we shall be at a loss to know what the Romantic school was contending for when it opposed these legions, and how great a victory it won. Vida comes some years before the earliest prose critics of the new Italian, anti-Platonic, Virgil-worshipping Academy; he anticipates the main group of them by more than twenty; and, 'by a sort of intuition,' he defines the orthodox literary creed which was to prevail from the midday of the Renaissance until Christopher Pitt translated him for the eighteenth century.

Vida's life (1480-1546) covers a critical period in the revolution which, breaking once for all with medieval metaphysics, romance, architecture, painting, and general polity, went on its way towards the '*siècle de Louis Quatorze*,' in which it found perfect expression, and, as a living movement, came to an end. What it could do was done then as never since or before. All Nature, it cried, that was worth imitating had been already imitated by the ancients; imitate them and you will be a great poet.

This was the sum ; but Homer and the Greeks had been alembicated into 'the Mantuan' ; therefore steal from him phrase, rhythm, character, episode : your heroic poem is then complete. 'Reason' had said its last word, for Nature could achieve no more than the 'Æneid' and the 'Georgics,' with pastoral 'Bucolics' thrown in for a *buona mano*.

We smile at this extravagance : we pity Virgil, whose tender grace needs it not at all. Yet our modern poetry might have been sacrificed to Vida's rules. 'To almost any man of the Renaissance,' observes Professor Saintsbury, 'it would have seemed half sacrilege and half madness to examine ancient and modern literatures on the same plane, and decide what was germane to each and what common to all.' In the Professor's view, as in ours, Dante is 'the greatest man of letters for fifteen hundred years' ; but even Italians would not have set the 'Divina Commedia' above the 'Æneid,' though most of us do so now. Wherever the Neo-Classics triumphed, Dante underwent eclipse. These were consequences which need not have followed from studying the classics. Why they did follow is not an enquiry for this place and time.

Aristotle's fragment laid stress on subject rather than character, looked not so much to 'beautiful moments' as to a well-ordered whole, and might easily be thought to insist on direct ethical teaching as the outcome of drama. It did not reach the discussion of lyric or pastoral poetry. When dealing with epic, it was still the fable and the good hero that it kept in view. Such treatment, while it furnished Italian commentators with text and moral, led the French into their tedious interminable disputes on those 'unities' at the mention of which we turn the page. But the difference was in favour of Italians. They could not give up Ariosto, let the critical hounds bay never so loudly. They had an inheritance and a tradition of 'heroical passion,' with its tongues of fire and wings of inspired fancy ; how was pedestrian logic to catch their soaring hippogriff ? Accordingly, from Trissino's 'Poetica,' which began to appear in 1529, two years after Vida, down to the execution, in another than the literary sense, of Giordano Bruno in 1600, the battle of wits went on. Theorists and formalists were arrayed over against a dwindling but valiant company, of whom Patrizzi is the

standard-bearer. To this period belongs the martyrdom of Tasso, who wanted the big heart which would have ridden through formulas, defied the Inquisition of preceptists, and given us something greater than his 'Gierusalemme' in either of its editions. Both manner and matter had by this time shed the last of their Christian Middle Age. To be literary was to be pagan. So far had the Renaissance brought it in Catholic Italy. But its day was over when Lilius Giraldus and Summo had exhibited the art of judging as a department of letters subject to its own laws.

England and Spain, whatever individual critics might import of the plague, were still on the old heroic adventure. Their conquests for all time, as the Golden Book records in a catalogue headed by Spenser, Shakespeare, and Cervantes, proved that the nineteen centuries which lay between these bold spirits and Aristotle had not been a mere parenthesis. Deeps were explored never sailed upon by the Argonauts; heights were attempted beyond Olympus and all its gods; the new world of romance found its Columbus, to whom rules and unities were a Sargasso Sea of floating weeds. Better than critics are creators. These two literatures, our never-sealed fountain of delight, made it sheerly impossible that justification by theory alone should prevail outside the Latin borders. Modern poetry, original and creative prose, were safe. The classics of a universe which was to develop on Gothic paths of freedom were written and could not be committed to the flames. Neither Ascham nor Sidney nor Bacon, neither Quevedo nor Gracian, had it in their power to forbid the doings of supreme excellence, at once idiomatic and national, which extend from Marlowe to Milton, from 'Don Quixote' to the dramas of Lope, Tirso de Molina, and Calderon. Here is the true anticipated answer to that French system which, crystallising in Malherbe, and set to music not unworthy in Boileau, has made the round of a more and more unbelieving world. Dead we cannot term it so long as eloquent and erudite counsel like M. Brunetière plead in its defence. 'Enfin Malherbe vint,' sings the charmed Despréaux; and the battle of the books was taken up in French, English, German, henceforth to be the languages of modern inspiration.

It was a dispute more complex than it seemed. If Regnier, who stands for liberty in his great 'Ninth Satire,' appeared to make most of the 'subject' or fable, and if Malherbe and Boileau insisted on 'form and expression,' the real heart of the controversy was not there. Milton, who shows us the poet 'soaring in the high reason of his fancy, with his garlands and singing-ropes about him,' fixes by this one image the quality of literature as a noble art; for every kind of prose deserving to be admired shares in that elevation. But high reason is something more than taste or even good sense. There is a sublime in French too, which does not wait for Victor Hugo. It meditates in Pascal, preaches in Bossuet, laughs with a curiously mingled tone of doubt and sadness in Molière. On these Boileau, as the chronology proves, could act either not at all or not much. His one undoubted pupil, yet not altogether his, may be thought to be Racine. Of Corneille, it is well said that he was a Samson, not eyeless, but yet grinding 'in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,' and 'under bonds to the Philistian yoke'; yet he likewise owed nothing to Boileau. What, therefore, does the dreary talk amount to which fills 'L'Art Poétique' and its successors down to La Harpe? It ushered in the least romantic of centuries, produced a shoal of mediocrities, who blasphemed what they did not understand—the Rapins, Rymers, Le Bossus, and their art of sinking in poetry; it explains or exemplifies that disenchanting touch in Voltaire which for ever divides him, not only from the poets, but from all high literature. Yet, as Professor Saintsbury finds little difficulty in bringing home to us, Boileau was no great critic. Where he translates Horace he does best; but he censures Corneille without grounds, praises Molière faintly, and, by excommunicating the older French masters, broke with the past, as did the men of 1789, to the irretrievable loss of his country.

There were protests, and not silent either, from La Bruyère, Fénelon, and, much later, from Fontenelle. But the revolt which ended in victory began, so far as we can ever trace beginnings, with our English Dryden. Professor Saintsbury, had he done nothing else, would have deserved our heartiest applause by his reinstatement, before a public that is always forgetting, of the native

critics, from 'Glorious John' to Samuel Johnson and to Hazlitt, whose merits, though not exactly philosophical, are those which he 'most affects.' For he puts aside metaphysics, and hopes that he has too much wit to indulge in definitions. Be that as it may, literary judgment is one thing, ethical, or that of causes, another. Englishmen, it must be granted, refuse to take epigram seriously, are bewildered by formulas, suspect the abstract, and read Shakespeare because they like him. Dryden, who shares with Dante—perhaps, says Professor Saintsbury (yet he holds himself in reserve on that matter), with Goethe—the distinction of being at once the greatest poet and critic of his age, was no metaphysician. He resumes the position of Longinus, gives to Shakespeare 'the larger soul of poesy,' brushes Aristotle out of his way—'if he had seen our plays he might have changed his mind'—and by that spell turns the men of the Renaissance to Circe's litter. Dryden was not aware that he foretold a coming revolution. Many years went by, and it tarried; while the Augustan age of Anne demonstrated, as M. Brunetière argues so curiously, that the classics of a nation need not include its supreme writers. For the Elizabethans are supreme but not classic. The nineteenth century could not have been classic had it tried. There is a moment when language, authors, and people, says M. Brunetière, reach a certain balance of proportion; until it arrives, inspiration outruns shape and measure; so soon as it passes it is not to be recovered. Imitation or extravagance—behold the Caudine Forks between which modern literature must go under the yoke.

It is a 'bland assumption,' returns our professor (though he has not been arguing with M. Brunetière); and history teaches a more hopeful view. Dryden's attitude—which was that of England—towards Shakespeare; even Addison's timid eulogy of Milton; Johnson's 'Preface,' his declaration in the 'Rambler' that 'it ought to be the first endeavour of a writer to distinguish nature from custom,' and his protest against 'rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact'—prepare us for a double movement, whose onset the Neo-Classics could not withstand. It came in this country by way of a return to the Middle Ages. Gray, the two Wartons, Hurd, Percy's 'Reliques,' announce that glimpses are caught of the true principles,

the only method, on which sound literary judgments can be framed. But in Germany the pioneer is Lessing, who, though he declared Aristotle flawless, conducts us to a different prospect, over which rise the Alps of a new philosophy. Date these commencements where we will, a sense of kinship warns that we are at length at home, in the modern period, when we meet any of them.

Here it may be asked whether, in arranging his final volume, Professor Saintsbury should not have let the Germans precede, the English, especially Coleridge and his 'Companions,' follow. The order is by no means immaterial to a right apprehension of what constituted criticism in the nineteenth century. Coleridge is a prince in the critical Israel, according to our book; and every well-read German will say '*meinetswegen*, let him be so.' How, then, did he reach that pre-eminence? We must, it would appear, answer thus. Literature being the fusion of ideas and images by virtue of constructive reason, set forth in delightful language as its fit expression, Coleridge had the mind, imagination, ear, and style by which he entered into the whole and its parts, as a critic who was likewise a poet. This original, or rather unique, combination of gifts so diverse will neither be understood nor accounted for, if we do not trace it to the revolution which dethroned Locke and gave Germany the sceptre of European thought for a hundred years.

No one familiar with Herder's speculations, with Kant's influence on Schiller, with Fichte's '*Æsthetic Education of Man*,' with Goethe's poetic anticipations of Hegel's '*higher synthesis*' and '*freedom of the spirit*,' but will acknowledge that we owe to the movement of which these are aspects a deeper feeling for Shakespeare and all other literature, ancient or modern. In this new learning Coleridge led the way for Englishmen; but he received as well as gave, and his lamp was kindled at these torches. It is no question of borrowing, though it well might be, if that signified. Nor, again, is any regular '*system of æsthetics*' in dispute. The '*Idea*,' divine or diabolic, which overshadows German thought, is not to be condensed like oxygen into a liquid form and labelled in Florence flasks. Can we listen to Coleridge or Carlyle without feeling that a new ichor is running in their veins, that an accent of inspiration, not heard since Milton fell silent, is making

their speech musical? What has come to pass? A vision of things from some entirely fresh outlook has put to flight the unsubstantial dreams, calling themselves Reason and Common-sense, which in Voltaire found their poetry and their prose alike brilliant, cold, finite, however we view them. At such points as these, literary judgments, if they take on no colour from philosophy, are apt to seem unfinished.

Our Professor, who has a dread of first principles, insinuates a different reason. He doubts if the Schillers and Goethes have not been overpraised in this department. Schiller, indeed, he calls roundly a pedant; the belief in Goethe's unrivalled powers of criticism he sets down as a 'superstition.' These Rhadamanthine decrees will astonish not a few; and we may leave to the patriots of the Fatherland whatever epithets they shall choose to retort on one whom an Italian reader qualifies as '*digiuno di filosofia*.' But we can partly explain them. Our author judges literature by its 'beautiful moments' rather than by 'heads of method' or *aperçus* into the nature of things. He perceives in the German a neglect of style which argues defective sense; and this exasperates him, as it has many another, precisely no less than the lack of insight which we feel in Boileau and his camp-followers, notwithstanding their elegance of form. There is food for amazement in literary critics who discuss the sublime and beautiful on a dissecting-board, and who serve as instruments of culture, but have little of it themselves. The Philistine *Gelehrter* was a scandal to Goethe; but he lasted on, and perhaps may still be found in high places. Yet culture itself, as the Weimar poet handled that fine art, is suspect to Professor Saintsbury. It seeks its own, with an individual self-regard, among the treasures of beauty and light; it picks and chooses, instead of obeying the law which commands us to admire all that is admirable. A very pretty quarrel might be started here with our anarchist or hedonist in literature; but, leaving that on one side, we perceive why enthusiasm for the German critics will never overpower him. They, like Aristotle, yet in a greater degree, fix their eyes on subject, design, idea, when they should be examining the execution, and teaching us to win from it delight.

That German æsthetics, which wrote their first page

in Lessing's 'Laocoon' and 'Dramaturgie,' had a liberating influence, our author concedes. But we must rise to the specular mount with Carlyle if we would do justice in this high debate, where Goethe's occasional slips, and even pretensions to a knowledge he did not always possess, may provoke us into miscalculation. His talks with Eckermann are 'senilia.' Yet there was surely a virtue of its own in 'that singular wisdom,' whether drawn from the eighteenth century or elsewhere, which would not let him degenerate into common-sense, while it combined the gifts of science and romance, gave him an 'almost unique mastery of the tendencies of the morrow,' and led him to serve under two flags—say, in 'Faust' and in 'Iphigenie'—with honour to both. Take exception we may, or should, to much in the Olympian that yet savours of Voltaire; his 'modified Romanticism' did not appreciate the Middle Age as it ought; and we grant with Amiel a 'secret dryness' in him which the reading of thirty years will perceive more than could at first appear credible. Is the most famous of 'culture-men' not literary enough to please our Professor? No, for he is always harping on 'character, conduct, personality,' which, in letters, do not count. Shakespeare, the 'Great Unknown,' is quoted by way of evidence for this very doubtful assertion; and, on the strength of it, as on grounds more forcible, we are told that 'the critical Goethe has too much the character of a superstition, now rather stale.' After which it may be recommended, as trimming the balance, to read Carlyle on the 'State of German Literature'—a tract not altogether unseasonable, though written eighty-three years ago. Of Goethe it declares that,

'if ever any man had studied Art in all its branches and bearings, from its origin in the depths of the creative spirit to its minutest finish on the canvas of the painter, on the lips of the poet, or under the finger of the musician, he was that man.'

A little excessive perhaps; but even our critic writes that, 'to find a better and more conscious craftsman of letters than Goethe, you may take the wings of the morning and put a girdle round the earth in vain.'

Other Teutonic masters get handsome treatment, especially Novalis, Jean Paul, Schopenhauer, Heine, and

Nietzsche. We are glad to see that Richter's 'Vorschule der Ästhetik' is not only praised for matter and style, as it well deserves, but is judged worthy of translation. On the aphorisms and hints which Novalis bequeathed, excellent things are spoken. But we must hasten on to our foremost Englishmen who cluster round Coleridge at Highgate, learning from his sibylline utterances, in which were glorious isles of light amid seas of confusion, how to judge between base and sublime. Coleridge, to Professor Saintsbury, is a creed no less than Aristotle and Longinus, if we should not say much more. It is a small thing to affirm, in comparison with such an estimate, that no influence equal to his had been exercised since Johnson's days in England. Few, however, will be prepared to grant Coleridge's absolute originality when he makes of imagination, 'realising and disrealising,' the touchstone whereby to prove poetic genius. We cannot overlook his fourteen months in German latitudes, amid the movement of ideas which filled with discussion and adorned with immortal poems the eighteenth century at its close. Fichte is only one of the philosophic Pleiad who did not, assuredly, borrow their light from Coleridge, while he, as certainly, could discover in no English volume the ideas that lend a radiance so piercing to the 'Biographia Literaria.' Coleridge is great, with powers inherent and divine, marvellous on Shakespeare, and the very 'anima poetæ' for which English letters were waiting. But if we deduct from Coleridge as critic what he owes to Kant and other mystics—for such in effect the Germans were, in regard to the essences with which poetry deals—what would be left of him? A musical dreamer, keenly sensible to pleasure-giving sounds. Kant, Lessing, Goethe, had risen before Coleridge dawned on the horizon; why should we not let them shine in their order? Everything that Coleridge took he made his own, says Professor Saintsbury, and he has untold wealth besides. That is altogether true; but his debt to the Germans cannot be overlooked.

Therefore, though Longinus has written 'the greatest critical book in the world,' Coleridge surpasses him in extent, subtlety, magic, and is a maker as well as a judge of the highest excellence. He is Hazlitt's master; but Hazlitt, though second only to the author of 'Cristabel,'

was parochial, insular, not widely furnished with reading, and is a rock of offence to those who demand that a critic shall have ranged over other literatures in order to appraise his own. Charles Lamb did not lose by the infinite talk of his comrade at Christ's Hospital, the inspired charity boy. De Quincey was a German student, but he would not fail to seize on the more recondite and scarcely tangible issues that Coleridge was ever suggesting in rhetoric or style—the opium-eater's life-long preoccupations. When these thoughts were in the air, Philistines, however sparkling or scornful, might quit the field. Jeffrey and Gifford, men of the old school which had no philosophy, could not so much as understand what the new critics were saying: it was too high for them. Macaulay laughed at Carlyle's 'Signs of the Times.' Yet Macaulay, whose power of narrative and dissertation keeps him still with us, knew that he himself never wrote a page of literary judgment worth preserving. Wilson's 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' belongs to things dead and forgotten. In England the Romantic triumph was so complete that a lull ensued until Matthew Arnold, deriving from Greek and French a sort of temperate Neo-Classicism, renewed the controversy, and won his laurels at the hands of admiring though not convinced opponents. With him and Walter Pater our third volume, to all intents, is closed.

Arnold would never have denied that he was following in the steps of a man, less philosophic by far than Coleridge, a genuine poet, though not universally celebrated, and perhaps without a rival in the middle style of criticism—we mean Sainte-Beuve. The story of his brilliant though chequered career shows, by almost a Greek fatality, how France, after striving to get loose from its classic bonds, fell under them once more. It is a drama in little that represents the greater world-action, so to call it, for ever associated with Diderot, Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, which triumphed during the Romantic period, then slowly went down before those Latin instincts of law and order through which revolutions on the banks of the Seine always revert to absolute government. Professor Saintsbury has not suffered a truth so fundamental to escape him. French prose went as wild as it knew how; French poetry fought and

conquered its freedom in the 'battle of Hernani'; but these are episodes, not the main adventure, in the literary epic which Paris pursues through the centuries. We say Paris, and the expression is not a figure of speech; for Paris to a French man of letters never can cease to be the ideal spectator, the judge at the Dionysia whose award is final; and, however select, Paris will also always be the crowd.

On this not uninteresting point, Mr Walkley, whose 'Dramatic Criticism' raises the cognate problem, would, we hope, agree with our contention. His acute, wide-glancing lectures, with a firm hold on Aristotle, show us what playgoers require, and how the boards have determined the nature of tragedy. Literature does, indeed, speak home to the individual; but in France, whatever its form, the spirit is not a recluse; it addresses the salon or the stage, and would die without applause. On the other hand, our professor maintains, not without reason, that the drama can live, though divorced from literature. Hence the critic, whether of the 'Café Procope' or the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' is nothing if not rhetorical. He writes to be understood by a company whom he will not presume to teach. A German lectures to his learned brethren of the craft; an Englishman breaks out in print, because it is his humour. But, when the audience is our first concern, we must be intelligible, persuasive, not fatiguing. French criticism, observant of these rules, is one of the prettiest things in the world. But '*facilitatis specie decipimur*'; it is not so profound as it is pleasant; nay, like some other less innocent diversions, it unfits us for meditation. Nor can we be surprised if it favours a sceptical indifference to the subject, is psychological in the extreme, plays about among images, follows sidelights, and is an entertainment even when it affects to lay down a theory. Thus, by a seeming contradiction, it is at once formal and disengaged. But under every shape it remains what we moderns call Epicurean; its first and last word is enjoyment, its secret of method is impression.

Take Diderot for a proof and instance. That 'disorderly genius' made his own the hints of another 'critique' than Boileau's. He followed up the modern lines which had appeared in Fénelon, Fontenelle, and

the Abbé Prévost. He gave of his wealth to Lessing, nay, to Goethe; and his enthusiasm for Richardson leads in the prose romance with a flourish of trumpets. He can enjoy Terence, analyse Seneca, mark the limits of the French theatre, illustrate literature by painting, and light up the salon from his books. He is inventive, subtle, quick to perceive, open on every hand to pleasure; his universal spirit, says Professor Saintsbury, gives the 'idea' of modern criticism. Not 'nil admirari,' which is Puritan-Stoical; nor 'quidquid agunt homines,' which would land us in indiscriminating realism; but the live apprehension of beauty wherever found, and transport as its reward; that is Diderot's principle. Theory, if you please, may come after; it is even fitting that reason should justify what taste has appropriated; but, as execution is the thing in an author, feeling is the response to it in a critic. This we might pronounce with Shakespeare to be the marriage of true minds, the centre and sum of literature. By attitude, by suggestion, Diderot announces it, and so he arrives at his place of pride.

There is more to be said on this question, to which we shall return. Enough now that we can go forward and meet the Redcross knight, Chateaubriand, who inherits the mantle of Diderot, but wields a Christian sword. Everywhere, of course, we bear in mind that Rousseau, himself no textual critic, has sown the seed which breaks out in flame of inspiration. Rousseau is Madame de Staël's master, and lends his passionate melting charm to 'René'; while Joubert followed Diderot in his youth. To Chateaubriand our Professor is absolutely just—an achievement far from easy when we reflect on M. le Vicomte's 'pose in front of his looking-glass and think of him as the French Byron. He was, however, great in his day, and is greater in ours, if we measure him by the influence he has exerted on style, criticism, and even religion; for he struck all these chords to effect, as a virtuoso indeed, theatrically; yet we never know when the spirit will not seize and ravish him out of affectation into the third heaven. Dislike the man as we may, his 'Génie du Christianisme' wins on us by its recognition of history; by the range and depth of insight which vindicate, not so much the Middle Age, as Milton and all romance, from Neo-Classic prejudice; and by its new language, instinct

with life, coloured, sonorous, melancholy, the finest rhetoric since Bossuet, in a key more modern. 'Les Martyrs' and the rest are steeped in literary hues, but Nature is always striking in to remind us of the unfathomable deeps, the infinite horizons, until we learn that books are but pages in its all-encompassing volume. The artificial in trappings and gesture remains; it is no longer the whole. To our reviewer Chateaubriand seems 'the first great practitioner of imaginative criticism since Longinus himself.' We will not quite grant so much, remembering Schiller's 'Poems,' Goethe's 'Meister,' and Jean Paul, even if we cannot break a lance for the Schlegels. But if ever the 'grand style,' which Matthew Arnold found so seldom, went with judgment of writings and of literary ideas, it did so in the magnificent *bravuras* of this Breton Catholic. To all succeeding Romantics he is ancestor; his rhythms are echoed in George Sand, Gautier, and above all in Flaubert. His flag was carried into battle by Victor Hugo. So late as 1865 his not too friendly critic, Sainte-Beuve, declared that he 'was greater than any man of our age,' but that it was an age of decadence. 'An Epicurean,' he defined him to be, 'enhanced by the notion of honour, plumed with imagination.' So we may leave him, with 'René' and 'Atala' to serve as models which, by their very form, were destructive of Neo-Classic pedantry.

We have come to the Romantic Hegira, the year 1830, to Hugo and Sainte-Beuve. All that Professor Saintsbury tells us of these remarkable companions will be read with interest, if not wholly with agreement. As regards their critical powers and enterprises, there is not a great deal to add. But simultaneously with the appearance of his third volume, M. Léon Séché has published the long expected monograph on Sainte-Beuve, his 'ideas' and his 'manners,' to which the correspondence with M. and Mme Juste Olivier forms a necessary pendant. M. Séché has not attempted a 'Life,' in the proper sense of the term. He proposes to deal with the 'Causeries du Lundi,' on which Professor Saintsbury is eloquent and copious, (in a later publication.) But his researches leave no chapter unopened in the curious double existence of a man who was everything by turns—Romantic, Liberal-Catholic, Jansenist, mystic, and at last sceptic, as he had

been at the beginning; irresistible when he chose, tantalising, sensual, vindictive, petty, the acolyte of a dozen divinities, yet a critic beyond compare on the lower levels. It is impossible not to like Sainte-Beuve, or not to be angry with him. Contempt follows on the heels of our admiration for one who was guilty of treason towards Victor Hugo, proved ungracious to De Vigny, cruel to Lamartine, and went surely down from the heights he had once climbed to the dilettantism which reads only in order to experience a fresh thrill.

Professor Saintsbury pleads against judging Sainte-Beuve severely. But we may cite, as somewhat less kind, the founder of that celebrated review, the 'Globe,' in which Sainte-Beuve opened his literary career. M. Dubois of Rennes cradled him into fame, saw his culmination, and spoke words of weight over his memory when he had passed away. 'The Globe,' says M. Dubois, 'was romantic or rather liberal in poetry and literature, an enemy of the false religion of the classics.' Sainte-Beuve joined it in 1824. He had a style of his own, not hung round with fripperies from the new school; and in a few years he discovered his powers. 'Joseph Delorme' showed that he could write strenuous verse; he converted Hugo to modern ideas; and it is anything but pleasant to remember that he seduced Madame Hugo from her allegiance, desolated the poet's home, and drove him thereby on the irregular course which made his life a tragi-comedy. M. Dubois, judging the critic after forty years, sees in him a 'true sympathy for all that is fair, pure, and good.' His philosophy, says this keen observer, was one without hope; his nerves distorted some otherwise brilliant studies; yet he had turned upon the diseases of the time a piercing light, and for all the writers whom he passed in review his verdict was like that of posterity. His wonderful style, transparent, exact, incisive, was a blade finely tempered, a velvet glove which caressed the wound that the sword had made. At last, however, he dwelt on imperfections only to explain them; his evening was calm; and he could render loyally the views of others which he did not share.

All this, we feel, is no less admirably said than true to life. M. Dubois acknowledges the mixed nature of his quondam friend and pupil; he would have done so with

more abundant conviction had he seen the articles which Sainte-Beuve despatched to M. Olivier when the latter was editing the 'Revue Suisse.' There, as in domino, the Parisian criticised freely, and often in a malicious aside, his personal enemies, skilful to make these strictures anonymous, while the good Olivier had no resource but to print them. In his correspondence Sainte-Beuve is still more unkind to those he hates. It is not a charming picture. The man was inferior to the artist and spoiled the critic, though in Hugo's extravagance and De Vigny's too solemn parade there was fair game for satire. At Madame Hugo's petition he spared the exile of Hauteville House during the Empire; and, when 'Hernani' was given in 1869, the vestiges of the ancient flame appeared beneath a lifetime's cinders. But Sainte-Beuve, who had for a moment thought himself Romantic, was now something more like the Neo-Classic. Here is the singular *dénoûment* of his travelling for well-nigh half a century among the masterpieces of the world. He returned towards the Grand Siècle; he prepares us for M. Brunetière's apotheosis of Bossuet and Racine.

Many who know little else that Sainte-Beuve wrote, have dipped into his 'Port Royal.' He was busy with it at intervals during thirty years. But for the impressive opening, earnest beyond his wont, we are indebted to Lausanne, the Oliviers, and the devout Alexandre Vinet. It is a magazine of biography on Plutarch's design, lives compared in a series which allows full play to the art of criticism, as understood by this ever-advancing student. St Francis de Sales and St Cyran, Jansenius and Bossuet, Pascal and Montaigne, afford to the artist that spectacle of conflict on a great scale which he loves for its changing lights. By one device or another he brings into court Balzac the elder, Corneille, Racine, Molière, nay, even Voltaire and Joseph de Maistre. When however, little by little, the religious glow dies away, and the author's curiosity leads him to examine the poor understudies that are left, we cease to be interested. To an impatient modern, the last volumes are not so much as '*tolerabiles ineptiæ*.' This was Sainte-Beuve's weakness; he dropped the field-glass to take up the microscope. Already we see bearing down upon us the spectre of science, documents showering in snowstorms out of archives, museums,

private collections, and Wagner triumphing over Faust in a parchment wilderness. The method is so alluring because it is so easy. But if literary criticism be an art, these preludes cannot make the play.

'The whole man,' said Sainte-Beuve, must be taken into account if we would grasp what he has written. The man, yes, and his *milieu*, his pedigree, his evolution, as we now talk. Professor Saintsbury appears (though we are not sure) to hold the doctrine which subjects delight, as the organ of taste, to a long discipline, and compels it to pay for its enjoyment. In the 'Lives of the Poets' Johnson had shown how agreeable was biography applied to literature. It was the English way that Sainte-Beuve followed in his 'Literary Portraits,' his famous 'Mondays' and 'New Mondays,' though Véron seems first to have hit upon the idea. These displays were, in preparation and exhibition, miracles of learning, industry, and effect. They combined the talent of research with an astonishing power of improvisation, long days given to thought, and hours spent in a crisis which resembled fever. Nothing like them was ever done before; no one has equalled them since. Dubois warns us not to seek in them a painter of mighty strokes; they do not aim at the highest; they are mosaic and miniature, occasionally insignificant, and they feed our curiosity rather than our spirit. But assuredly they do not content themselves with giving a mere impression, although Sainte-Beuve, in describing his final manner, said, 'Je n'y mets pas d'enthousiasme.' The sad and serious tone of the sceptic bids us remember that literature also is vanity; for we cannot escape our own beliefs, nor think with any but our own minds.

Here, then, the issue, long sought, comes into view. Professor Saintsbury, adopting Pater's dictum, concludes with him that 'to feel the virtue of the poet or the painter, to disengage it, to set it forth—these are the three stages of the critic's duty.' He is to interpret the vision that he has seen. Is it beautiful? He asks no more. Subject, incidents, moral, are nothing to him as a critic. Even the execution, if we do not mistake, falls into lovely moments, to be judged one by one. But where then shall we look for the 'purification' which, not in drama exclusively, but in all literature worthy of the name, is to be wrought upon us? Has every poet

the same virtue? And, if not, may the critic be dispensed from comparing one with another, as we do in fact compare them, finding a certain greatness in this man, imperfection in that one, comfort and exaltation of spirit while we stay on the heights with some who have the lightning for their raiment, the sound of thunder in their voices, but feeling that the life has gone out of us when we consort too long with their opposites? Be it that to art, as to science and religion, nothing is common or unclean, yet we know of books, beautiful in form and language, that infect like the plague, that are decadent and suicidal in their tendency. Is the critic to welcome them for their exquisite make, filed speech, fervour of paganism? Or is there not a Higher Criticism which estimates these values in its summing-up?

We will go by experience in this matter as well as by theory. It is not enough to seize upon beautiful moments, for they have no unity comparable to that of a large design, a world in itself, like the 'Odyssey,' or Dante's pilgrimage, or the supreme plays in Shakespeare; even as impressions, it will be admitted, these living wholes are far beyond single lines, however magical. And if this be so, the intellect which grasps them, not less than that which created them, deserves to be named something better than feeling. Beauty in literature grows with intellect; the finer it is, the more it appeals to those rarer spirits who have passed beyond its lower forms. Who would prefer the sensuous lyrical poets to Homer and Sophocles? There is a difference in these things not to be put aside, therefore to be recognised as entering into the very idea of criticism. Before we make any application of it to life, it claims due rank in art. To neglect it is the sure way of hastening that fall from the greatest into mediocrity which is ever at hand. Art itself requires that the delight afforded by it shall not be its ruin, nor the decadent, though, as Lucian says, 'fed on dew and ambrosia,' its king. Our Professor grants all this implicitly when he declines to accept 'Art for Art's sake only.' The end is revelation of the Beautiful; but it must not pause until it has climbed the summits and caught a glimpse of 'the First and only Fair.'

Yet again, poetry, which includes all genuine literature by certain affinities and inspirations, though it be

'seeming,' not mere truth of fact, has truth abiding in it, the law of the ideal, and an immanent ethic, the law of purity, justice, and kindness. Were it emptied of all these qualities, what would be its worth? Beautiful nonsense, an arrangement in vowel-sounds, at the best spoken music. But what we mean by it, and what Professor Saintsbury and Mr Butcher mean, is a way easy and delightful to the trained soul, whereby, as Socrates learnt from his Muse, Diotima of Mantinea, we may mount the 'ladder of perfection,' and so reach our eternal home. Criticism, if it be not unlike the creative works which it apprehends, is a song of degrees. It can no more be liberated from the jurisdiction of ethics than any other activity into which man breaks forth. Its delight and its beauty hold of the True, else they are pernicious fictions. They are shadows of the Good, or why should we allow them to win our hearts? By secret alchemy and an inevitable process, the aspects of the Infinite to which we give these names are continually passing one into the other. Dante is perhaps the high poet who combines them all more clearly to our sense than Greek or even English singers. But they are present in every literature by which mankind lives; and it is the critic's duty to set them in the fairest light.

WILLIAM BARRY.

Art. II.—HISTORICAL ETHICS.

I FOUND the manuscript of this lecture among Dr Creighton's papers, too late for it to be included in the volume of his 'Lectures and Addresses' published in 1908. I have no remembrance of when or where it was delivered. But internal evidence shows that it must have been written some time after the Queen's first jubilee in 1887, and whilst the thought of his correspondence with Lord Acton concerning his criticisms of vols iii and iv of the 'History of the Papacy' was still fresh in his mind. This correspondence is printed in 'Life and Letters of Dr Creighton' (i, 369-376). The letters there given show a fundamental difference of point of view with regard to historical judgments, a difference emphasised by a comparison of the opinions expressed in this lecture with the opinions of Lord Acton, which may be gathered from the 'Letters of Lord Acton and Mary Gladstone' (1904). Both men were alike in their conception of the paramount importance of liberty, both were alike in the value they attached to sound knowledge; but it would seem as if Dr Creighton's practical experience of life as a teacher and as a pastor of souls had compelled him to feel the need for a gentler, a more understanding judgment of human frailty than that advocated by Lord Acton. He felt compelled to admit degrees of criminality; 'otherwise history would become a dreary record of wickedness.'

Many have misunderstood Dr Creighton in this matter. He is still spoken of as 'having tried to defend the Borgias.' Any one who carefully reads the 'History of the Papacy' will see at once that there was no attempt to defend the Borgias; there is only an absence of that passionate condemnation which is common to most people when the name of Borgia is mentioned. Dr Creighton's desire was really to understand what kind of men they were, not merely to hold them up to condemnation. He said of the spirit in which he approached those about whom he wrote, 'I try to put myself in their place, to see their limitations, and leave the course of events to pronounce the verdict upon system and men alike.'

The question of the nature of historical judgments, and of the kind of lessons which can be learnt from history, was always of great interest to him. I think his attitude can best be understood by realising that to him the study of history was only part of the study of life, and must be approached in the same spirit. The moral law is inflexible, the moral standard may never be lowered; but, in applying these to

individual men, whether in the past or in the present, he could never forget that they were men like himself, and that his first business was to understand them—an end which could not be attained without sympathy. His ideas on the subject are further developed in his Hulsean lectures on Persecution and Toleration, and in a lecture on Heroes delivered to the Social and Political Education League in 1898.—LOUISE CREIGHTON.

Students of history have still much work to do before they succeed in asserting for their study its due position. Something has been done in claiming that history is a science and not a form of literature; but to the general reader this is still a hard saying. He exclaims that he goes to history for a picture of the past; and is more clamorous that he should have a picture than heedful about its likeness to what it professes to represent. If he accepts a generalisation he desires it to be broad and epigrammatic. Its application to his own opinions interests him more than its truth. He is impatient of the complexity of human affairs, and comes to history in the same spirit as he goes to a political meeting, with his mind made up on which side he is going to shout.

I suppose that all of us who are working at history have to pursue our work patiently, with a view to extract from the past its lessons for the present. Our object is teaching, not amusement; we are studying the evolution of human society, not seeking dramatic incidents; we are not so much concerned with the personal character of kings and statesmen as with the result of their actions. If a man wants a greater psychological knowledge than his own experience gives him, I think we had better refer him to dramas and novels than interpret our chronicles or our state-papers so as to convince him that we could rival Shakespeare or George Eliot if we chose. The temptation to indulge in purple patches may beset us, but I think that it is a temptation to be withstood. Imagination is a dangerous aid to truthfulness. It is difficult to draw a striking scene without a lavish imputation of motives; and a character once created for a dramatic purpose has to act ever afterwards up to the spirit of its part. Moreover, it is easier to arouse popular interest by historical gossip than by

history itself. A new view about the matrimonial proceedings of Henry VIII seems almost impossible; but Mary Queen of Scots is still an exciting subject. Yet nothing depends on the relations of Mary to Rizzio or Darnley or Bothwell; her policy in Scotland is not very difficult to discover, and on that her historical importance depends. Perhaps more is to be known of her character by careful study of her public actions than by speculations about the genuineness of the Casket letters; but it is difficult to persuade people of the fact. The proportions of historical events are frequently distorted by the mass of prurient gossip which gathers round some of the actors.

This brings me to the point on which I would invite your discussion. I assume that we are agreed that history is a science, and as such is concerned with the development of human society. Human society is very complex, and the study of its development is a large matter. In its fullest sense history would be indeed architectonic. It would show how the world came to be what it is; it would exhibit the sum total of man's activity; it would determine the causes of failure and success in the past; and by its analysis would go far to establish the true principles of progress. I think that any historical student need not regret having such an ideal before him, however much he may feel his own inability to come near it. There is no study which requires such a large and varied training; and there is no study which is engaged in with such scanty preparation or is oftener the object of the prentice hand.

But I am again digressing. I spoke of the ideal end of history only to admit that this ideal was unattainable. No man is sufficient for these things; but yet he should have some sort of aspiration after them. The mere drudgery of historical research renders it especially necessary that the worker should have some nobility of aim to support him in the mass of wearisome details. He should work with the spirit of a teacher.

I suppose there are two main objects which a teacher should have before him—the increase of wisdom and the increase of virtue. It is sufficiently clear that a history, to be worthy of the name, must teach wisdom. The historical spirit is, above all things, practical; it deals

with the actual facts of life, and no episode of the past is devoid of teaching for the present. There is not so much difference after all in the political and social problems of all ages; men have always striven for some real or imagined good; and, when we understand the conditions of their problems, we can sympathise with their efforts towards their solution, and we can learn, I think, pretty nearly in an equal degree, from a study of any period in the past, much that is of practical utility. I doubt if any one period or any one crisis is more useful than another in teaching political wisdom or fitting a man for public life. What is needful for that purpose is the power of discerning between the real issues and their accidental forms, the sense of the complexity of political problems, the estimate of the forces at work and of the means by which these forces can be directed. And these things may be discovered at any period of the history of any country.

So wisdom, to a greater or less degree, may be always learned from history. But how about virtue? In other words, is history primarily a political science, or primarily a moral science, or is it both in an equal degree? I imagine that we should all like to give the last answer, which doubtless could be easily given, but has some difficulties in its practical application. The teaching of the historian ought to be definite, but I think it ought not to be too apparent. As regards political wisdom, if a historian is a convinced partisan of a political party he runs the risk of emphasising in the past accidental agreements with the ideas of the present. I remember being startled by my college tutor when I was an undergraduate. He spoke of Grote's 'History of Greece' as 'Grote's little pamphlet on democracy,' and added, 'he is so conscientious that you can correct for yourself the bias displayed in the text by reading the quotations in the notes.' I will not discuss the question whether or no this was a fair criticism of Grote; but I think that historical works of the past generation live, not by virtue of the emphasis which they tried to give to particular points of political wisdom, but by virtue of the thoroughness of their workmanship. The historian who lets events speak for themselves, and allows their lessons to write themselves in all their gravity is more emphatic than

one who is always at our elbow like an over-officious *cicerone*. No doubt the *cicerone* has his immediate reward, but it is generally contributed by those who did not come to learn, but to stare and pass on vacantly. One formula which sums up much of the activity of our own day is that it is an age of an awakened conscience in matters relating to society and politics. The demand for moral teaching from history is strenuous; and I think that there are more difficulties in satisfying the demand than is generally supposed. I do not see how we can refer any one who is in search for direct example of life or instruction of manners to the study of history as likely to supply his needs. It is still left for an ideal republic to show that the good man is identical with the great statesman. Actual facts show us the wicked flourishing like a green bay-tree and the righteous too often forsaken. Men do not like to admit this, and the endeavour to escape from the admission has led to many interesting experiments in historical presentation.

On one side it has created a school of history which advocates the omission of the personal element, and a preference for the history of ideas or principles. The conscience is satisfied by a general conception of progress; and the crimes of the past are reduced to mistakes. A genial optimism and a general belief in ourselves is the net result. I do not quarrel with it, but I merely wish to point out its limits. It rests upon a careful selection of topics for consideration; it deals mainly with under-currents unrecognised at the time; it postulates what it wants to find and then proceeds to discover it; it raises up unknown heroes and is fruitful of prophets. But ideas were always plentiful; men's minds are always active; the moral code was always known; it is more wonderful that obvious ideas did not prevail sooner than that they prevail now. It is the causes that hindered them so long that we want to know, more than the fact, that they ultimately won their way to recognition. I do not think that the optimism which comes from congratulating ourselves on our superiority over the past is very long-lived or is very fruitful of results.

Still this optimism has had a powerful effect on the modern presentation of English history; and the year of Queen Victoria's jubilee has quickened the conscious-

ness of national rectitude. Different nations write their history in different spirits. The French take a cynical delight in exaggerating periods of national depravity and unveiling the vices of their statesmen and their rulers. The Germans seek in the past for something grandiose and *grossmüthig*. The English, I am afraid, are somewhat hypocritical, and are unwilling to contemplate their ancestors as being other than the respectable and orderly citizens of to-day. Morality is imported wholesale into English history, and quiet decency is made to prevail universally. This tendency to blink unpleasant facts seems to hamper our political influence in Europe even now. I remember a caricature in the 'Kladderadatsch' which represented John Bull standing on the ruins of Alexandria and shaking his fist at the French fleet sailing for Madagascar, while he exclaims, 'Ach, Barbaren!' In some such way the English historian is given to assuming in the past virtuous motives in Englishmen and vicious motives in foreigners. I think there is often an unconscious leaven of hypocrisy in the presentation of English history by English writers.

Another mode of overcoming the moral difficulty is the bold assumption that men succeeded because they were in the right, and therefore that successful men were moral heroes. But this method necessitates a transcendental morality which does not help the ordinary man very much. A hatred of shams and a search for eternal verities is rather a loose formula, which may be made to cover anything. Its acceptance justifies resoluteness and force and dulls the sensitiveness of conscience, which it is the object of true morality to promote. It goes far to destroy historical morality altogether under the pretence of maintaining it.

I have said enough to show the difficulties which beset the moral treatment of history; and it is easier to point out difficulties than to suggest any means of overcoming them. To any one with a lofty moral standard, history tends to seem a dreary record of crimes, and its examples are only useful as showing us what to avoid. But it may be doubted if the counsels of pessimism are not equally dangerous with the counsels of optimism. Perhaps it is best to make a compromise. You see that after all I fall naturally into the vices of English modes of thought and

propose a compromise. I cannot hope that such a proceeding will be entirely satisfactory; but at least it has this redeeming feature, that it recognises the difficulty instead of shirking it.

Individual morality is sometimes driven, in spite of its own devices, to admit of casuistry in facing the complications of actual life. The highest natures avoid the need of casuistry by simplifying their conduct, so that they do not fall into straits between contending obligations. The ordinary man cuts the knot for himself by assuming that one obligation is undoubtedly supreme; thus Englishmen are famous for preferring verbal truth to any search for abstract justice, though I imagine that they make many exceptions, as, for instance, in selling a horse. However much we may dislike casuistry, and try to minimise it in our own case, it cannot be entirely got rid of. What we have to aim at is that its exercise should not weaken the moral sense, that its basis should be intelligible, and that it should not be pursued to undue refinements. I think that we have in history to temper our moral judgments by some considerations of casuistry if we would avoid wholesale condemnation. The life of a statesman is always complicated, and he cannot simplify problems at his pleasure. He is perhaps responsible for his choice of a profession. Kings, it ought to be remembered, had not even that amount of responsibility. They could not refuse their office, in many instances, without causing much inconvenience. Still, even if we saddle kings and statesmen with the primary responsibility of choosing to be kings or statesmen, we must admit that after they have taken office they have very little choice in the questions which they have to face.

I remember once hearing an English cabinet minister condense his opinion of political morality into the remark that if the peoples of Europe knew what their statesmen were really doing, they would rise and hang the whole lot of them. In the Middle Ages it was a question for discussion 'whether or no an archdeacon could be saved.' The doubt arose on account of the legal cleverness which an archdeacon acquired through his training in the civil law. It would seem that nowadays the problem has been extended beyond its medieval limits. Can a statesman be saved by any means? is the enquiry of the

awakened conscience of to-day. I am afraid that if we are to save him it must be by making considerable allowance for his unfortunate position. I do not see how we are to say that the constitutional statesman of to-day is to be justified, while the kings of previous ages are to be condemned. If the claims of conscience are to be satisfied by the decision of a parliamentary majority, then Henry VIII was the most moral of men, for his parliaments often voted that he was so, and I am not sure that the same confidence has ever been expressed by vote in any modern minister. In what sense was the opinion given that all the statesmen of Europe deserved hanging? I suppose that the speaker, when he became conversant with the intimate modes of political talk, was shocked at its abstractness, its want of enthusiasm, its ignoring of the personal interests at stake, its inhumanity, in short. He was appalled at the difference between the public and the private opinion of those in power. I apprehend that the humanitarian emotion which is displayed on the platform finds no place in the discussions of the Cabinet, where presumably political problems are worked out in a sort of political algebra, where the motives put forward mainly concern the bearing of a measure on the unity of the party, where a keen sense of parliamentary chances goes for more than a heart swelling with noble aspirations. In fact, politics is a business; and, as it has been carried on for a long time, the tricks of the trade are inveterate and multitudinous.

Perhaps the man is happier who does not face this fact, but a historian has to face it in the state-papers amidst which most of his life is passed. He cannot make history a moral matter. Can he help sentencing all statesmen to the gallows? For my own part I do not like to perform such summary execution. I do not feel comfortable in an attitude of lofty superiority over the men who, well or ill, have somehow done the work of the world. Wholesale condemnation is easy, and may be nutritious to the tender conscience; but Pharisaism is to be avoided, and hypocritical severity is more dangerous to the conscience than undue leniency. Draconic sternness has been less effectual to suppress crime than sympathy and charity. These also are moral virtues, and I should not like to see them excluded from historical judgment.

In considering a few extenuating circumstances which can be pleaded on behalf of historical personages, I fear that I shall not be very consequent, because the subject, as I view it, does not admit of logical treatment, and its terms have not been the subject of strict definition. First of all, public morality is not quite identical with private morality. The moral code, it is true, is of universal application; but a nation is a corporation, and a statesman stands in the position of a trustee. Moreover, nations are few in number; and there is no incentive to enforce international law, while there is also very little means of obtaining much agreement or expressing any powerful opinion on points of international morality. In points where a man is very much a law unto himself, and where he has no direct consciousness of contravening the moral standard of his neighbours, he is necessarily exposed to temptations from which in ordinary life he is saved by the unconscious influence of the moral atmosphere in which he moves. Hence a statesman whose general conduct tends to elevate international morality deserves exceptional praise. A statesman who grossly violates it does irreparable mischief. But, in a general way, it is difficult to prove that statesmen have consciously done one or the other.

I spoke of a statesman as a trustee. I think we ought, in all fairness, to admit that kings and ministers have a representative character, and cannot act with entire freedom. A man may be open-handed in the management of his own affairs and niggardly as a trustee; he may be hopeful and trustful where he is personally concerned, but cautious and slow to move where the interests of others are at stake; he may be willing to lend his own money for philanthropic purposes, but he must only invest other people's money where the return is sure. A statesman is not to be severely blamed for not rising to a high level of enlightenment; we must not find too much fault with him for not giving expression to the highest aspirations of his age. Moreover, we all know how official precedent trammels even the most adventurous reformers, till it requires superhuman labour to effect the smallest change in the conduct of a single department. The older the institution the more it is fettered by official conservatism. As the Pope has theoretically

unlimited power, he is practically allowed very small room for exercising it. As his authority rests upon public opinion, he has to be careful rarely to overstep the average opinion of his staunchest supporters. This makes the criticism of ecclesiastical institutions exceedingly difficult. On the one hand they appeal to the highest principles; on the other hand they have to preserve their hold on mankind. They are naturally slow in reforming abuses, because those abuses once had a meaning which can still be defended in argument, and is still, to some degree, profitable in practice. Before the abuse can be removed, the institution which it helps to support asks what is to take its place. It has no power to replace it itself, but awaits the constructive proposals of the reformers, which are rarely very definite.

Again, a statesman enters upon a confused inheritance, and is not equally capable of dealing with all branches of affairs. He has so much current business to transact that his morality must perforce be limited, in the main, to the consideration of his personal responsibility for the policy which he himself initiates. It may often be that he sanctions an extension of some previous policy, which may prove to have most disastrous results, though these can scarcely have been present to his mind. I have been blamed for not holding up to execration Pope Sixtus IV as the founder of the Spanish Inquisition. It seemed to me that Sixtus IV found the Inquisition already in existence; that Ferdinand and Isabella asked for a stricter application of it in their realms; and that Sixtus IV, who knew little of Spain, was not exceptionally fond of persecution when he granted their request. It is safer to judge him for things which he did himself and of which he knew the bearing. He would have been a hero if he had expressed his abhorrence of the Inquisition altogether; and, except on that ground, he could not have refused the request of a government which presumably knew its own business.

I do not like the notion of judging in accordance with the spirit of the age in which events occurred, for the formula is vague and opens out an opportunity for justifying all things. But it seems to me that, though there has been no progress since the Christian era in the contents of the moral code or in the knowledge of them,

still the course of events has altered their application. The conception of free discussion and free thought is not so much the result of a firmer grasp of moral principles, as it is the result of the discovery that uniformity is not necessary for the maintenance of political unity. So long as men believed that uniformity was needful they strove to secure it; after their endeavours broke down they found out by experience that a state could get on very well without it. Therefore moral objection to persecution must be founded on the fact that men strove to secure uniformity by methods which they ought to have known, which they did know, to be iniquitous. I cannot gainsay this in the abstract; but it is astonishing how much the acceptance of a legal or a constitutional principle tends to make men oblivious of the inherent iniquity of their actions. I find it hard to deny that judges were well aware that, granting such a crime as witchcraft existed, the means taken to prove it were wrongful. Yet somehow it would be harsh to brand as criminals all judges who took part in trials for witchcraft. There was the belief among the people, expressed in the law, and it was their duty to execute the law. So it was with persecution generally. It came into being because society laid down a definition of what was necessary for its maintenance. The definition was not sufficiently elastic, and was not relaxed. It was ultimately overthrown by a process of general expansion. But in this process there were several moments when the guilt of repression becomes darker, and when its appearance in new forms becomes inexcusable. Persecution in a free-thinker like Sir Thomas More constitutes a real crime; in one who had himself rebelled against uniformity, like Calvin, it becomes positively hideous. I take the question of persecution as an instance of what is perhaps the least dangerous method of applying the current conceptions in extenuation of offences. The conceptions must not be assumed or picked up at random; they must be embodied in legal or in constitutional procedure. Even then they must be judged and reprobated; but I think they should be judged and reprobated when they are first introduced. They were generally at first something more than errors of judgment or unconscious mistakes; they rested on some deliberate motives of self-interest, which was wittingly

allowed to pervert the full power of moral judgment. When once they were introduced and accepted, we may deplore their mischievous vitality, but we need not persistently blame every man who did not strive to abolish them.

My reason for this point of view may take the form of an attempt to analyse another phrase of some vagueness, that of speaking of a man as 'in advance of his age.' I said that a statesman was a representative of his nation, whether through that nation's choice or not does not much matter. Many of our English kings have represented the nation as fully as ministers who have owed their position to the popular vote. Ministers, however, have a great moral advantage over kings which ought not to be forgotten. When they have made a mess they can go out of office, and with an air of superior virtue can harass their successors on whom has fallen the trouble of trying to put things straight. An unfortunate king never has the advantage of a time of retirement; from his accession to his death he is always in office; he has to get himself out of his own messes, and has to try and save his dignity in doing so. The task of proving an impossible consistency and of laying all the blame of what goes amiss on others had in the past to be executed by kings in deeds; nowadays it can be done by ministers in words. The unjust and ungrateful acts of kings in the past ought to be compared with the ungrateful words and the finespun explanations of ministers in the present.

But this is again a digression. King or minister is alike a representative of the people, and as such has not his hands entirely free. He can only choose within certain limits the objects of his activity. He can only drive the coach; he is not responsible for the horses, and at best can only choose amongst the high-roads. A man in advance of his age generally means a driver who tries to drive across country; perhaps his notion of direction is excellent, and the next generation may have made a road; but the road has to be made before it can be traversed, and the skilful driver has to proportion his day's journey to the strength of his team. We talk at present about 'practical politics' and 'effective demands.' We sometimes judge kings in the past as though they, too, in spite of their appearance of absolute authority,

were not similarly fettered by the same conditions. It is hard for us to judge a man for what he did not do, for the reforms which he did not make, the abuses which he did not abolish.

I turn to another point. Rulers are to be judged by their public, not by their private life. The question of their personal virtues or vices is entirely subsidiary to their discharge of their public duties. Of course a king's private life possesses some historical significance for a full knowledge of his times; but his private character ought to be proved by overt acts, not by gossip. It is worth while to remember that gossip which is written down is not more veracious than gossip which flies current; and there was always a tendency to write down about kings more than was really known. Gossip is none the less gossip because it comes from venerable antiquity. It does not follow that for periods where we have few books those books are necessarily true. There is still the question, what means the writer had of knowing the truth of what he writes.

These fragmentary remarks may serve to indicate what I mean by pleading for as much casuistry in history as will serve to distinguish between venial and mortal sins. Opinions will widely differ about the point where the line is to be drawn, and the principles on which the distinction is to be made, if indeed it be admitted at all. After putting forward extenuating circumstances, I feel that I am bound to say what sort of historical crimes admit of no extenuation. I think these ought to be determined by the harm done to the popular conscience, to the effacement of recognised distinctions between right and wrong, to the hindrance clearly thrown in the way of moral progress. In our own society, law measures an equal penalty to offences; but legal punishment cannot be proportioned to the measure of moral mischief. We are sometimes surprised at the large amount of popular indignation raised by one crime, and sometimes surprised at the small amount of indignation accorded to another; but the difference is not accidental; it corresponds to some unformulated conception of the popular conscience. It would seem as though mankind guarded jealously some principles which had been lately won by

effort, while others which rested on a firmer basis did not require such careful watching. I think the historian should be in the position of the guardian of the public conscience, and should resent all attempts to do it injury. Perhaps it would be fair to say that few ends have been pursued in history in behalf of which there is not a great deal to say, while few means have been adopted to attain them against which a great deal cannot be said. We may not approve of war, yet it would be useless to stop and blame every war. But if a war seemed to contemporaries unjust, or was carried on in defiance of recognised principles for mitigating suffering, it was a grave offence, and ought, on each occasion of its occurrence, to be reprobated accordingly. Yet history busies itself with Henry VIII's wives, or his persecutions under the Bill of Six Articles, but has little to say of the barbarous warfare wherewith he devastated the Scottish Borders—a warfare as brutal in its way as that which has made the Duke of Alva a monster of savagery. I mention this because it illustrates the tendency to forgive any wrongdoing which was ever so remotely successful. Scotland in the long run was joined to England, and the union has been a success; we do not therefore keep alive rancorous feelings about any portion of the process by which this success was achieved. Spain did not succeed in winning back all the Netherland provinces; its unsuccessful attempts to do so are regarded as so many outrages against the cause of liberty.

Perhaps the two crimes most calculated to shock the conscience and lower the moral standard of mankind are treachery and assassination. These are public and not private crimes; they tend to overthrow society and reduce it to barbarism. Murders can never be forgiven; but then they have to be proved as well in history as in common life. When they are proved as matters of fact they cannot be palliated, for they admit of no extenuating circumstances. Complicity in them or encouragement given to them is as bad as being a principal. Moreover, homicide is none the less a crime because a flimsy air of legality is occasionally thrown over it. False accusations and the perversion of the forms of justice aggravate rather than extenuate the greatness of the offence against public morals; for the destruction of men's belief

in justice is again a subversion of social order. The destruction of a man's character or influence by base means is a moral murder.

So far as I can arrive at any conclusions, they are briefly these. I like to stand upon clear grounds which can be proved and estimated. I do not like to wrap myself in the garb of outraged dignity because men in the past did things contrary to the principles which I think soundest in the present; nor can I palliate wrongful means when they were used to promote those principles. I cannot always judge aright whether or no a statesman's policy was the best which he could pursue. I cannot decide how far he had it in his power to work beneficial reforms, or how far he was to blame for continuing old abuses. His personal life and his individual character is in many points of no importance for the consideration of his historical significance. But I can judge if in his actions he was treacherous and deceitful, if he overrode the clear precepts of the moral law to gain his ends, if he counted the life of his opponent as nothing, if he perverted justice and debased law. One instance of such wrongful acts suffices to cast all other achievements into shade. If we admit these canons, rude and simple as they are, it is surprising and saddening to discover how few heroes are left to us in history, how few men placed in the position to enjoy power have withstood the temptations inherent to the possession of power of any kind, how few of them have not descended to treachery to destroy an opponent, to destroy him either physically or morally or politically. I would also be content to leave that simple issue as the sole standard of our moral judgment in historical matters.

Art. III.—THE ROMANCE OF THE OUTLANDS.

1. *The Purple Land; El Ombú; Green Mansions.* By W. H. Hudson. London: Duckworth, etc., 1885–1904.
2. *Almayer's Folly; An Outcast of the Islands; Tales of Unrest; Youth; Nostromo;* and other novels. By Joseph Conrad. London: Unwin, etc., 1895–1904.
3. *Out of the East; Kokoro; Shadowings; Kwaidan;* and other works. By Lafcadio Hearn. London: Osgood & Co., etc., 1895–1904.
4. *A Digit of the Moon; The Descent of the Sun; A Heifer of the Dawn; In the Great God's Hair.* By F. W. Bain. London: Parker, 1899–1904.
5. *By Reef and Palm; The Ebbing of the Tide; Pacific Tales; Under Tropic Skies;* and other stories. By Louis Becke. London: Fisher Unwin, etc., 1894–1904.
6. *African Nights' Entertainment.* By A. J. Dawson. London: Heinemann, 1900.
7. *The God of His Fathers.* By Jack London. New York: McClure, 1901.
8. *East Coast Etchings; Sally.* By Hugh Clifford. Singapore: 'Strait Times' Press, etc., 1896–1904.
9. *The Ipané; Thirteen Stories; Success; Progress.* By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. London: Fisher Unwin, etc., 1899–1905.
10. *The Garden of Allah.* By Robert Hichens. London: Methuen, 1904.
11. *The Magnetic North.* By Elizabeth Robins. London: Heinemann, 1904.

AMONG the popular traditions of Brittany there are some delightful tales of a beautiful fairy that used to haunt the caves along the coast of that land of ancient lore. As no one has seen her now for many years the peasants declare that she is dead, for even fairies, it seems, are not immortal—and Mr Barrie has lately told us why; but the Breton fishermen, who have a wider knowledge of the world than the peasants, report that the lovely sprite has only departed across the sea to India. Curiously enough, there is a similar difference of opinion on this subject between landmen and mariners in English literary circles, although they do not discuss the matter in the charmingly allegorical fashion which obtains in Brittany. One

eminent historical novelist, for instance, has recently said that the spirit of romance is dead; while sailors, like Mr Joseph Conrad, hold that it has merely forsaken the shores of Europe for those of wild and distant countries.

It is surprising how little of the adventurous life of our race is reflected in our literature. Even the imagination of our great poets has been but little stirred by the wonders of the deep and the glamour of strange lands. After Aphra Behn had written 'Oroonoko,' and Defoe 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Captain Singleton,' our novelists, for a long time, seldom travelled, even in fancy, farther than France and Italy. It was, for the most part, left to French writers, such as Bernardin de Saint-Pierre and Chateaubriand, to develop the literature of exotic romance which had been originated in England. But, while our poets, novelists, and painters, in their longing for a life of more colour, excitement, and fulness than ours, were dreaming faintly of the Middle Ages, the more active and enterprising spirits among us, who had penetrated into the dark places of the earth, were living the wildest and strangest of lives. Some, as traders or soldiers of fortune, were wandering in the mysterious cities of the East; others, landing as settlers on recently discovered coasts, were, like their remote ancestors, founding new states amid the tumult of border warfare; while the boldest adventurers were mingling with people still struggling in the feudal or barbaric stages of society, or even living among races not yet emerged from the conditions of the age of stone.

At last, however, among these emigrants there has arisen a group of novelists who, it seems to us, represent the freshest and most genuine movement in our literature during late years. These writers have sprung up in the most widely separated parts of the world. Mr Rudyard Kipling, the founder of the school, came from India, like Mrs F. A. Steel, a writer with less imaginative power and a less vivid style, admirable, however, in the delineation of the milder lights and shadows of Hindoo character. Mr Joseph Conrad is a master-mariner from the Malay Archipelago and other shores of old romance; Mr W. H. Hudson is a native of La Plata; and Mr R. B. Cunningham-Graham has travelled widely in South America.

Mr Lafcadio Hearn, born in the Ionian Islands, wandered across the world to Japan; and Mr Louis Becke, while trading in the South Seas, sailed with the last of the English buccaneers, 'Bully' Hayes, about whom R. L. Stevenson, who should also be included in this group, by reason of his later works, must have heard some curious tales at Samoa. Mr A. J. Dawson, who, after a varied career in more distant countries, has begun to describe the picturesque Moors of the sunset land, and Mr Jack London, who has returned from Alaska and the Behring Sea with tales of the conflict between Eskimos and Europeans in the Yukon valley, represent a younger generation of novelists, who are now recruited in increasing numbers from the pioneers of civilisation working among savage and decaying races.

Owing to its spontaneity and to its diversity of origin, the English movement is wider in its scope and more varied in its characteristics than the French. Mr Kipling's tales of Indian life, for instance, exhibit a fertility of invention which is in striking contrast with the monotony of plot and sentiment in Pierre Loti's stories of his amorous adventures in Turkey, Tahiti, Senegal, and Japan. In these latter works there is displayed the freshness of style and the triteness of conception of a writer of genius who has unfortunately adopted an out-worn literary convention. The French novelist, in fact, derives from his favourite author, Musset, the idea of a dramatic situation which Byron and Chateaubriand long since rendered somewhat commonplace. All that Pierre Loti, as a young naval officer on foreign service, was able to do was to enlarge and renovate the Romantic theatre and act the lover of some tawny or yellow beauty in a more natural and piquant manner than René and Lara had done.

Still it must be admitted that he has played this part with less insincerity than his predecessors. He possesses indeed, in an eminent degree, that last refinement in hedonism, a relish for naïve and primitive emotions, together with a finely trained sense of the picturesque, which, more happily, makes all the infinite variety of forms and all the delicate gradations of colour in the strange places by which he wanders a source of pure and intense pleasure to his readers. Were these two threads of interest combined as finely in his stories of exotic love

as they are in his tales of Breton sailors and fishermen, Pierre Loti would have achieved two series of incomparable masterpieces in different *genres*. His earlier works, however, are only, as he says, fragments of autobiography. Rarahu and Madame Chrysanthème are introduced merely as decorative effects in a landscape sketched as a brilliant background to the portrait of the author. Yet how admirable the landscape is! It is depicted with a fineness of vision and a delicacy of feeling for nature unrivalled by any other novelist. While Loti can 'paint the thing as he sees it' in as vivid a manner as a realist, he can also describe the thing as he feels it in as poignant a manner as a poet; and it is principally this subtle atmosphere of emotion which gives to his descriptions of natural scenery their singular and intangible charm. He is, in fact, a man of a lyrical temperament writing in prose. But although he chooses his words, not only for their direct meaning, but also for their magical effect in collocation and for their colour and musical value, his vocabulary is simple and even scanty, and his style has the sobriety of tone and the naturalness of expression characteristic of the best French prose.

Mr Kipling differs from Pierre Loti as much as Defoe differs from Chateaubriand. The English novelist commonly obtains his most romantic effects by matter-of-fact means, and particularly by an extraordinary inventiveness in respect of picturesque detail which is curiously known as realistic power. He also resembles Defoe in being primarily a journalist of genius engaged in interpreting the feelings of a certain class of readers. The remarkable originality of both writers is partly due to this fact. While the men of letters in our Augustan age employed their talent in refining the tastes of the more educated orders of society, the great pamphleteer merely sought, in such works as 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Captain Singleton,' to appeal to that sense of the adventurous side of life which, with the growth of our maritime power, was beginning to spread among the people. In so doing he opened up a new field of romance. At the beginning of his career Mr Kipling, by reason of his position in India, was almost as little affected by the æsthetic fashions of the day as, in different circumstances, Defoe had been. He wrote for men who were immediately

interested in things about which the educated public in England felt, at that time, little concern. The fascination of Oriental life, the strange incidents of little border wars, the curious conditions in which the work of administration had to be carried on in a medley of the most subtle-minded, the most fanatical, and the most primitive races in Asia—these were matters in which Mr Kipling's readers were immediately interested, and on these matters, therefore, he was incited to write. In so doing he, too, opened up a new field of romance.

Moreover, when Mr Kipling's genius had been provoked, and his fame secured by the Anglo-Indian world, he was in a position to achieve that which another remarkable writer, Mr W. H. Hudson, who had already written a brilliant novel of Uruguayan life, had failed to do. This was to create in England a general interest in the new literature of exotic romance. The author of 'Plain Tales from the Hills' was, however, more fortunate in the circumstances in which his genius had been fostered than the author of 'The Purple Land.' In Mr Hudson's native country, the River Plate, the English were insufficient to form a literary public; and he had to appeal directly to a larger but more indifferent circle of readers in England.

'Good heavens! thought I to myself; what a glorious field is waiting here for some new Theocritus. . . . I swear I will turn poet myself, and go back some day to astonish old *blasé* Europe with something.' ('The Purple Land,' i, 73.)

At the present day it seems inexplicable that in 1885 'The Purple Land' should not have excited at least a little of the admiration which it deserved. It is a charming and rambling romance in which is unfolded, in a sort of panorama, the wild and picturesque life of an almost unknown people. The scene is a tract of pampa 'stretching away like a great inland sea, silent and bluish, under the southern stars,' and inhabited by a gay, vagrant, and turbulent race of horsemen whose primitive way of life is diversified rather than interrupted by continual revolutions. The manner in which the story is told resembles that adopted by Mr Kipling in his last novel of Indian life. The adventures of an English lad wandering from cattle-farm to cattle-farm, merry-mak-

ing, fighting, and philandering, serve to connect together a series of vivid studies of Uruguayan manners and a gallery of sprightly sketches of Uruguayan character. The action of the tale is calculated to delight a boy's imagination by its vehemence and unexpectedness, while the characterisation engages the interest of older readers by its variety and charm. Gauchos with the temper of Indians and the carriage of Spaniards, who remind one, by their talent for poetry and music, of Theocritus's Sicilian shepherds; old-fashioned, courteous Spanish settlers in whose low, bare cattle-farms open house is kept for all comers; their gracious women belonging to a race eminent for its beauty, and to a class distinguished by a certain fineness of character; punctilious and ineffectual officers of state, and tragic leaders of hopeless revolutions—these are some of the figures depicted in touches as light as they are telling. The whole story indeed is related with an ease and a distinction of manner extremely uncommon in modern English works of fiction, and it is written in a mood which even Mr Hudson has not been able to recapture—the mood of buoyant, wayward, confident youthfulness.

The story ends abruptly, as though the author intended to continue it in another work. The reception of the book in London, however, was not of a kind to encourage him to devote himself to literature and produce the best that was in him. Nothing could be adduced that would show more clearly the utter lack of taste for exotic romance in England in 1885 than the fact that, in one of the very few literary periodicals in which the novel was noticed, it was seriously reviewed as a work of information under the heading of 'Travels and Geography.' The result was, as was remarked some years ago, that the world gained in Mr Hudson an eminent naturalist and lost a great writer of fiction. For the next seventeen years he gave himself up to the study of natural history, for which he became famous; and the author of 'The Naturalist in La Plata' and 'Idle Days in Patagonia' was scarcely remembered as a story-writer in 1902 when, under the title of 'El Ombú,' he published a little book of sketches of South American Indians and Gauchos. These tales proved that while he could still bring to the delineation of character the freshness and precision in

observation and the delicate realism in description which he had since turned in other directions, he could now employ these gifts, enhanced by an uncommon power of imagination, in handling some of the wildest themes in modern fiction. The success of this slight collection of stories was sufficient to tempt him to neglect the study of natural history and resume, in 'Green Mansions,' the work which he had relinquished twenty years ago.

This tale of the backwoods of Venezuela has, however, little resemblance to the earlier story of the pampa of Uruguay. It is a beautiful work of fantasy rather than another 'romance of the outlands.' The striking picture of the gloomy tropical forest and its dismal inhabitants, with which the narrative opens, is merely introduced as a background to an exquisite piece of purely imaginative composition. Still, while regarding life as a whole with the eyes of a poet, Mr Hudson depicts its various aspects with the exactness of a patient student of nature; and in his realistic sketch of the manners of the primitive American Indians he strips these ignoble savages of all the romantic qualities with which Aphra Behn and later writers, less expert and still more sentimental, have adorned them. The scene of the romance is a sombre expanse of forest in Central America, sparsely peopled with wild men engaged in exterminating one another by means of blow-pipes and poisoned darts; and the study of their character and mode of existence is woven around a story of travel and adventure in the manner adopted in his earlier work. The difference is that with these actualities there is strangely and effectively mingled the spirit of fairyland. To the west of the village where the hero settles, in an upland valley brighter in aspect than the dark wilderness encircling it, there lies a little paradise of trees and flowers in which the Indians never wander, as they believe it to be haunted by an evil spirit. On entering the wood Abel feels that this superstition is not without foundation, for he is surprised to hear, echoing above him wherever he goes,

'a low strain of exquisite bird-melody, wonderfully pure and expressive, unlike any musical sound I had ever heard before. . . . Its greatest charm was its resemblance to the human voice—a voice purified and brightened to something almost angelic. . . . Before many moments I heard it again; not

rapid now, but a soft warbling, lower than at first, infinitely sweet and tender, sinking to lispings sounds that soon ceased to be audible.'

In this manner the author of 'The Naturalist in La Plata' introduces into his romance the lovely, fantastic creature of his imagination. Mysterious and yet delightfully human, elusive and tantalising yet mild and affectionate, Rima is a strange forest-maid, who somewhat resembles Miranda in her sweetness and girlish innocence, and, in her more wayward moods, Undine. She is, in fact, a dryad of ancient legend pictured by a poet in the light of modern science.

Man is now the lordliest creature of prey; but there was a time, before he grew cunning in the use of deadly weapons, when he lived on the fruits of the earth in intimate communion with the gentler animals, with whom he often shared his food and his place of shelter. So much is fact, and from this Mr Hudson's dream runs, that there was one race of men, better favoured by circumstances than the rest of mankind, who, without losing their original gentleness of nature, acquired the mental elevation that primitive man lacked, and so lived on, happily secluded by swamp and mountain from a world of strife, until the Indians, breaking into their retreat, hunted them down and destroyed them. Rima, the last of these frail and exquisite beings, had been rescued by a superstitious old Venezuelan outlaw; and it was her voice that startled Abel as he walked in the haunted wood, where, gliding through the foliage above his head, she was trying to entice him to converse with her in her own musical language. Mr Hudson's subtle art is finely displayed in his delineation of the heroine. She is an unearthly figure, small of stature and iridescent of hue, with the beauty and grace of an innocent wild animal and the delicacy of feeling and pretty waywardness of a gentle girl; but she is described with such verisimilitude, and her naturalness and candour are contrasted so humorously with the idea that she is a being of supernatural origin, to which her ruffianly old foster-father clings as his only means of salvation, that the illusion is admirably sustained. Rima's death at the hands of the Indians and the wild vengeance executed upon the savages

by her lover brings to a close a work which, we think, entitles its author, at last, to rank with the best novelists of his generation.

Pioneers have ever the most difficult task. While it has taken Mr Hudson some twenty years to acquire mere recognition as a writer of exotic romance, Mr Joseph Conrad, another remarkable novelist of the same school, seems to have obtained something like fame on the appearance of his first book in 1895. But, when Mr Conrad began to write, the new movement had already become a force in the English literature of the day; indeed it appears to have drawn him rather reluctantly into its current. For, when he first thought of writing, Mr Conrad was less inclined to compose in English, a language which he had learned somewhat late in life, than in French, which he knew almost as well as Polish, his mother-tongue. French, however, owes its exquisite clearness to the fact that it has long since crystallised; and this state of crystallisation makes it almost impossible for a foreigner to use it with such distinction and flexibility as to compete with native writers of equal talent. English, on the other hand, owing to its fluidity, can be easily moulded by a man with a real genius for expression into a fresh and peculiar form. And this is what Mr Conrad has done. Neglecting whatever classical traditions survive in our prose since Carlyle and Mr Meredith helped to refashion and disguise it, he has elaborated a curious romantic style, luxuriant and picturesque, in which his own strange, nervous personality is reflected. Loose, at times, and overcharged with epithets, it cannot compare with Mr Hudson's pure, simple, and delicately-shaded prose, but it has some admirable qualities.

The power and originality with which Mr Conrad handles a language which is foreign to him, give him, in this respect alone, a somewhat singular position in English letters. It is strange, too, that he should have acquired, in a southern province of Poland, a boyish passion for the sea that led him to become a master-mariner in our merchant service. About the age of twenty he picked up from our east-coast sailors the rudiments of English; and then, as he relates in 'Youth'—a tale animated by the gusto of adventure—set out for the Malay Archipelago on a vessel that caught fire and foundered on the voyage.

His first impression of the scenery of the Orient was obtained as he watched, on a rowing-boat coming in from the sea, the day breaking over an unknown, beautiful coast.

'And then I saw the men of the East—they were looking at me. The whole length of the jetty was full of people. I saw brown, bronze, yellow faces, the black eyes, the glitter, the colour of an Eastern crowd. . . . The fronds of palms stood still against the sky. Not a branch stirred along the shore; and the brown roofs of hidden houses peeped through the green foliage, through the big leaves that hung shining and still like leaves forged of heavy metal. This was the East of the ancient navigators, so old, so mysterious, resplendent and sombre, living and unchanged, full of danger and promise. . . . I see it now—the wide sweep of the bay, the glittering sands, the wealth of green, infinite and varied, the sea blue like the sea of a dream, the crowd of attentive faces, the blaze of vivid colour, the water reflecting it all, the curve of the shore, the jetty, the high-sterned, outlandish craft floating still, and the three boats with the tired men from the West sleeping, unconscious of the land and the people and of the violence of sunshine. . . . I have known its fascination since. I have seen the mysterious shores . . . where a stealthy Nemesis lies in wait, pursues, overtakes so many of the conquering race, who are proud of their wisdom, of their knowledge, of their strength. But for me, all the East is contained in that vision of my youth.'

For some years Mr Conrad wandered over the Eastern seas commanding steam-tramps and sailing-vessels, while young enough to accept all the hazards and hardships of his way of life as the zest in its romance. The Malay Archipelago was still one of the wildest scenes of adventure in the world. Around the wooded coasts of the remoter islands, the captains of marauding bands were engaged in conquering little domains and holding them against the attacks of other piratical clans. 'Karain' was one of these Oriental vikings with whom Mr Conrad used to trade in spite, perhaps, of Spanish gunboats; and the recollection of his name is made the occasion of a descriptive passage which sums up one impression obtained from the 'Tales of Unrest.'

'The printed words scent the smoky atmosphere of to-day faintly, with the subtle and penetrating perfume as of land-

breezes breathing through the starlight of bygone nights; a signal-fire gleams like a jewel on the high brow of a sombre cliff; great trees, the advanced sentries of immense forests, stand watchful and still over sleeping stretches of open water; a line of white surf thunders on an empty beach; the shallow water foams on the reefs; and green islets, scattered through the calm of noonday, lie upon the level of a polished sea like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel. There are faces, too—faces dark, truculent and smiling; the frank audacious faces of men barefooted, well-armed and noiseless. They thronged the narrow length of our schooner's decks with their ornamented and barbarous crowd, with the variegated colours of checkered sarongs, red turbans, white jackets, embroidery; with the gleam of scabbards, gold rings, charms, armlets, lance-blades, and jewelled handles of their weapons.'

But while this picturesque introduction leads one to expect in 'Karain' a series of exciting incidents, it is characteristic of Mr Conrad's method that the story turns out to be, primarily, a study of a Malay chief in the strange conditions which makes the men of his race run *amok*. The exciting incidents are there—an elopement, a murder, and the invasion and conquest of a strip of land in Mindanao; but the action is entirely subordinated to the analysis of a curious state of mind: for, even in Mr Conrad's earlier works, it is on the keen and searching investigation into the springs of conduct that the interest is chiefly concentrated. In the large sense which the word bears in the French language, he is a finer moralist than either his compatriot Mr Vencelas Sieroszewski, the author of 'On the Edge of the Forests,' or any other writer of the exotic school. The actions of men are for him matters of comparatively little importance. He is even liable to neglect that subtler form of action, the influence of character upon character, in order to trace more clearly the play of individual temperament. And it is significant that in his first novels, 'An Outcast of the Islands' and 'Almayer's Folly,' as in his last, 'Nostromo,' the weakest characters are so pre-eminent as to give the works their title. Does this mean that Mr Conrad's talent in characterisation is not displayed so well in portraying the simplicity of a strong nature as in analysing the complexities of a weak one?

Mr Conrad has imported into English literature some

of the finest elements of the Slavonic genius, tempered and moulded by French art. There is especially something foreign in the almost febrile intensity of imagination with which he endows the tremendous forces of tropical nature with a sort of wild personality, and in the subtlety of feeling with which he sometimes dissolves the very substance of character into a flux and confusion of moods. An exhilarating sense of the romance of life preserves him, however, from too melancholy a complexion of mind. It is in this that the idiosyncrasy of his genius really consists. In the nervous power with which he penetrates into the dark and winding recesses of the human heart he approaches several novelists of the Russian school, whom he also resembles in his extreme sensitiveness to the influences of natural scenery; but he is distinguished from them by his ability to combine this power with an enthusiasm for the adventurous and inspiring side of life.

Yet he is, above all, as we have remarked, a moralist. He does not exalt the adventurous and inspiring side of life by suppressing its darker aspects. A man does not always live for years with impunity in the tropics, surrounded by savages and outside the pale of civilised laws. Unless he be endowed with a strong constitution and a firm character, the moral climate of the place is apt to affect his imagination as powerfully as the physical climate does his nerves. The subtly demoralising tendency of tropical life is an idea which underlies the characterisation in Mr Conrad's tales of adventure, and gives these stories a moral depth which the works of other writers of the same school seldom possess.

It is also an idea which leads Mr Conrad to construct his novels and sketches in a manner quite his own. The materials in 'An Outcast of the Islands' and its sequel, 'Almayer's Folly,' are such as a novelist who simply delights in wild movement, picturesque colours, a multitude of characters of different races, and a large canvas, would have handled differently. It is the story of a struggle for dominion in the Malay Archipelago. In the days when the Eastern seas were the haunt of men content to hold in their own hands their lives and their properties, some bold spirits from Australian ports invaded the islands in search of money and adventure, and, in ships

armed like privateers, fought against the Malay filibusters and intrigued against the Arab merchants who jointly commanded the waters of the Archipelago. Tom Lingard is one of the most successful of these adventurers. Stevenson would have portrayed the man's character in puissant relief, and narrated his wild story with incomparable gusto. A humorous compound of the *conquistador* and the missionary, Lingard combines the shrewdness and energy of the middle-class Englishman with the sentimentality of some of our lower orders. While exploring the eastern coast of Borneo, he discovers an unknown river and there establishes a trading station which grows into a protectorate over the surrounding country. The bluff, masterful, uneducated sailor has royal tastes—a fierce delight in fighting and adventure, in which he allows no one else to indulge, and a great respect for law and order, which he imposes on other men. His weak point is his passion for trying to shape in his own strong image the feeble lives that come under his busy hand, and his confidence in his ability to inspire and reform them. This spark of divine foolishness is all that really attracts Mr Conrad, in a character of remarkable strength, which he sketches somewhat lightly. At the opening of the story Lingard, bent on wilder exploits, disappears from the scene, leaving the station in the charge of two of his *protégés*, Almayer and Willems, men better fitted for the counting-house, from which he took them, than for the position in which they are now installed. They fail in their trust; and he returns broken-hearted, at the close of the narrative, to find that the river he discovered is held by an Arab merchant-adventurer with a band of Malay pirates, while over the settlement he had founded there floats the Dutch flag.

In this manner Mr Conrad converts his romantic materials from a wild tale of adventure into a dramatic study of an antagonism of temperaments between two ineffectual creatures enervated by a fierce climate and drifting at the mercy of circumstances—between Almayer, appalled by the savagery of the people around him, and Willems, degraded by his environment into something that the natives themselves despise. The two Dutchmen in 'An Outcast of the Islands,' and the two Belgians in 'An Outpost of Progress,' belong to the only class of men—

those without individuality—which Mr Conrad describes with any bitterness. Yet he is one of the most catholic in sympathy of modern novelists. In his hands the man whom imagination makes a coward against his will is as attractive a figure as the lad carried by the spirit of adventure unscathed through all trials and misfortunes.

Even in the gloomiest of his works, 'The Heart of Darkness,' he provokes less a sentiment of horror than a sense of tragic terror by the spectacle of a man of strong personality perverting his fine gifts to the most fearful ends. There is usually something sympathetic in the curiosity with which a subtle student of nature enters into the wild and abnormal mental states of the persons he describes; something like a feeling of pleasure in a new experience which may sometimes develope into a rather dangerous form of intellectual epicureanism. Mr Conrad grazes this danger in 'The Heart of Darkness,' for he seems able to forgive anything in mankind except nonentity. His really contemptible personages are always men of the crowd, creatures, as he says, whose existence is only rendered possible by the hyper-organisation of modern life. Their feelings, their ideas, and their principles are but a reflection of the corporate spirit of the multitude in which their individuality was merged before it had time to form. It is these men who at once go down in that struggle with pure unmitigated savagery where a man must rely solely on his own right hand and his strength of head and heart.

Although this idea is worked out in a more powerful manner in 'An Outpost of Progress,' 'An Outcast of the Islands' remains the more picturesque work. There is no touch of poetry in the tales of the Congo Free State, where, after his return from the Eastern seas, Mr Conrad went in search of new experiences, only to catch an illness which put an end to his career as a sailor. In these stories he aims solely at conveying the atmosphere of terror and nightmare in which he lived, and in this he well succeeds. No other writer has shown in so affecting a manner the influence exerted by the genius of the dark places of the world over the souls of civilised men. But though, as he says, his sojourn in Central Africa altered permanently his whole view of life, the scenes of his earlier voyages seem still to grow, in retrospect, only

brighter and more enchanting regions of adventure; and in his last works, 'Romance' and 'Nostromo,' he describes first the West Indies and then the Pacific coast with something of that delight in the wild and brilliant side of life which he revived in 'Youth.'

Mr Conrad is certainly one of the least monotonous of writers. He is ever experimenting in new styles and new subjects; and, in addition to winning a high place in the literature of exotic romance, he has obtained an incontestable pre-eminence as the novelist of modern seafaring life. Beginning as a writer with French ideas of construction, he has evolved quite an original form of composition, that of the monograph. It is used finely in 'The Heart of Darkness.' He groups the persons and incidents neither about some principal character, in the English fashion, nor about some course of action, in the French manner, but subordinates everything to the exposition of some general idea. He has elaborated an indirect but interesting way of winding first around, and then into his subject, sacrificing all dramatic effects and all effects of contrast to greater fineness in the analysis of moods and greater power in interpreting the spirit and atmosphere of a place. It is a subtle method; and, as in the case of other subtle methods, there is but a faint line between its qualities and its defects.

Similar subtlety of method and a certain delicacy of touch, not wholly unlike the poetic realism of Mr Conrad's style, mark the best work of the late Lafcadio Hearn, who, in other respects, recalls Pierre Loti to our minds. His picturesque diction catches now and then the same charm of feeling. How finely, for instance, he depicts the Dance of Souls, performed by a group of Japanese peasant girls, in the moonlit court of a Buddhist temple during the Festival of the Dead.

'Out of the shadow of the temple a processional line of dancers files into the moonlight and as suddenly halts—all young women or girls, clad in their choicest attire. The tallest leads; her comrades follow in order of stature; little maids of ten or twelve years compose the end of the procession. Figures lightly poised as birds—figures that somehow recall the dreams of shapes circling about certain antique vases. . . . All together glide the right foot forward one pace, without lifting the sandal from the ground, and extend both hands

to the right, with a strange floating motion and a smiling, mysterious obeisance. Then the right foot is drawn back, with a repetition of the waving of hands and the mysterious bow. Then all advance the left foot and repeat the previous movements, half-turning to the left. Then all take two gliding paces forward with a single simultaneous soft clap of the hands, and the first performance is reiterated, alternately to right and left, all the sandaled feet gliding together, all the supple hands waving together, all the pliant bodies bowing and swaying together. And so, slowly, weirdly, the processional movement changes into a great round, circling about the moonlit court and around the voiceless crowd of spectators.

'And always the white hands sinuously wave together, as if weaving spells, alternately without and within the round, now with palms upward, now with palms downward; and all the elfish sleeves hover duskily together, with a shadowing as of wings; and all the feet poise together with such a rhythm of complex motion that in watching it one feels a sensation of hypnotism. . . . Under the wheeling moon, in the midst of the round, I feel as one within the circle of a charm. And verily, this is enchantment. I am bewitched; bewitched by the ghostly weaving of hands, by the rhythmic gliding of feet; above all, by the flitting of the marvellous sleeves—apparitional, soundless, velvety, as the flitting of great tropical bats. No; nothing I ever dreamed of could be likened to this!' ('Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan,' i, 132-4.)

Had Mr Hearn habitually written as well as this, he might have ranked as a writer of exotic romance with Mr Hudson and Mr Conrad. He was, however, a man of a receptive, rather than of a creative, mind; the value of his work is largely dependent upon the worth of the materials handled, and he was not always happy in his choice of subjects. This is partly due to the circumstances of his life. A Greek by birth and also, on his mother's side, by race, he is said to have curiously resembled, in appearance as well as in temperament, the Eastern race which he has described with such insight and charm; and the greater part of his career was spent in drifting across the world towards the people with whom he had so much in common. One can trace the course of this homeless wanderer in his early writings. His recollections of Europe are vague; and even his memories of the United States, where he educated himself while working first as

a compositor and then as a journalist, are contained only in a tale of adventure on Last Island in the Mississippi. Of the French West Indies, in which he lived for some time, he has written more fully in a book of travels and a novel of negro life. But, as his style did not acquire real distinction until he began to follow Japanese models and study Japanese effects, none of these earlier works is of much importance.

Mr Hearn began really to count as a writer only when his Hellenic qualities of mind, stunted at first by the conditions of life in North America, were at last developed among a people distinguished by somewhat of that instinctive feeling for beauty which formed an incomparable element in the genius of ancient Greece. His æsthetic sense luxuriated in a land where fineness of taste is still a common characteristic. Through the gate of their art he entered, not only into the ways of life of the Japanese, but into their moods and their religion. When he arrived in Japan he was a rather superficial agnostic of the English school, who had dabbled a little, in American fashion, in Oriental ideas. But, as soon as his sensuous imagination was stirred, Japanese Buddhism, with its esoteric mysticism, its wealth of poetic symbols, and its roots in the art and letters of the country, exercised over him an influence similar to that by which Roman Catholicism, in such lands as Italy, is apt to attract persons of a sensuous temperament. Some of his essays in sciologism, in which he has tried to fuse together the ideas of Western science and the feelings of Eastern mysticism, are not very successful. On the other hand, his interest in Japanese Buddhism enabled him to reveal, with that insight which only knowledge and imaginative sympathy can give, the romantic side of that religion as reflected in the habits of mind and modes of feeling, the traditions and customs of the people. Saddened by the vehemence with which the machine-made civilisation, from which he had just escaped, was spreading through the country, he turned with delightful relief to the peasants of remote places, over whom the ancient ideal still exercised much of its authority. The grace and amenity with which it adorned their hard and narrow lives, the thought and poetry which it wove into their legends and superstitions, and, above all, the keen and exquisite sense of beauty in

nature and art with which it endowed them, filled him with unbounded admiration for things Japanese.

The disadvantage of unbounded admiration, however, is that it is uncritical. And uncritical Mr Hearn sometimes was, especially in regard to Japanese women. For instance, the gracious simplicity and sweet and noble submissiveness of his heroine in the tale of 'Haru' in 'Kokoro' are, no doubt, very touching; but the author does not seem to have seen that these qualities were dearly purchased by the systematic repression of all moral and intellectual energy in the mothers of a race.

Still admiration, even if unbounded, is a better spur to curiosity than contempt. It enabled Mr Hearn to trace in a people charged by his rather superficial predecessors with poverty of emotional life, a fineness of disciplined feeling as remarkable in its way as the richness and complexity of sentiment in other races. And what a difference there is between the study of Japanese character in 'Madame Chrysanthème' and that revealed in 'A Woman's Diary'! Pierre Loti describes the Japanese as quaint, picturesque marionettes; in Mr Hearn's work one of these marionettes is allowed to speak for herself. She is merely a girl of the lower class, but it is not extravagant to say that in beauty of nature and refinement of mind she is the equal of any of the cultivated ladies of Europe whom Pierre Loti loves to address in his prefaces. Married himself to a Japanese lady, Mr Hearn was indeed as incomparable a delineator of Japanese manners as Pierre Loti is of Japanese scenery; and it is matter for regret that there is so little fiction in the works which he wrote on Japan. Curiously slight in construction, his sketches have some of the delicacy and fine charm which he admired in Japanese poetry, where suggestion is more significant than expression.

In some of his fantastic tales, such as 'The Gateless Barrier,' Lafcadio Hearn adopted an Oriental literary form which has since been developed by a novelist in India, Mr F. W. Bain. As Buddhism and Brahmanism are philosophical creeds that cannot appeal directly to the emotions like some other religions, their ideas have to be brought down to the people by means of metaphysical allegories. Mr Hearn and Mr Bain seem both to have been attracted by these strange fairy-tales, in which the

deepest conceptions of mysticism are combined with the wildest flights of fancy. But, while Mr Hearn has taken as his pattern some Japanese or Chinese fables with rather more philosophical subtlety than literary charm, Mr Bain has been more happily inspired by Indian literature. In his work the metaphysical meaning is disguised in a dress as luxuriantly poetical as Kalidas might have fashioned. Both writers profess to be simply translators; but, while Mr Hearn may have followed his models somewhat closely, Mr Bain pretends to a greater lack of originality than he can rightfully claim. Even when we make allowance for the inspiration he derives from Hindoo legends and Hindoo poetry, his fertility of fancy and Asiatic richness of diction are remarkable. He has discovered in India a region of enchantment which Mr Kipling never entered. This is the India of romance which the Indians have built up out of their longings, their traditions, and the hints of their poets, and which is not perhaps the less real in its effect upon their mind because it exists only in their imagination. As Mr Bain says in the introduction to 'The Descent of the Sun,'

'Nations, like the characters in our story, cling desperately, in their periods of degradation and eclipse, to all that reminds them of a former state of ideal prosperity which lingers in their literature and echoes in their souls like dim recollections of a forgotten paradise. . . . Distance lends enchantment, and time effaces detail and endows stern realities with dreamy beauty; and thus a rugged, stony past fades gradually into a picture, blue, soft, and unutterably beautiful, like some low barren island seen far away in the haze over a hot and glittering sea.'

No conquerer ever swept through the passes of the Himalayas upon this land of the lotus, with its splendid cities, pleasant champaign, and beautiful forests, where kings and the sons of kings, laying aside the toils of war and the cares of state, spend their days in wooing princely women. Love is the theme of all Mr Bain's stories. Even in 'The Descent of the Sun,' with its fantastical action that passes in a haunted wood representing life and its illusions, the characters are not phantoms in an allegory, but the wild, bright figures of Indian poetry,

moving in the blaze and glow of Eastern passion. When they meet they fall instantly in love.

'Kalamittra stood still, holding his breath and gazing at her, fearing to move, for he thought it was a dream. Then all at once she looked up and saw him and smiled, bathing him with the colour of her eyes. And it seemed to Kalamittra that he stood in a pool of colour formed by the essence of all the blue lotuses in the world.'

Thus is represented, if we understand the story, the first meeting between the spirit of man and the divine element of his nature. There must really be something magical in the atmosphere of India. Nothing else can explain how it is that Mr Bain, professor of political economy at Poona, should have been transformed into a poet. It is a romance in itself, this leap from the deserts of the dismal science into the fairyland of Oriental mysticism. And Mr Bain is even happier when he adventures into the less visionary world of the ancient Indian playwrights. This he does in 'A Digit of the Moon,' in which the Sancho Panza of the Hindoo drama appears. It falls upon him to distract and entertain, by a series of stories, the beautiful lady whom his master, the king, is trying to win; and in this way a delightful tale of love is combined with an Indian Nights' Entertainments, the two strands of interest being so skilfully connected in a climax ending with the union and death of the royal lovers that the work is a little masterpiece in point of construction.

In 'A Heifer of the Dawn' the same contexture is employed, the subsidiary stories being related by another stock character of the Hindoo drama, the queen's attendant, who conducts the intrigue and carries on the conversation in place of her noble mistress. As custom prevents Indian ladies of gentle birth from taking any part in their own love affairs, they commonly appear rather shadowy figures in a tale; but Mr Bain makes so ingenious a use of the convention that 'A Heifer of the Dawn' is the most dramatic and charming of his romances. The situation is not without some resemblance to that in 'As You Like It.' As Rosalind, disguised as a boy, courts Orlando in the Forest of Arden, so the Indian queen, disguised as her own attendant, woos her reluctant lover in the tropical forest at dawn with a

malicious gaiety of mind and a winsomeness of person that distract him utterly. Her stories, moreover, are very piquantly interposed, as she uses them to interrupt the king when he begins to make love to her, instead of listening, as in honour bound, to her praises of the virtues of her supposed mistress. The comedy is a delightful one, and even in the ending there is devised a pretty surprise. According to the author, who is somewhat eccentric in little things, the title, 'A Heifer of the Dawn,' implies that in the youthful loveliness of the heroine there were embodied the freshness and beauty of the morning in the wood where the lovers met. But it is rather the spirit of Hindoo poetry and legend that is incarnate in the radiant figure of the young queen and in the other brilliant forms in Mr Bain's romance. How different they are from the characters in Mr Kipling's tales! The two writers exhibit equal imaginative power in revealing the glamour of India in its opposite aspects. Mr Kipling, employing realistic means even in poetic effects, describes the pageantry of Oriental life; Mr Bain, employing an ornate diction even in dramatic situations, discovers some of the spiritual forces that underlie it.

Both the realistic and the poetic methods were used by R. L. Stevenson in 'The Island Nights' Entertainments,' 'The Beach of Falesá,' and other stories of the South Seas. Stevenson, however, did not exhaust the picturesque material of this wild and beautiful region; and the field remained open for another novelist with a more intimate and varied knowledge of the South Pacific. A candidate soon appeared in the person of an Australian writer, Mr Louis Becke. In the matter of experience, at least, he excelled Stevenson. After some earlier adventures in the South Seas he bought a cutter and began, at the age of twenty-one, to trade at Samoa in partnership with a half-caste who had been one of 'Bully' Hayes' boatswains. Afterwards he also sailed under that 'alleged' pirate. Then, wounded by savages on some islands and shipwrecked in various hurricanes on others, he drifted as a trader about the archipelagoes until, as the Earl of Pembroke said, he became 'a man both liked and trusted by the natives, from lonely Easter Island to the far-away Pelews.' It cannot be said, however, that he continued the traditions established by

Pierre Loti and Stevenson. He is less the novelist than the chronicler of South Sea life. As he is interested more in the thing that happens than in the state of mind of the actors, he abounds in incidents and situations which remain merely the rough material for dramatic presentation of character under the influence of savage surroundings; in short, he is wanting in imaginative power. He is a matter-of-fact realist, untroubled by any exquisiteness of feeling and unversed in the alchemy of romance. It is only the outrageous things of life that make upon his mind an ineffaceable impression. There is in his work a certain monotony of manner which obscures its admirable variety of subject.

As a chronicler Mr Becke is indeed excellent. He has taken up the story of the South Seas at the point at which Hermann Melville laid it down. Some of his sketches relate to the time when the ships of the sandalwood traders and the boats of the American whaling fleets, described by Melville, alone frequented the archipelagoes, and when, on the remoter islands, outlaws and other vagrants of the seas, welcomed by the warlike natives, often rose by their superior strength of mind to the place next to the chief, or even fought their way to the leadership of the clan. Then followed the golden age of the trading adventurers, when, in little paradises of verdure inhabited by a race among which neither civilisation nor smallpox had made much progress, 'every white man lived like a prince and died in his boots from a bullet or a spear.' This is the period described in Mr Becke's most striking stories, which, dealing mainly with the loves of white men and brown women, are as interesting and as true as they are, for the most part, ugly. Less impressive but more entertaining are the tales of shipwreck and adventure among buccaneers, cannibals, and missionaries—to place the objects of Mr Becke's aversion in their ascending scale; and in some lighter sketches he brings down the story of the South Seas to the recent period when a German firm, subsidised by their government, drove our unsupported traders from their stations, and over islands in which Englishmen had toiled and ventured, generations before the Teuton set foot there, hoisted a foreign flag.

In the decade of years which has elapsed since Mr

Becke began to follow in the wake of Stevenson, there has been so remarkable a development of the literature of exotic romance that the picturesque aspects of nearly all the wilder countries have been delineated in works of fiction. We observe, for instance, that in the catalogue of a circulating library, in which novels are now arranged under the different countries they describe, the list of such books and authors now occupies some thirty-five pages. Of course in the more popular of these tales there is little except that contexture of sensational incident which is all that the largest body of English readers requires in a story. Yet the list contains besides a surprising number of narratives in which the manners of the stranger races of mankind are depicted with dramatic effect.

While no man of genius has appeared among later writers, much excellent work has been done by the novelists of the younger generation. Few of these, as is natural, have escaped altogether from the influence of the leaders of the movement, but several have found in the freshness of their subject-matter the stimulus to no slight degree of originality in treatment. For example, in the 'African Nights' Entertainment,' by Mr A. J. Dawson, there is some trace of Stevenson's influence, and that of Mr Kipling is as clearly discerned in 'The God of his Fathers,' by Mr Jack London; but, both in Mr Dawson's sketches of Moroccan life and in Mr London's tales of the conflict between the natives and the lawless representatives of civilisation in Alaska, the derivative elements are mingled with so much that is new that the general effect is one of novelty. Mr Marmaduke Pickthall's 'Said the Fisherman,' a picaresque novel of Syrian manners, may be praised without any such qualification. It is entirely original, and can only be compared with that classic of exotic romance, Morier's 'Hajji Baba,' which has been reprinted so often lately that we are inclined to connect the revival of interest in this picture of Persian life with the general interest excited by the modern school of writers.

Their influence is also exerted in other directions. Men like Mr R. B. Cunninghame Graham and Mr Hugh Clifford, who would have written travel-sketches some twenty years ago, are now moved to cast their material

into the form of fiction. Both these writers are keen observers, distinguished from the minor novelists of the same group by the abundance and vividness of picturesque detail with which they describe the strange people among whom they have lived. Neither, however, appears to have any great power of constructive imagination. Mr Hugh Clifford, in his very interesting tales of the natives of the Malay Peninsula, includes much that would be less out of place in a book of travels than in a collection of stories; while Mr Cunninghame Graham, in those essays in fiction in which he ranges from Paraguay to Morocco, and from Mexico to the Red Sea, digresses into so many tracts of criticism and dissertation that he is best considered as a whimsical and exquisite essayist with a roving disposition, a fine taste in paradoxes, and a fund of novel ideas.

Besides thus attracting men of somewhat alien talent, the exotic school has enlarged the mental horizons of writers such as Mr Robert Hichens, who have even less in common with it. Mr Hichens' last and best work is, no doubt, more a tourist novel than a 'romance of the outlands.' It is written with something of that artificial brilliance of manner which the author more aptly employed in describing the brilliant artificiality of certain sections of London society. Yet, in the power with which he interprets the spirit of the great Saharan desert, there is displayed a depth and sincerity of feeling not to be found in his earlier tales. It is, in a way, a reflection of the recent change in the spirit of the age, to which the new movement has largely co-operated. In one of his later novels, 'The Whirlpool,' the late Mr George Gissing said of the new school:—

'It's the voice of the reaction. Millions of men, natural men, revolting against the softness and sweetness of civilisation—men all over the world, hardly knowing what they want, and what they don't want.'

We think they knew what they wanted; but it was something with which just such writers as Mr Gissing were least in sympathy. As men of a stirring temper, with a lively sense of the worth of life, purchased, in many cases, in a career of adventure in the wild places of the earth, they revolted less against 'the softness and

sweetness of civilisation' than against the sickly fancies of a sedentary 'generation ranked,' as Mr Meredith said, 'in gloomy noddings over life.' The sound ideas underlying this revolt are set out with excellent force and clearness by a distinguished American novelist, who has also resided among the miners and Eskimos of Alaska. They are indeed so wrought by Miss Elizabeth Robins into the fabric of her fine romance, 'The Magnetic North,' that it is difficult to find just one passage in which they are all expressed. The following excerpt represents only the views of a missionary priest; and he, naturally, has rather a tendency to preach on the revival of the spirit of adventure.

'It was the first man's first inkling of heaven. . . . The old idea of the strenuous, to leave home and comfort and security, and go out to search for wisdom, or holiness, or happiness, whether it is gold or the San Grael, the instinct of Search is deep-planted in the race. It is this that the handful of men who live in what they call "the world," it is this they forget. . . . To many, the impulse is a blind one or a shy one, shrinking from calling itself by the old names. But, none the less, the instinct for the Quest is still the gallant way of youth, confronted by a sense of the homelessness they cannot think will last. . . . Behind each man braving the Arctic winter up here is some hope, not all ignoble; some devotion, not all unsanctified. Behind most of these men I seem to see a wife or child, a parent, or some dear dream that gives that man his share in the Eternal Hope.'

'The Magnetic North' is a story, realistic in form and yet romantic in spirit, in which the relation of strange adventures is accompanied by that powerful delineation of the passions provoked, which alone gives high literary value to a narrative of extraordinary incidents. The principal group of characters consists of a clerk, a lawyer, a schoolmaster, and other inexperienced townsmen, who, with the audacity of ignorance, set out with insufficient preparation for the Klondike. Naturally the expedition is a complete failure. But Miss Robins finely shows that the terrible struggles and intolerable sufferings which so tried these men as to reveal hidden flaws and weaknesses in the noblest among them, not only tested their

characters but remoulded and strengthened them. And this was their reward :—

‘Many who came in young were going out old; but the odd thing was, that those worst off went out game—no whining, none of the ostentatious pathos of those broken on the wheel of a great city. . . . They simply had failed—all alike. And yet there was between them and the common failures of the world one abiding difference: these had greatly dared. . . . They had failed, but it could never be said of a Klondyker that he had not tried. He might, in truth, look down upon the smug majority that smiles at unusual endeavour unless success excuses, crowns it. No one there, after all, so poor but he had one possession treasured among kings. And he had risked it.’

The writer of a paper on ‘Modern Pessimism,’ in a recent number of this Review, included Miss Robins among the pessimists, as the author of that striking but almost pathological study of the temperament of the *poitrinaire*, ‘The Open Question.’ But how wide is the difference between the melancholy point of view in that work and the inspiring outlook on life contained in ‘The Magnetic North’! The alteration shows that Miss Robins has a power which is becoming rare even among excellent writers—the power to grow; and this, we think, is one of the distinctions between talent and genius. It shows also that it is good to look upon the bright face of romance, even if it has to be sought out in perilous retreats in the outlands of the world. For our part, however, we think that both the Breton fishermen and the Breton peasants are mistaken, and that the romantic spirit, like all fairy creatures, exists in every region where men are still blithe and brave enough to seek for it.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

Art. IV.—THE IDEAS OF RICHARD WAGNER.

1. *Richard Wagner's Prose Works*. Translated by W. Ashton Ellis. Eight vols. London: Kegan Paul, 1895-9.
2. *Das Leben Richard Wagner's*. Von C. F. Glasenapp. Translated and enlarged by W. Ashton Ellis. Four vols. London: Kegan Paul, 1900-4.
3. *Richard Wagner an Mathilde Wesendonk: Tagebuchblätter und Briefe, 1853-1871*. Berlin: Duncker, 1904. Translated by W. Ashton Ellis. London: Grevel, 1905.

ONE of the good actions of Baudelaire, whose equity of conscience in matters of art was flawless, may be seen in a pamphlet published in 1861, with the title 'Richard Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris.' In this pamphlet Baudelaire has said the first and the last word on many of the problems of Wagner's work; and perhaps most decisively on that problem of artist and critic which has so often disturbed the judgment of reasoners in the abstract. Can the same man, people have said of Wagner as of others, be a creator and also a thinker, an instinctive artist and a maker of theories? This is Baudelaire's answer, and it is sufficient:—

'It would be a wholly new event in the history of the arts if a critic were to turn himself into a poet, a reversal of every psychic law, a monstrosity; on the other hand, all great poets become naturally, inevitably, critics. I pity the poets who are guided solely by instinct; they seem to me incomplete. In the spiritual life of the former there must come a crisis when they would think out their art, discover the obscure laws in consequence of which they have produced, and draw from this study a series of precepts whose divine purpose is infallibility in poetic production. It would be prodigious for a critic to become a poet, and it is impossible for a poet not to contain a critic.'

The chief distinction and main value of Wagner's theoretical writing lies in this fact, that it is wholly the personal expression of an artist engaged in creative work, finding out theories by the way, as he comes upon obstacles or aids in the nature of things. It may be contended that only this kind of criticism, the criticism

of a creative artist, is of any real value; and Wagner's is for the most part more than criticism, or the judging of existent work; it is a building up of scaffolding for the erection of work to come. In 'A Communication to my Friends' (1851), which is an autobiography of ideas, he has taken great pains to trace the unconscious, inevitable evolution of his work and of his ideas. He not only tells us, he proves to us, step by step, that none of his innovations were 'prompted by reflection, but solely by practical experience, and the nature of his artistic aim.' In this philosophical autobiography we see the growth of a great artist, more clearly perhaps than we see it in any similar document; certainly in more precise detail. Wagner's progress as an artist was vital, for it was the progress of life.

He looked upon genius as an immense receptivity, a receptivity so immense that it filled and overflowed the being, thus forcing upon it the need to create. And he distinguished between the two kinds of artist, feminine and masculine; the feminine who absorbs only art, and the masculine who absorbs life itself, and from life derives the new material which he will turn into a new and living art. He shows us, in his own work, the gradual way in which imitation passed into production, the unconscious moulding of the stuff of his art from within, as one need after another arose; the way in which every innovation in form came from a single cause: the necessity 'to convey to others as vividly and intelligibly as possible what his own mind's eye had seen.' He learns sometimes from a failure, his failure to achieve a plan wrongly attempted; sometimes from a disappointment, the disappointment of seeing work after work fail, and then that more hopeless one of being applauded for something other than he wanted to do, with 'the good-natured sympathy shown to a lunatic by his friends.' Sometimes it is from a woman that he learns, from an artist-woman like Schröder-Devrient, of whom he says: 'The remotest contact with this extraordinary woman electrified me; for many a long year, down even to the present day, I saw, I heard, I felt her near me, whenever the impulse to artistic production seized me.' He learns from the Revolution of 1848, from the whistles of the Jockey Club at the first night of 'Tannhäuser' in Paris,

from a desperate realisation of what opera is, of what the theatre is, of what the public is. Nothing ever happens to him in vain; nothing that touches him goes by without his seizing it; he seizes nothing from which he does not wring out its secret, its secret for him. Thus his work and all his practical energies grow alike out of the very soil and substance of his life; thus they are vital, and promise continuance of vitality, as few other works and deeds of art in our time can be said to do.

Nor must it be forgotten that we owe, if not the whole, at all events the main part, of Wagner's theoretical writing to the impossibility of putting his work before the public under the conditions which he judged indispensable to its proper realisation. Writing in 1857 on Liszt's *Symphonic Poems*, he declares proudly, 'I will hold by the experience that whoever waits for recognition by his foes, before he can make up his mind about himself, must have indeed his share of patience, but little ground for self-reliance.' And in the admirable 'Communication to my Friends,' he tells those friends why he addresses them and not the general, indifferent public; and why 'my friends must see the whole of me in order to decide whether they can be wholly my friends.' He confesses how 'tragical' it is that, under modern conditions, the artist must address himself to the understanding rather than to the feeling; and this alike in his work and in his attempt to explain that work to the world which refuses to let him achieve it. So early as 1857 he decides, solemnly, publicly, that he will write no more theory; twenty-five years before the building of the theatre at Bayreuth he announces his plans, absolutely completed, and declares, 'Only with my work shall you see me again!'

To read the pages which come after (by far the larger half of the prose works) is to follow step by step what seems a life's tragedy; only that it is to end, one knows, as a *Divine Comedy*. A few ideas, a few needs, growing more and more precise, adjusted more and more definitely within their own limits, we find repeated and reiterated, without haste and without rest, through book, article, letter, speech. All this gathered energy presses forward in one direction, and from all points, with an attack as of the Japanese on Port Arthur, unweariable, self-for-

getful, scientific. It is only in the last few years of his life that we get theory for theory's sake, in by no means the most valuable part of his work : discussions of religion (partly against Nietzsche), of civilisation (partly on behalf of Gobineau), dreams that had always been his, prophesyings, doctrine ; a kind of 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' or that dogma into which the last words of a great artist so often harden.

Wagner's fundamental ideas, with the precise and detailed statement and explanation of his conception of art, and of that work of art which it was his unceasing endeavour to create, or rather to organise, are contained in two of the earliest of his prose writings, 'The Art-work of the Future' (1849) and 'Opera and Drama' (1851). Everything else in his theoretical writing is a confirmation, or a correction, or (very rarely) a contradiction, of what is to be found in these two books ; and their thorough understanding is so essential to any realisation of why Wagner did what he did, that I shall attempt to give as complete a summary as possible of the main ideas contained in them, as much as possible in his own words.

Here and elsewhere all my quotations will be taken from the monumental translation of Wagner's prose works by Mr William Ashton Ellis, a heroic undertaking, achieved nobly. The translation of Wagner (and especially of these two books) is a task of extraordinary difficulty, and can never quite seem to have been wholly concluded. Wagner's prose, his earlier prose particularly, is clouded by the smoke of German metaphysics and contorted by the ruthless conscientiousness of the German temperament. He will leave nothing unsaid, even if there is no possible way of saying clearly what he wants to say. And he does somehow say things that have never been said before, or never from so near the roots. Often he says them picturesquely, always truthfully, energetically, and, above all, logically ; rarely with much ease or charm. He is terribly in earnest ; and words are things to be used for their precise and honest purposes. He takes them captive, thrusts them together from the ends of the earth, and lets the chains clank between them. It is therefore not to be expected that even Mr Ellis, with his knowledge, skill, and patience, should have been able to

make Wagner always what is called readable; and in his admirable fidelity to the sense and words of the original, there are times (especially in those difficult early volumes) when what we read may indeed be strictly related to the German text, but can hardly be said to be strictly English. With a courtesy for which one has little precedent, he has permitted me on occasion to modify a word here and there in my quotations.

In 'The Art-work of the Future' Wagner defines art as 'an immediate vital act,' the expression of man, as man is the expression of nature.

'The first and truest fount of art reveals itself in the impulse that urges from life into the work of art; for it is the impulse to bring the unconscious, instinctive principle of life to understanding and acknowledgment as necessity.'

'Art is an inbred craving of the natural, genuine, and uncorrupted man,' not an artificial product, and not a product of mind only, which produces science, but of that deeper impulse which is unconscious. From this unconscious impulse, this need, come all great creations, all great inventions; conscious intellect does but exploit and splinter those direct impulses which come straight from the people. The people alone can feel 'a common and collective want'; without this want there can be no need; without need no necessary action; where there is no necessary action, caprice enters, and caprice is the mother of all unnaturalness. Out of caprice, or an imagined need, come luxury, fashion, and the whole art traffic of our shameless age.

'Only from life, from which alone can even the need for her grow up, can art obtain her matter and her form; but where life is modelled upon fashion, art can never fashion anything from life.' ('Works,' i, 86.)

In his consideration of art Wagner sets down two broad divisions: art as derived directly from man, and art as shaped by man from the stuff of nature. In the first division he sets dance (or motion), tone, and poetry, in which man is himself the subject and agent of his own artistic treatment; in the second, architecture, sculpture, and painting, in which man 'extends the longing for artistic portrayal to the objects of surrounding, allied, ministering nature.'

The ground of all human art is bodily motion. Into bodily motion comes rhythm, which is 'the mind of dance and the skeleton of tone.' Tone is 'the heart of man, through which dance and poetry are brought to mutual understanding.' This organic being is 'clothed upon with the flesh of the word.' Thus, in the purely human arts, we rise from bodily motion to poetry, to which man adds himself as singer and actor; and we have at once the lyric art-work out of which comes the perfected form of lyric, drama. This, as he conceives it, is to arise when 'the pride of all three arts in their own self-sufficiency shall break to pieces and pass over into love for one another.' Attempts, it is true, have been made to combine them, conspicuously in opera; but the failure of opera comes from 'a compact of three egoisms,' without mutual giving as well as taking.

The limits of dance are evident; mere motion can go no further than pantomime and ballet. What then are the limits of tone? Harmony is the unbounded sea; rhythm and melody, in which dance and poetry regain their own true essence, are the limiting shores to this unbounded sea. Yet, within the confines of these shores, the sea is for ever tossing, for ever falling back upon itself. Christianity first set bounds to it with words, 'the toneless, fluid, scattering word of the Christian creed.' When the limits of this narrow word were broken, and the sea again let loose, an arbitrary measure was set upon it from without, counterpoint, 'the mathematics of feeling,' the claim of tone to be an end in itself, unrelated to nature, a matter of the intellect instead of a voice of the heart. Life, however, was never extinct, for there arose the folk-tune, with its twin-born folk-song; which, however, was seized upon by the makers of music and turned into the *aria*: 'not the beating heart of the nightingale, but only its warbling throat.' Then, out of that unending source, bodily motion, expressed in the rhythm of the dance, came the final achievement of instrumental music, the symphony, which is made on the basis of the harmonised dance. Beethoven carries instrumental music to the verge of speech, and there pauses; then, in the Ninth Symphony, in which he calls in the word, 'redeems music out of her own peculiar element into the realm of universal art.' Beyond what Beethoven

has there done with music, 'no further step is possible, for upon it the perfect art-work of the future alone can follow, the universal drama to which he has forged for us the key.'

But poetry, has that also its limits? Literary poetry still exists, even the literary drama, written, as Goethe wrote it, from outside, as by one playing on a lifeless instrument; even 'the unheard-of—drama written for dumb reading!' But poetry was once a living thing, a thing spoken and sung; it arose from the midst of the people, and was kept alive by them, alike as epic, lyric, and drama. 'Tragedy flourished for just so long as it was inspired by the spirit of the people,' and, at its greatest moment, among the Greeks, 'the poetic purpose rose singly to life upon the shoulders of the arts of dance and tone, as the head of the full-fledged human being. Where we see tragedy supreme in Shakespeare and music supreme in Beethoven we see two great halves of one universal whole. It remains for the art of the future to combine these two halves in one; and, in the process of joining, all the other arts, those arts not derived directly from man but shaped by man from the stuff of nature, will find their place, as they help towards the one result.

The sections which follow, dealing with architecture, sculpture, and painting, form a special pleading to which it is hardly necessary to give much attention. Each art may indeed legitimately enough be utilised in the production and performance of such an art-work as Wagner indicates, and as he actually produced and performed; architecture building the theatre, sculpture teaching man his own bodily beauty and the beauty and significance of his grouping and movement on the stage, and painting creating a landscape which shall seem to set this human figure in the midst of nature itself. In going further than this, in asserting that sculpture is to give place to the human body, and painting to limit itself to the imitation of nature as a background of stage-scenery for the actor, we see the German.* We see also the propa-

* A more temperate, indeed a wholly just view of the relations of the plastic arts, is to be found in the 'Letter to Liszt on the proposed Goethe Institute,' written in 1851 ('Prose Works,' iii, 19, 20), where Wagner points out the necessity of the due and helpful subordination of painting and sculpture to architecture in any complete and living organism of plastic art.

gandist, who has a doctrine to prove; perhaps the enthusiast, who has convinced himself of what he desires to believe. In his conclusion of the whole matter he goes one step further, and identifies the poet and the performer; then finds in the performer 'the fellowship of all the artists,' and, in that fellowship, the community of the people, who, having felt the want, have found out the way. 'The perfectly artistic performer is therefore the unit man extended to the essence of the human species by the utmost evolution of his own particular nature. The place in which this wondrous process comes to pass is the theatric stage; the collective art-work which it brings to the light of day, the drama.'

In a letter to Berlioz, written in 1860, Wagner reminds his critic—who has chosen to fasten upon him the title, 'Music of the Future' (the hostile invention of a Professor Bischoff of Cologne)—that the essay was written at a time when 'a violent crisis in his life' (the Revolution of 1848, and his exile from Germany) had for a time withdrawn him from the practice of his art.

'I asked myself' (he says) 'what position art should occupy towards the public, so as to inspire it with a reverence that could never be profaned; and, not to be merely building castles in the air, I took my stand on the position which art once occupied towards the public life of the Greeks' (iii, 289).

In the 30,000 Greeks assembled to listen to a tragedy of *Æschylus* he found the one ideal public; and, in the whole situation, a suggestion towards an art which should be no pedantic revival of that, but a similar union of the arts, in the proportions demanded by their present condition and by the present condition of the world. For, as no one has realised more clearly, there is no absolute art-work; but each age must have its own art-work, as that of the preceding age ceases to be living and becomes monumental. 'The Shakespeare who can alone be of value to us is the ever new creative poet who, now and in all ages, is to that age what Shakespeare was to his own age.'

'Opera and Drama,' which closely followed 'The Art-work of the Future,' was written at Zurich in four months. In a letter to Uhlig, written on January 20, 1851, Wagner says:—

'The first part is the shortest and easiest, perhaps also the most entertaining; the second goes deeper, and the third goes right to the bottom.' ('Works,' ii, viii.)

In the dedication to the second edition (1868) he says:—

'My desire to get to the bottom of the matter and to shirk no detail that, in my opinion, might make the difficult subject of æsthetic analysis intelligible to simple feeling, betrayed me into a stubbornness of style which, to the reader who looks merely for entertainment, and is not directly interested in the subject itself, is extremely likely to seem a bewildering diffuseness' (Ib. ii, 6).

'Opera and Drama' is an attempt to state, in minute particulars, what 'The Art-work of the Future' stated in general terms. It is based upon a demonstration of the fundamental error in the construction of opera: 'that a means of expression (music) has been made the end, while the end of expression (drama) has been made a means.' How fatal have been the results of this fundamental error, can be realised only when it is seen how many of the greatest musicians have thus spent their best energies in exploring a labyrinth which does but lead back, through many vain wanderings, to the starting-point.

The musical basis of opera was the *aria*, i.e. 'the folk-song as rendered by the art-singer before the world of rank and quality, but with its word-poem left out and replaced by the product of the art-poet to that end composed.' The performer was rightly the basis of the performance, but a basis set awry; for the performer was chosen only for his dexterity in song, not for his skill as an actor. Dance and dance-tune, 'borrowed just as waywardly from the folk-dance and its tune as was the operatic *aria* from the folk-song, joined forces with the singer in all the sterile immiscibility of unnatural things.' Between these alien elements a shifting plank-bridge was thrown across—recitative—which is no more than the intoning of the Church, fixed by ritual into 'an arid resemblance to, without the reality of, speech,' and varied a little by musical caprice for the convenience of opera.

This unsound structure was untouched by the theory and practice of Gluck, whose 'revolution' was no more than a revolt on the part of the composer against the domination of the singer. The singer was made to render

more faithfully the music which the composer set before him; but the poet 'still looked up to the composer with the deepest awe,' and no nearer approach was made to drama. In Spontini we see the logical filling out of the fixed forms of opera to their fullest extent. Along these lines nothing further can be done; it is for the poet to step into the place usurped by the musician. The poet did nothing, but still continued to work to order, not once daring to pursue a real dramatic aim. He contented himself with stereotyped phrases, the make-believe of rhetoric, straitened to the measure of the musician's fixed forms, knowing that to make his characters speak 'in brief and definite terms, surcharged with meaning,' would have caused his instant dismissal. Thus music, which in the nature of things can only be expression, is seen endeavouring to fill the place of that which is to be expressed, to be itself its own object.

'Such a music is no longer any music, but a fantastic hybrid emanation from poetry and music, which, in truth, can only materialise itself as caricature' ('Works,' ii, 88).

Mozart's importance in the history of opera is this, that, taking the forms as he found them, he filled them with living music, setting whatever words were given him, and giving those words 'the utmost musical expression of which their last particle of sense was capable.' Had Mozart met a poet who could have given him the foundation for his musical interpretation, he would have solved the problem for himself, unconsciously, by mere sincerity to his genius for musical expression.

After Mozart, in whom form was nothing and the musical spirit everything, came imitators who fancied they were imitating Mozart when they copied his form. It was Rossini who showed how hollow that form really was; and he did so by reducing *aria*, the essence of opera, to its own real essence, melody. In the folk-song words and tune had always grown together; in the opera there had been always some pretence of characterisation. Rossini abandoned everything but just 'naked, ear-delighting, absolute-melodic melody,' a delicious meaningless sound. 'What reflection and æsthetic speculation had built up, Rossini's opera-melodies pulled down and blew into nothing, like a baseless dream.' Rossini gave

every one what he wanted. He gave the singer what he wanted, display; and the player what he wanted, again display; and the poet a long rest, and leave to rhyme as he chose. Above all he gave the public what it wanted; not the people, but that public which need only be named to be realised, the modern opera public.

'With Rossini the real life-history of opera comes to an end. It was at an end when the unconscious seedling of its being had evolved to naked and conscious bloom' (Ib. ii, 45).

The one genuine, yet futile, attempt to produce living opera was the attempt of Weber, who saw in opera only melody, and who went to the true source, to the folk-song, for his melody. But he saw only the flower of the woods, and plucked it, taking it where it could but fade and die, because it had lost the sustenance of its root. On his heels came Auber, and then Rossini himself, who pilfered national melodies and stuck them together like a dressmaker giving variety to an old dress. The chorus came forward, and played at being the people; and there were 'motley, conglomerate surroundings, without a centre to surround.' Music tried to be outlandish, to express nothing, but in a more uncommon way. Opera became French, and, partly through a misunderstanding of Beethoven, neo-romantic.

Until Beethoven had done what he did, no one could have been quite certain 'that the expression of an altogether definite, a clearly intelligible individual content, was in truth impossible in this language that had only fitted itself for conveying the general character of an emotion': the language, that is, of absolute music. Beethoven attempts 'to reach the artistically necessary within an inartistically impossible'; he chooses, in music, a form which 'often seems the mere capricious venting of a whim, and which, loosed from any purely musical cohesion, is only bound together by the bond of a poetic purpose impossible to render into music with full poetic plainness.' Thus, much of his later work seems to be so many sketches for a picture which he could never make visible in all its outlines.

What in Beethoven was a 'struggle for the discovery of a new basis of musical language' has been seized upon by later composers only in its external contrasts, excesses

inarticulate voices of joy and despair, and made the basis of a wholly artificial construction, in which

'a programme reciting the heads of some subject taken from nature or human life was put into the hearer's hands; and it was left to his imaginative talent to interpret, in keeping with the hint once given, all the musical freaks that one's unchecked license might now let loose in motley chaos' (ii, 74).

Berlioz seized upon what was most chaotic in the sketch-work of Beethoven, and, using it as a misunderstood magic symbol, called unnatural visions about him.

'What he had to say to people was so wonderful, so unwonted, so entirely unnatural, that he could never have said it out in homely, simple words; he needed a huge array of the most complicated machines in order to proclaim, by the help of many-wheeled and delicately-adjusted mechanism, what a simple human organism could not possibly have uttered, just because it was so entirely unhuman. . . . Each height and depth of this mechanism's capacity has Berlioz explored, with the result of developing a positively astounding knowledge; and, if we mean to recognise the inventors of our present industrial machinery as the benefactors of modern State-humanity, then we must worship Berlioz as the veritable saviour of our world of absolute music; for he has made it possible to musicians to produce the most wonderful effect from the emptiest and most inartistic content of their music-making, by an unheard-of marshalling of mere mechanical means' (ii, 76).

In Berlioz, Wagner admits, 'there dwelt a genuine artistic stress'; but Berlioz was but a 'tragic sacrifice.' His orchestra was annexed by the opera-composer; and its 'splintered and atomic melodies' were now lifted from the orchestra into the voice itself. The result was Meyerbeer, who, when Wagner wrote, could be alluded to, without need of naming, as the most famous opera-composer of modern times.

Weber, in 'Euryanthe,' had endeavoured in vain to make a coherent dramatic structure out of two contradictory elements, 'absolute, self-sufficing melody and unflinchingly true dramatic expression.' Meyerbeer attempted the same thing from the standpoint of effect, and with the aid of the Rossini melody. Thus, while

'Weber wanted a drama that could pass with all its members, with every scenic *nuance*, into his noble, soulful melody, Meyerbeer, on the contrary, wanted a monstrous piebald, historico-romantic, diabolico-religious, fanatico-libidinous, sacro-frivolous, mysterio-criminal, autolyco-sentimental dramatic hotch-potch, therein to find material for a curious chimeric music—a want which, owing to the indomitable buckram of his musical temperament, could never be quite suitably supplied' (ii, 94).

In his summing-up of the whole discussion on opera and the nature of music, Wagner tells us that the secret of the barrenness of modern music lies in this, that music is a woman who gives birth but does not beget.

'Just as the living folk's-melody is inseparable from the living folk's-poem, at pain of organic death, so can music's organism never bear the true, the living melody, except it first be fecundated by the poet's thought. Music is the bearing woman, the poet the begetter; and music had therefore reached the pinnacle of madness when she wanted not only to bear, but to beget' (ii, 110).

He turns, therefore, to the poet.

The second part of 'Opera and Drama' is concerned with 'The Play and the Nature of Dramatic Poetry.' Wagner first clears the way for his theory by pointing out that, when Lessing, in his 'Laocoon,' mapped out the boundaries of the arts, he was concerned, in poetry, only with that art as a thing to be read, even when he touches on drama; and that, figuring it as addressed wholly to the imagination, not to the sight and hearing, he was rightly anxious only to preserve its purity; that is, to make it as easy as possible for the imagination to grasp it. But, just as the piano is an abstract and toneless reduction backward through the organ, the stringed instrument, and the wind instrument, from the 'oldest, truest, most beautiful organ of music,' the human voice, so, if we trace back the literary drama, or indeed any form of poetry, we shall find its origin in the tone of human speech, which is one and the same with the singing tone.

Modern drama has a twofold origin: through Shakespeare from the romance, and through Racine from misunderstood Greek tragedy. At the time of the Renais-

sance poetry was found in the narrative poem, which had culminated in the fantastic romance of Ariosto. To this fantastic romance Shakespeare gave inner meaning and outward show; he took the inconsequential and unlimited stage of the mummers and mystery-players, narrowed his action to the limits of the spectator's attention, but, through the conditions of that stage, left the representation of the scene to the mind's eye, and thus left open a door to all that was vague and unlimited in romance and history. In France and Italy the drama, played, not before the people, but in princes' palaces, was copied externally from ancient drama. A fixed scene was taken as its first requirement, and thus an endeavour was made to construct from without inwards, 'from mechanism to life': talk on the scene, action behind the scene. Drama passed over into opera, which was thus 'the premature bloom on an unripe fruit, grown from an unnatural, artificial soil.'

It was in Germany, in whose soil the drama has never taken root, that a mongrel thing, which is still rampant on the European stage, came into being. When Shakespeare was brought over to Germany, where the opera was already in possession of the stage, an attempt was made to actualise his scenes, upon which it was discovered that dramatised history or romance was only possible so long as the scene need only be suggested. In the attempt to actualise Shakespeare's mental pictures, all the resources of mechanism were employed in vain; and the plays themselves were cut and altered in order to bring them within the range of a possible realistic representation. It was seen that the drama of Shakespeare could only be realised under its primitive conditions, with the scene left wholly to the imagination. Embodied, it became, so far as embodiment was possible, 'an unsurveyable mass of realisms and actualisms.'

It remained therefore evident that the nature of romance can never wholly correspond with the nature of drama; that, as an art in which drama was at once its inner essence and its embodied representation, the drama of Shakespeare remained, as a form, imperfect. The result of this consciousness was that the poet either wrote literary dramas for reading, or attempted an artificial reconstruction of the antique. Such was the

drama of Goethe and Schiller. Goethe, after repeated attempts, produces his only organic work in 'Faust,' which is dramatic only in form, and in 'Wilhelm Meister,' which returns frankly to romance. Schiller 'hovers between heaven and earth' in an attempt to turn history into romance, and romance into classical drama. Both, and all that resulted from both, prove 'that our literary drama is every whit as far removed from the genuine drama as the pianoforte from the symphonic song of human voices; that in the modern drama we can arrive at the production of poetry only by the most elaborate devices of literary mechanism, just as on the pianoforte we only arrive at the production of music through the most complicated devices of technical mechanism—in either case, a soulless poetry, a toneless music.'

The stuff of the modern drama, then, being romance, what is the difference between this romance and the myth which was the stuff of ancient Greek drama?

✓ Myth Wagner defines as 'the poem of a life-view in common,' the instinctive creation of the imagination of primitive man working upon his astonished and uncomprehending view of natural phenomena. 'The incomparable thing about the *mythos* is that it is true for all time, and its content, how close soever its compression, is inexhaustible throughout the ages.' The poet's business was merely to expound the myth by expressing it in action, an action which should be condensed and unified from it, as it, in its turn, had been a condensation and unification of the primitive view of nature.

The romance of the Middle Ages is derived from the mingling of two mythic cycles, the Christian legend and the Germanic saga. Christian legend can only present pictures, or, transfigured by music, render moments of ecstasy, which must remain 'blends of colour without drawing.' The essence of drama is living action, in its progress towards a clearly defined end; whereas Christianity, being a passage through life to the transfiguration of death, 'must perforce begin with the storm of life, to weaken down its movement to the final swoon of dying out.' The Germanic saga begins with a myth older than Christianity, then, when Christianity has seized upon it, becomes 'a swarm of actions whose true idea appears to us unfathomable and capricious, because their motives,

resting on a view of life quite alien to the Christian's, had been lost to the poet.' Foreign stuffs are patched upon it; and it becomes wholly unreal and outlandish, a medley of adventures, from whose imaginary pictures, however, men turned to track them in reality, by voyages of discovery, and by the scientific discoveries of the intellect. Nature, meanwhile, unchanged, awaits a new interpretation.

The first step in this interpretation is to seize and represent actual things as they are, individually. History comes forward with a more bewildering mass of material than fancy had ever found for itself; and from this tangle of conditions and surroundings the essence of the man is to be unravelled. This can be done by the romance-writer, not by the dramatist. The drama, which is organic, presupposes all those surroundings which it is the business of the romance-writer to develop before us. The romance-writer works from without inwards, the dramatist from within outwards. And now, going one step further, and turning to actual life as it exists before our eyes, the poet can no longer 'extemporise artistic fancies'; he can only render the whole horror of what lies naked before him; 'he needs only to feel pity, and at once his passion becomes a vital force.' Actual things draw him out of the contemplation of actual things; the poem turns to journalism, the stuff of poetry becomes politics. It was Napoleon who said to Goethe that, in the modern world, politics play the part of fate in the ancient world.

'The Greek Fate is the inner nature-necessity, from which the Greek—because he did not understand it—sought refuge in the arbitrary political state. Our Fate is the arbitrary political state, which to us shows itself as an outer necessity for the maintenance of society; and from this we seek refuge in the nature-necessity, because we have learnt to understand the latter, and have recognised it as the conditionment of our being and all its shapings' ('Works,' ii, 179).

In the myth of *Œdipus* is seen a prophetic picture of the 'whole history of mankind, from the beginnings of society to the inevitable downfall of the State.' The modern State is a necessity of an artificial and inorganic kind; it is not, as society (arising from the family, and working

through love rather than through law) should rightly be, 'the free self-determining of the individuality.' Within these artificial bounds of the State only thought is free; and the poet who would render the conflict between the individual and the State must content himself with appealing to the understanding; he cannot appeal to the understanding through the feeling. Dramatic art is 'the emotionalising of the intellect,' for, in drama, the appeal is made directly to the senses and can completely realise its aim.

'In drama, therefore, an action can only be explained when it is completely justified by the feeling; and it is thus the dramatic poet's task not to invent actions but to make an action so intelligible through its emotional necessity that we may altogether dispense with the intellect's assistance in its justification. The poet, therefore, has to make his main scope the choice of the action, which he must so choose that, alike in its character and in its compass, it makes possible to him its entire justification by the feeling, for in this justification alone resides the attainment of his aim' (ii, 209).

This action he cannot find in the present, where the fundamental relations are no longer to be seen in their simple and natural growth; nor in the past, as recorded by history, where an action can only become intelligible to us through a detailed explanation of its surroundings. It must be found in a new creation of myth, and this myth must arise from a condensation into one action of the image of all man's energy, together with his recognition of his own mood in nature, nature apprehended, not in parts by the understanding, but as a whole by the feeling. This strengthening of a moment of action can only be achieved 'by lifting it above the ordinary human measure through the poetic figment of wonder.'

'Poetic wonder is the highest and most necessary product of the artist's power of beholding and displaying. . . . It is the fullest understanding of Nature that first enables the poet to set her phenomena before us in wondrous shaping; for only in such shaping do they become intelligible to us as the conditionments of human actions intensified' (ii, 218).

The motives which tend towards this supreme moment of action are to be condensed and absorbed into one; and

from this one motive 'all that savours of the particularistic and accidental must be taken away, and it must be given its full truth as a necessary, purely human utterance of feeling.'

Only in tone-speech can this fully realised utterance of feeling be made. Modern speech, alike in prose and in the modern form of verse, in which 'Stabreim' or the root-alliteration by which words were once fused with melody has given place to end-rhyme, is no longer able to speak to the feeling, but only to the understanding; and this through a convention by which we 'dominate our feelings that we may demonstrate to the understanding an aim of the understanding.' Speech, therefore, has shrunk to 'absolute intellectual speech,' as music has shrunk to 'absolute tone-speech.' The poet can thus only adequately realise his 'strengthened moments of action' by a speech proportionately raised above its habitual methods of expression. Tone-speech is this 'new, redeeming, and realising tongue'; tone-speech not separately made, an emotional expression ungoverned by this aim (as we see it in modern opera), but tone-speech which is the fullest expression of this aim, and thus 'the expression of the most deeply roused human feelings, according to its highest power of self-expression.'

Wagner now passes, in part iii, to a consideration of 'The Arts of Poetry and Tone in the Drama of the Future.' He begins by pointing out in minute detail, through the physiology of speech (the actual making of speech by breath), that it is only from a heightening of ordinary speech, and not from the recognised prosody of verse, that we can hope to find the means of ultimate expression; and that, our language having lost all direct means of emotional appeal, we must go back to its very roots before we can fit it to combine with that tone-speech which does possess such an appeal. He shows that the metre of Greek choric verse can only be properly understood by taking into account its musical accompaniment, by which a long-held note could be justified to the ear. That these lyrics were written to fixed tunes, tunes probably fixed by dance movements, is evident from the great elaboration of a rhythm which could never have arisen directly out of the substance of poems so largely grave and philosophic. The oldest lyric arises out of tone

and melody, in which human emotion at first uttered itself in the mere breathing of the vowels, then through the individualisation of the vowels by consonants. In a word-root we have not only the appeal to thought of that root's meaning, but also the sensuous appeal of the open sound which is its 'sensuous body' and primal substance. Tone, with its appeal to feeling, begins by passing into the word, with its appeal to the understanding; the final return is that of the word, through harmony, to that tone-speech in which the understanding is reached through the feeling, and both are satisfied.

Primitive melodies rarely modulate from one key into another; and, if we wish to address the feeling intelligibly through tone alone, we must return to this simplicity of key. This Beethoven did in the melody to which he set Schiller's verse in the Ninth Symphony; but if we compare this, in its original form, with the broad melodic structure of the musical setting of the line, 'Seid umschlungen, Millionen!' we shall see the whole difference between a melody which is made separately and, so to speak, laid upon the verse, and a melody which grows directly out of the verse itself. It is the poetic aim which causes and justifies modulation, for by it the change and gradation of emotion can be rendered intelligible to the feeling. Harmony is 'the bearing element which takes up the poetic aim solely as a begetting seed, to shape it into finished semblance by the prescripts of its own, its womanly organism.' Modern music has taken harmony as sufficient in itself, and by so doing has but 'worked bewilderingly and benumbingly upon the feeling.' The tone-poet must, instead, add to a melody, conditioned by its speaking verse, the harmony implicitly contained therein. Now 'harmony is in itself a thing of thought; to the senses it becomes first actually discernible as polyphony, or, to define it still more closely, as polyphonic symphony.' This, for the purposes of the drama, cannot be supplied by vocal symphony, because each voice, in a perfectly proportioned action, can but be the expression of an individual character, present on the stage for his own ends, and not as a mere vocal support for others. 'Only in the full tide of lyric outpour, when all the characters and their surroundings have been strictly led up to a joint expression of feeling, is there offered to

the tone-poet a polyphonic mass of voices to which he may make over the declaration of his harmony.' Only by the orchestra can it find expression, for the orchestra is 'the realised thought' of harmony.

The timbre of the human voice can never absolutely blend with that of any instrument; it is the duty of the orchestra to subordinate itself to, and support, the vocal melody, never actually mingling with it. The orchestra possesses an actual faculty of speech, 'the faculty of uttering the unspeakable,' or rather that which, to our intellect, is the unspeakable. This faculty it possesses in common with gesture, which expresses something that cannot be expressed in words. The orchestra expresses to the ear what gesture expresses to the eye; and both combined carry on or lead up to what the verse-melody expresses in words. It is able to transform thought ('the bond between an absent and a present emotion') into an actually present emotion.

'Music cannot think, but she can materialise thoughts. . . . A musical motive can produce a definite impression on the feeling, inciting it to a function akin to thought, only when the emotion uttered in that motive has been definitely conditioned by a definite object and proclaimed by a definite individual before our very eyes' ('Works,' ii, 329).

The orchestra, then, can express foreboding or remembrance, and it can do this with perfect clearness and direct appeal to the emotion by the recurrence of a musical motive which we have already associated with a definite emotion, or one whose significance is interpreted to us by a definite gesture. What has been called tone-painting in instrumental music is an attempt to do this by the suggestion of tones, or with the aid of a written programme; in either case by a 'chilling' appeal to mere fancy in place of feeling.

'The life-giving focus of dramatic expression is the verse-melody of the performer; towards it the absolute orchestral-melody leads on, as a foreboding; from it is led the instrumental-motive's "thought," as a remembrance' (ii, 835).

In order to arrive at perfect unity of form and content there must be something more than a mere juxtaposition of poetic and musical expression, or the musician will

have roused a feeling in vain, and the poet will have failed to fix this feeling incompletely roused. Unity can be secured only when the expression fully renders the content, and renders it unceasingly; and this can be done only when the poet's aim and the musician's expression are so blended that neither can be distinguished from the other, 'the chief motives of the dramatic action, having become distinguishable melodic moments which fully materialise their content, being moulded into a continuous' texture, binding the whole art-work together, and, in the final result, the orchestra so completely 'guiding our whole attention away from itself as a means of expression, and directing it to the object expressed,' that, in a sense, it shall 'not be heard at all.' Thus, at its height of realised achievement, 'art conceals art.'

This, then, was the task to which Wagner addressed himself; this was his ideal, and this remains his achievement. We have seen how wholly the theory was an outcome of the work itself; and Wagner assures us that he brought on 'a fit of brain-cramp' by his endeavour to 'treat as a theorem a thing which had become quite clear and certain to him in his artistic intention and production.' The theory came out of the preliminary labour at what afterwards became the 'Ring des Nibelungen.' It was in the midst of that long labour that, as we know, he stopped to write 'Tristan'; we know now, since the publication of the letters to Mathilde Wesendonk, why he stopped, and why he 'clean forgot every theory' in the calm fever of that creation, 'to such an extent that during the working out I myself was aware of how far I had outstripped my system.'

What Coleridge said of Wordsworth may be applied even more fitly to Wagner: 'he had, like all great artists, to create the taste by which he was to be realised, to teach the art by which he was to be seen and judged.' Thus we see him first of all explaining himself to himself before he explains himself to the world; and, in this final explanation, giving no place to the thinker's vanity in thought or the artist's in self-consciousness, but making an appeal for help, a kind of persistent expostulation. Wagner wanted people to understand him in order that they might carry out his ideas, that particular part of his

ideas which he was powerless to carry out without their aid. He was creating the 'art-work of the future,' the work itself which he had once dreamed was to be the spontaneous and miraculous outcome of his ideal 'community'; he still wanted to make that community come to him; he believed in it until belief was quite worn out; and we see him, in essay after essay, expecting less and less, as revolution has brought it no nearer to him, and 'German policy' has brought it no nearer. At last he sees only two possibilities: one, a private association of art-loving men and women, and he doubts if enough lovers of art are to be found; the other, a German prince, who would devote his opera-budget to the creation of a national art. 'Will this prince be found?' he asks, not expecting an answer; and he adds: 'Patience and long-suffering have worn me out. I no longer hope to live out the production of my "Bühnenfestspiel." This is in 1863. The prince was at hand; 'for it was indeed a king who called to me in chaos: "Hither! Complete thy work! I will it!"'

What was begun in 1864 by King Ludwig of Bavaria had to wait many years for its completion; and that completion was to come about by the additional help of a private association of art-lovers, of whose existence Wagner had doubted. Nothing ever came from any 'community'; and Wagner, like all other believers in 'the people,' had to realise in the end that art, in our days, can be helped only by a few powerful individuals: a king, a popular favourite like Liszt, an enthusiastic woman like the Countess von Schleinitz. In the modern world money is power; and with money even Bayreuth may be forced upon the world. It must be forced upon it; it will not be chosen; afterwards, the thing once done, the public will follow; for the public, like the work itself, has to be created. Having failed to produce his art-work with the help of the public, Wagner proceeded to produce a public with the help of the art-work. He built Bayreuth for the production of his own works in his own way, and arranged, down to the minutest details, the manner of this representation.

Few of Wagner's theories were not the growth of many times and many ideas. The idea, or first glimpse, of Bayreuth itself may perhaps be found, as Mr Ashton

Ellis finds it, in a flourish of mere rhetoric in one of Berlioz's articles in the 'Gazette Musicale,' which Wagner caught up in one of his own articles of that year (1841).

'So Berlioz lately dreamed of what he would do were he one of those unfortunate beings who pay five hundred francs for the singing of a romance not worth five sous; then would he take the finest orchestra in the world to the ruins of Troy to play him the *Sinfonia Eroica*' ('Works,' vii, 189).

It had always been Wagner's desire that all the seats in his theatre should be equalised, and, if possible, that they should be free. It was not possible; and the uniform price of seats had to be a high one; but in the 'stipendiary fund,' formed at Wagner's express wish, not long before his death (by which free seats and travelling expenses are still given to a certain number of poor musicians), we find some approximation towards his original desire. The advisability of the form of the amphitheatre, with its consequent equalising of seats and prices, had been discerned by Wagner at least as early as 1851, when, in 'A Communication to my Friends,' he describes the modern opera-house, with its threefold and mutually contradictory appeal to the gallery, the pit, and the boxes, 'the vulgar, the Philistine, and the exquisite, thrown into one common pot.'

But it was a need even more fundamental which finally brought about the exact shape of the Bayreuth theatre; the need, whose importance gradually grew upon him, of having the orchestra out of sight, and sunk below the level of the stage. The first consciousness of this need is seen in one of those *feuilletons*, written in 1840 or 1841, which Wagner afterwards brought together under the title, 'A German Musician in Paris.' Here he comments, in passing, on the distraction and unloveliness of 'seeing music as well as hearing it,' and on the amazing people who like to sit as near the orchestra as possible in order to watch the movements of the fiddles and to wait on the next beat of the kettle-drum. In 1849, in 'The Art-work of the Future,' he symbolises the orchestra as 'the loam of endless universal feeling,' from which renewed strength is to be drawn, as Antæus drew a renewal of strength from contact with the earth. As such, and 'by its essence diametrically opposed to the

scenic landscape which surrounds the actor,' it is, 'as to locality, most rightly placed in the deepened foreground outside the scenic frame,' to which it forms 'the perfect complement,' the undercurrent.

In the preface to the poem of 'The Ring' (1863), in which the Bayreuth idea is definitely proposed, Wagner dwells in more detail on the advantages of an invisible orchestra. A year afterwards, in the 'report' on Bayreuth, he points out how the desire to render the mechanical means of the music invisible had led step by step to the transformation of the whole auditorium. As the first necessity was that the orchestra should be sunk so deep that no one in the audience could look down into it, it was evident that the seats would have to be arranged tier above tier, in gradually ascending rows, 'their ultimate height to be governed solely by the possibility of a distinct view of the scenic picture.' In order to frame in the empty space between the stage and the first row of seats ('the mystic gulf,' as Wagner called it, because it had to divide the real from the ideal world), a second wider proscenium was set up, which threw back the stage picture into a further depth (as Whistler would have easel pictures thrown back into the depths of the frame, 'the frame being the window through which the painter looks at his model'). A difficulty, presented by the side-walls of the auditorium, suggested a further development of this scheme; and proscenium after proscenium was added through the whole interior, in the form of broadening rows of columns, which framed it into a single vista, widening gradually outwards from the stage. Thus, for the first time in the modern world, a literal 'theatron,' or looking-room, had been constructed, solely for the purpose of looking, and of looking in one direction only.

Wagner's attitude towards the public was never intentionally an autocratic one. His whole conception of art was unselfish, never in any narrow sense 'art for art's sake,' but art concealing art for the joy of the world. Certainly no one in modern times has longed so ardently, or laboured so hard, that the whole world might see itself transfigured in art, and might rejoice in that transfiguration. Is not his whole aim that of universal art? and can art be universal except through universality of delight? His dissatisfaction with the

performances of his own works in the ordinary theatres arose from the impossibility of directly addressing the actual feeling of the public through those conditions. When one of his operas has at last had a clamorous success, he is dissatisfied, because he is conscious that its meaning has not been rightly apprehended. He does not want to be admired, as strange things are admired; but to be understood, and, being understood, to be loved, and thus to become a living bond between art and the world. In a footnote to 'Opera and Drama' (ii, 369-70) he says emphatically :—

'By this term, the public, I can never think of those units who employ their abstract art-intelligence to make themselves familiar with things which are never realised upon the stage. By the public I mean that assemblage of spectators without any specifically cultivated art-understanding, to whom the represented drama should come for their complete, their entirely toilless, emotional understanding; spectators, therefore, whose interest should never be led to the mere art media employed, but solely to the artistic object realised thereby, to the drama as a represented action, intelligible to every one. Since the public, then, is to enjoy without the slightest effort of an art-intelligence, its claims are grievously slighted when the performance does not realise the dramatic aim.'

Bayreuth is the endeavour to satisfy the legitimate, unrecognised, often disputed rights, not of the artist, as an outside solitary individual, but of the public, of whom the artist is himself to become a sympathetic and more conscious member. Do we not here return, very significantly, to what seemed like words in the air in that conclusion of 'The Art-work of the Future,' where the creative artist identifies himself with the performer, and the performer becomes, or typifies, 'the unit man expanded to the essence of the human species'?

In the realising of this achievement, as we have seen from 'The Art-work of the Future' and 'Opera and Drama,' Wagner demanded, in the combination of the arts, two main factors: poetry, carried to its utmost limits in drama; and music, carried to its utmost limits as the interpreter and deepener of dramatic action. In one of the admirable letters to Mathilde Wesendonk, he delights quite frankly in the thought that no one

could so fitly supplement Schopenhauer's theory of music, because 'there never was another man who was a poet and a musician at once.' It is this double faculty which permitted him to achieve the whole of his aim; and it is through his possession of this double faculty that his ideas about music and about drama are almost equally significant and fundamental. We shall be more likely to realise their full meaning if we take them, not, as he generally insisted on taking them, together, but, as far as we can, separately; and we will begin, as he began, with the foundation of his scheme, with drama.

Drama, 'the one, indivisible, supreme creation of the mind of man,' was, as we know, celebrated by the Greeks as a religious festival. Now, as in ancient Greece, the theatre is the chronicle and epitome of the age; but with what a difference! With us, in the most serious European countries, the stage is forbidden to deal with religion; 'our evil conscience has so lowered the theatre in public estimation that it is the duty of the police to prevent the stage from meddling in the slightest degree with religion.' What has killed art in the modern world is commercialism.

'The rulership of public taste in art' (says Wagner in 'Opera and Drama') 'has passed over to the person . . . who orders the art-work for his money, and insists on ever novel variations of his one beloved theme, but at no price a new theme itself; and this ruler and order-giver is the Philistine.' 'I simply take in view' (he says in 1878, in his article on 'The Public and Popularity') 'our public art-conditions of the day when I assert that it is impossible for anything to be truly good if it is to be reckoned in advance for presentation to the public, and if this intended presentation rules the author in his sketch and composition of an art-work' ('Works,' ii, 374; vi, 55).

Thus the playwright has to endure 'the sufferings of all the other artists turned into one,' because what he creates can only become a work of art by 'entering into open life,' that is, by being seen on the open stage. 'If the theatre is at all to answer to its high and natural mission, it must be completely freed from the necessity of industrial speculation.' For the playwright, therefore, a public is a necessary part of his stock-in-trade. The Greeks had it, supremely; Shakespeare, Molière, had it; but, though

Wagner himself has violently conquered it for music, for drama it still remains unconquered.

Wagner points out the significant fact that from Æschylus to Molière, through Lope de Vega and Shakespeare, the great dramatic poet has always been himself an actor, or has written for a given company of actors. He points out how in Paris, where alone the stage has a measure of natural life, every *genre* has its theatre, and every play is written for a definite theatre. Here, then, is the very foundation of the dramatic art, which is only realised by the complete interdependence of poet and actor, the poet 'forgetting himself' as he creates his poetry in terms of living men and women, and the actor divesting himself of self in carrying out the intentions of the poet. Wagner defines the Shakespearean drama as 'a fixed mimetic improvisation of the highest poetic value,' and he shows how, in order to rise to drama, poetry must stoop to the stage; it must cease to be an absolute thing, pure poetry, and must accept aid from life itself, from the actor who realises it according to its intention. The form of a Shakespeare play would be as unintelligible to us as that of a Greek play without our knowledge of the stage necessities which shaped both the one and the other. Neither genus, though both contain poetry which is supreme as poetry, took its form from poetry; neither is intelligible as poetic form. The actor's art is like 'the life-dew in which the poetic aim was to be steeped, to enable it, as in a magic transformation, to appear as the mirror of life.'

In the Greek play the chorus appeared in the orchestra, that is, in the midst of the audience, while the personages, masked and heightened, were seen in a ghostly illusion of grandeur on the stage. Shakespeare's stage is planted within the orchestra; his actors, who acted in the midst of the audience, had to be absolutely natural if they were not to be wholly ridiculous. We expect, since his time, no less of nature from the actor, a power of illusion which must be absolute.

Man interprets or is the ape of nature; the actor is the ape of, and interprets man. He is 'Nature's intermediate link, through which that absolutely realistic mother of all being incites the ideal within us.' And now Wagner takes his further step from drama into

music, which he justifies, in one place, by representing the mirrored image of life, which is the play, 'dipped in the magic spring of music, which frees it from all the realism of matter,' and, in another place, by saying,

'What to Shakespeare was practically impossible, namely, to be the actor of all his parts, the tone-composer achieves with complete certainty, for out of each executant musician he speaks to us directly' (v, 150).

Into these speculations we must not now follow him. One point, however, which he raises in a later footnote to 'The Art-work of the Future' has a significance, apart from his special intention, in its choice of music as a test or touchstone of drama. He imagines the playwright resenting the intrusion of music, and he asks him in return of what value can be 'those thoughts and situations to which the lightest and most restrained accompaniment of music should seem importunate and burdensome?' Could there be a more essential test of drama, or a test more easily applied by a moment's thought? Think of any given play, and imagine a musical accompaniment of the closest or loosest kind. I can hear a music as of Mozart coming up like an atmosphere about Congreve's 'Way of the World,' as easily as I can hear Beethoven's 'Coriolan' overture leading in Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus.' Tolstoi's 'Power of Darkness' is itself already a kind of awful tragic music; but would all of Ibsen go quite well to a musical setting? Conceive of music and Dumas *filis* together, and remember that, rightly or wrongly, Maeterlinck's 'Pelléas et Mélisande' has only succeeded on the stage since it has been completed by the musical interpretation of Debussy.

The root of all evil in modern art, and especially in the art of drama, Wagner finds to be the fact that 'modern art is a mere product of culture, and not sprung from life itself.' The drama written as literature, at a distance from the theatre, and with only a vague consciousness of the actor, can be no other than a lifeless thing, not answering to any need. The only modern German dramatic work in which there is any vitality, Goethe's 'Faust,' springs from the puppet-stage of the people; but German actors are incapable of giving it, for

the verse must be spoken with absolute naturalness, and the actor has lost the secret of speaking verse naturally. He must be taught above all to speak.

'Only actors can teach each other to speak; and they would find their best help in sternly refusing to play bad pieces, that is, pieces which hinder them from entering that ecstasy which alone can ennoble their art' (v, 260)

Wagner is never tired of proclaiming his debt to Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, who first inspired in him, he tells us, the desire to write music worthy of her singing. Was her voice so wonderful?

'No' (answers Wagner); 'she had no "voice" at all; but she knew how to use her breath so beautifully, and to let a true womanly soul stream forth in such wonderful sounds, that we never thought of either voice or singing. . . . All my knowledge of mimetic art' (he goes on to say) 'I owe to this great woman; and through that teaching I can point to truthfulness as the foundation of that art' (v, 219).

Wagner's best service to drama, in his theories as in his practice, is the insistence with which he has demonstrated the necessary basis of the play in the theatre. 'The thorough "stage-piece"' (he says), 'in the modernest of senses, would assuredly have to form the basis, and the only sound one, of all future dramatic efforts.' And not merely does he see that the play must be based upon the theatre, but that the particular play must be conditioned by the particular theatre. No one has seen more clearly the necessity of 'tempering the artistic ends to be realised' to the actual 'means of execution' which are at the artist's disposal. 'Even the scantiest means are equal to realising an artistic aim, provided it rules itself for expression through these means.' Thus there is not one among his many plans of theatre reform which has not some actual building in view, whether the Vienna Operahouse there visibly before him, or that 'Bühnenfestspielhaus' which he saw no less clearly in his mind before the first stone of the foundation had been set in the earth at Bayreuth. And whenever he speaks of the theatre it is with a kind of religious service and with a kind of religious awe, which, in one of his essays, bursts out into a flame of warning exultation.

'If we enter a theatre' (he says gravely) 'with any power of insight, we look straight into a dæmonic abyss of possibilities, the lowest as well as the highest. . . . Here in the theatre the whole man, with his lowest and his highest passions, is placed in terrifying nakedness before himself, and by himself is driven to quivering joy, to surging sorrow, to hell and heaven. . . . In awe and shuddering have the greatest poets of all nations and of all times approached this terrible abyss' (iv, 69).

from whose brink those heavenly wizards are thrust back by the modern world, that they may give place to 'the Furies of vulgarity, the sottish gnomes of dishonouring delights.'

It has sometimes been said that there is a contradiction between Wagner's conception of music at various periods of his life; and so in appearance there is, but only in appearance. The reading of Schopenhauer, at Zurich and Venice, during the composition of 'Tristan und Isolde,' did indeed supply him with a complete theory, or what may be called a transcendental philosophy, of music, which he afterwards transferred to his book on Beethoven, developing it in his own fashion. It is true also that, in the more important of his previous writings, as in 'Opera and Drama,' nothing had been said of any such transcendental view of music, music being treated indeed almost wholly in regard to its dependence upon words and action. But it must be remembered that Wagner was concerned only with a particular form of music, with dramatic music, and that he was arguing with a purpose, and to convince people, already attentive enough to music in itself, of certain possibilities in its union with drama.

In Wagner's theoretical writing everything is a matter of focus; that once established, nothing is seen except in relation to it. He is literally unable to see things in unrelated detail. This is why he is so impatient with 'absolute' music in its modern developments, and with 'absolute' literature, in more than Verlaine's sense, when he cries, 'Et tout le reste est Littérature!' That is why he is unable to consider a single question—the question of the Jews, of a Goethe institute, of musical criticism—without focussing it where the rays of thought will best converge upon it. Every idea comes to Wagner from circumstances. A king becomes his friend, and he

sets himself to find out the inner and primal meaning of kingship. Long before, he had guessed at the idea which he is only now able to develop out of the material actually under his hand; and it is thus no less with all his studies of race, religion, politics.

So, wholly concentrated upon one aspect of music, he may well have seemed to do somewhat less than justice to music itself; and the Beethoven book may seem like the sudden, odd, theoretical awakening of a musician to the whole greatness of his own art. It is therefore instructive to turn to one of those newspaper articles which Wagner wrote when he was in Paris in 1840 and 1841; there we shall find, and in reference to Beethoven, a singularly clear anticipation of almost everything that he was afterwards to say on the inner meaning of music. Why, he asks, should people 'take the useless trouble to confound the musical with the poetic tongue,' seeing that 'where the speech of man stops short, there music's reign begins'? Tone-painting, he admits, may be used in jest, but, in purely instrumental music, in no other sense, on pain of ceasing to be humorous and becoming absurd. Where, he asks, in the *Eroica* Symphony, is 'the Bridge of Lodi, where the battle of Arcole, where the victory under the Pyramids, where the 18th of Brumaire?' These things would have been found set down in a 'biographic symphony' of his time, as indeed we find them in biographic or autobiographic tone-poems of Richard Strauss in our time. But Beethoven saw Bonaparte, not as a general, but as a musician; 'and in his domain he saw the sphere where he could bring to pass the self-same thing as Bonaparte in the plains of Italy.' A mood in music, he admits, may be produced by no matter what external cause; for the musician is, after all, a man, and at the mercy of his temperament in its instinctive choice among the sounds in which he hears the footsteps of events. But these moods, once profoundly set in motion, 'when they force him to production, have already turned to music in him, so that, at the moment of creative inspiration, it is no longer the outer event that governs the composer, but the musical sensation which it has begotten in him.' And, further, what music can express in her universal voice is not merely the joy, passion, or despair of the individual, but joy itself, or passion, or despair,

raised to infinity, and purified by the very 'semblance of the world.'*

Do we not already see music, as Schopenhauer saw it, as 'an idea of the world,' and the musician 'speaking the highest wisdom in a language his reason does not understand'? It is in the wonderful book on Beethoven, written in 1870, that Wagner goes deepest into music as music, led by Schopenhauer but going beyond him. He shows us Beethoven, surrounded by silence, like 'a world walking among men'; and he shows us how the action of music is to shut us off from the outer world, where we can dream, as it were, awake, redeemed from the strivings of the individual will, and at one with nature, with our inmost selves. Music, he shows us, blots out civilisation as the daylight blots out lamplight.

To this voice of nature in sound it seemed to Wagner that Beethoven had given as complete an interpretation as the human individual could give. What, then, he asks, remains for instrumental music to do? If one refuses the help of what Beethoven finally came to accept, words, and if one refuses to make a servile copy of Beethoven, there remains only that riddle without an answer, the tone-poem, or that riddle whose answer has already been given, programme-music. We have already seen, from 'Opera and Drama,' what Wagner thought of the form of programme-music, as Berlioz employed it. In a later article on Liszt, he points out in more precise detail how Berlioz, by his method, only succeeded in losing the musical idea without finding a poetic one, music being capable of giving only 'the quintessence of an emotional content,' and Berlioz trying to force music to suggest, without words or action, definite scenes in a play. In Liszt, however, he found a more genuinely musical conception, an attempt, whether wholly successful or not, to translate the fundamental intention of a poem or of a poet into terms of music; and this seemed to him to be realised in the Dante Symphony, where 'the soul of Dante's poem is shown in purest radiance.' The danger of this new form

* Note also that in 1857, in his letter on Liszt's Symphonic Poems, Wagner says: 'Hear my creed: music can never and in no possible alliance cease to be the highest, the redeeming art. It is of her nature that what all the other arts but hint at, through her and in her becomes the most indubitable of certainties, the most direct and definite of truths.'

he sees to be that of attempting to do the work of drama without the visible or audible accompaniments of drama, and, in particular, to use, for mere effect, and effect never really explicit, modulations which in his own music he had used for definite and obvious reasons. He counsels the composer never to quit a key so long as what he has to say can be said in it; and he shows by his own practice how carefully he has observed his rule.

Nothing is more interesting in Wagner's comments on himself than the account, in 'A Communication to my Friends,' of his early struggle after originality in melody; his failure to achieve originality by seeking it; and how the quality he sought came to him when he had given up every thought but that of expressing his meaning, the meaning of the words or the situation which he wanted to express. 'I no longer,' he says, 'tried intentionally for customary melody, or, in a sense, for melody at all, but absolutely let it take its rise from the emotional utterance of the words themselves.' We may compare one of the wisest of Coleridge's jottings: 'Item, that dramatic poetry must be poetry hid in thought and passion, not thought and passion disguised in the dress of poetry.' Wagner and Coleridge, two great masters of technique, teach us equally that the greatest art can be produced only by the abandonment of art itself to that primal energy which works after its own laws, not conscious of anything but of the need of exquisitely truthful speech.

There is a certain part of Wagner's writing about music which is fiercely polemical, not only in such broad attacks as the famous 'Judaism in Music,' but in regard to individual composers. Except when he jeers at 'S. Johannes' Brahms, with what seems a literally personal irritation, there is hardly an instance in which the personal element is not scrupulously subordinated to a conception of right and wrong in music. The musicians whom he attacks are always and only those who were charlatans like Meyerbeer ('the starling who follows the ploughshare down the field, and merrily picks up the earth-worm just uncovered in the furrow'), or triflers like the 'sickly' Gounod, or turned back on their earlier selves like the 'turgid' later Schumann, or were superficial and did harm to art by their super-

ficiality like Mendelssohn: 'I fancied I was peering into a veritable abyss of superficiality, an utter void.'

He is scrupulously just to a musician like Rossini, who, being merely heedless and selfish, let his genius drift with the tide; * he sees the sincerity and right direction of an incomplete talent like Spontini's; picks out of the great rubbish-heap of lighter French operas one work in which there is something, if not good, vital, Auber's 'Masaniello'; and, in spite of personal differences and personal affections, can be scrupulously accurate in his analysis of the contradictory genius of Berlioz and in his vaguer characterisation of the misunderstood genius of Liszt. But he was incapable of seeing an abuse without trying to set it right, or a sham without trying to stamp it out. In writing a letter of advice to the editor of a new musical journal, he bids him above all wage war against that null and void music which is made as a separate manufacture, music which follows the rules and has no other reason for existence. He hates it as he hates that 'whole clinking, twinkling, glittering, glistening show, Grand Opera!' As you must knock down one structure if you would build another in its place, no detail is too minute for Wagner to define and denounce in the art-traffic of the modern world; and he has not only said finally, and said fruitfully, everything that is to be said in criticism of opera and opera-houses, and the performing and staging of opera, but he has done a special and often overlooked service to music in general by his insistence on the proper rendering of orchestral music. It is to Wagner that we owe almost a revolution in the art of conducting.

In his scheme for a music-school for Munich (1865), Wagner laments that in Germany 'we have classical works, but as yet no classical rendering for them,' and he shows how, through the lack of a national Conservatoire, there is no musical tradition in Germany, such a tradition, for instance, for the performance of Mozart as the Paris Conservatoire has preserved for the performance of Gluck. In regard to Beethoven, the condition of things is still

* One of Wagner's subtlest and most fundamental pages of criticism is contained in a 'Reminiscence of Rossini,' written in 1868, in which he shows that Rossini as truly represents his own trivial age as Palestrina, Bach, Mozart, represented each his own age 'of more hopeful effort.'

worse, for 'it is an established fact that Beethoven himself could never obtain an entirely adequate performance of his difficult instrumental works.' Here, again, he points out how the Paris Conservatoire spent three years in studying the Ninth Symphony, and how needful such study was, seeing that, in so many cases, 'the master's thought is only to be brought to really cognisable utterance through a most intelligent, refined, and dexterous combination and modification of its orchestral expression.' In the very important essay of 1870, 'On Conducting,' and in separate studies on the rendering of the Ninth Symphony, he explains in detail what these 'quite new demands on rendering' are which 'arrive with Beethoven's uncommonly expressive use of rhythm,' with his minute orchestral shading, and also with those practical errors in scoring which he overlooked because he could not hear them. He shows how not only Beethoven, but Weber (and in Dresden, where Weber had conducted) had come to be given in wholly wrong *tempo*; how Gluck and Mozart had been misinterpreted by being taken twice too fast or twice too slow. Then, in still greater detail, he explains (writing from exile, where he was unable to come into personal contact with musicians) how his own overtures are to be given, and the reason of every shade of expression. Few parts of his writing on music are more valuable than these technical instructions; and it must be remembered that from Wagner arose the whole modern German school of conductors, from Bülow to Weingartner, and that the greatest of them, Richter, was the most intimately under his influence. Thus Wagner not only reformed the actual conditions of music, not only created a new and wonderful music of his own, but brought about a scarcely less significant reform in the interpretation of music, which, existing on paper, could be heard nowhere according to the intentions of the composer.

More than any artist of our time, Wagner may be compared with the many-sided artists of the Renaissance; but he must be compared only to be contrasted. In them an infinity of talents led to no concentration of all in one; each talent, even in Leonardo, pulls a different way; and painting, science, literature, engineering, the many inter-

pretations and mouldings of nature, are nowhere brought together into any unity, or built up into any single structure. In Wagner, the musician, the poet, the playwright, the thinker, the administrator, all worked to a single end, built up a single structure; there was no waste of a faculty, nor was any one faculty sacrificed to another. In this he is unique as a man of genius, and in this his creation has its justification in nature. Whether or no the 'art-work of the future' is to be on the lines which Wagner laid down; whether Beethoven may not satisfy the musical sense more completely on one side, and Shakespeare the dramatic sense on the other; whether, in any case, more has been demonstrated than that in Germany, the soil of music and the only soil in which drama has never taken root, music is required to give dramatic poetry life—all this matters little. A man with a genius for many arts has brought those arts, in his own work, more intimately into union than they have ever before been brought; and he has delighted the world with this combination of arts as few men of special genius have ever done with the representation of their work in special arts. To find a parallel for this achievement we must look back to the Greeks, to the age of Æschylus and Sophocles; and we shall not even here find a parallel; for, if the dramatic poetry was on a vastly higher plane than in the music-drama of Wagner, it is certain that the music was on a vastly lower one. Of the future it is idle to speak; but, at the beginning of the twentieth century, may we not admit that the typical art of the nineteenth century, the art for which it is most likely to be remembered, has been the art, musical and dramatic, of Richard Wagner?

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Art. V.—THE PRINCES OF THE PELOPONNESE.

1. *The Chronicle of Morea*. Edited by John Schmitt, Ph.D. London: Methuen, 1904.
2. *Le Livre de la Conquête*; in 'Recherches historiques sur la Principauté française de Morée.' Tome II. By J. A. Buchon. Paris: Renouard, 1845.
3. *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ Ἔθνους (History of the Greek Nation)*. By K. Paparregópoulos. Fourth edition, enlarged by P. Karolides. Athens: Phexes, 1903.
4. *Geschichte Griechenlands vom Beginn des Mittelalters*. Von K. Hopf; in Ersch und Gruber's 'Allgemeine Encyklopädie.' Bände 85, 86. Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1867.
5. *Chroniques Gréco-Romanes inédites ou peu connues*. Published by Charles Hopf. Berlin: Weidmann, 1873.
6. *Geschichte der Stadt Athen im Mittelalter*. Von F. Gregorovius. Third edition. Stuttgart: Cotta, 1889.
7. *La Conquête de Constantinople, par Geoffroy de Villehardouin*. By Émile Bouchet. Paris: Lemerre, 1891.
8. *Georgii Acropolitæ Opera*. Edited by A. Heisenberg. Leipzig: Teubner, 1903.
9. *Corpus Scriptorum Historiæ Byzantinæ*. Bonn, 1828–43.
10. *Anecdota Græca*. Edited by J. Fr. Boissonade. Tom. III. Paris, 1831.

It is satisfactory to note that, after a long period of neglect, the great romance of medieval Greek history is finding interpreters. Since George Finlay revealed to the British public the fact that the annals of Greece were by no means a blank in the Middle Ages, and that Athens was a flourishing city in the thirteenth century, much fresh material has been collected, by both Greek and German scholars, from the Venetian and other archives, which throws fresh light upon the dark places of the Latin rule in the Levant. Finlay's work can never lose its value. Its author had not the microscopic zeal for genealogies and minutiae which distinguished Hopf; but he possessed gifts and advantages of a far higher order. He knew Greece and the Greeks as no other foreign scholar has known them; he had a deep insight into the causes of political and social events; he drew his picture, as the Germans say, *in grossen Zügen*, and he left a

work which no student of medieval Greece can afford to ignore, and every statesman engaged in Eastern affairs would do well to read. All that is now wanted is for some one to do in England what Gregorovius did in so agreeable a manner for the Germans—to make the dry bones of the Frank chivalry live again, and to set before us in flesh and blood the Dukes of Athens and the Princes of Achaia, the Marquesses of Boudonitza, the Lords of Salona, the Dukes of the Archipelago, and the three barons of Eubœa. Despite the vandalism of mere archæologists, who can see nothing of interest in an age when Greeks were shaky in their declensions, and of bigoted purists among the Greeks themselves, who strive to erase every evidence of foreign rule alike from their language and their land, the feudal castles of the Morea, of continental Greece, and of the islands, still remind us of the days when classic Hellas, as Pope Honorius III said, was 'New France,' when armoured knights and fair Burgundian damsels attended Mass in St Mary's Minster on the Acropolis, and jousts were held on the Isthmus of Corinth.

Of the Frankish period of Greek history the 'Chronicle of Morea' is the most curious literary production, valuable alike as an historical source—save for occasional errors of dates and persons, especially in the earlier part—and as a subject for linguistic study. The present edition, the fruit of many years' labour, is almost wholly devoted to the latter aspect of the 'Chronicle,' about which there is much that is of interest. Versions exist in French, in Italian, and in Aragonese, as well as in Greek; and the question as to whether the Greek or the French was the original has been much discussed. The present editor, differing from Buchon and Hopf, believes that the French '*Livre de la Conquete*' could not have been the original. In any case, the Greek 'Chronicle' is of more literary interest than the French, because it throws a strong light on modern Greek. Any person familiar with the modern colloquial language could read with ease, except for a few French feudal terms, this fourteenth century popular poem, many of whose phrases might come from the racy conversation of any Greek peasant of to-day, and is very different from the classical imitations of the contemporary Byzantine historians. Its poetic merits are small, nor does the jog-trot 'political

metre in which it is composed tend to lofty flights of poetry. We know not who was its author; but, on the whole, there seems to be reason for believing that he was a Gasmotilos—one of the offspring of mixed marriages between Greeks and Franks—probably employed, as his love of legal nomenclature shows, in some clerkly post. Unpoetical himself, he has at least been the cause of noble poetry in others; for, as Dr Schmitt shows, the second part of Goethe's 'Faust' has been largely inspired by its perusal; and the hero of that drama finds his prototype in the chivalrous builder of Mistrâ.

No chapter of this medieval romance is more striking than the conquest of the Morea by the Franks and the history of their rule in the classic peninsula. At the time of the fourth crusade the Peloponnese was a prey to that spirit of particularism which has been, unhappily, too often characteristic of the Greeks in ancient, in medieval, and in modern times. Instead of uniting among themselves in view of the Latin peril, the great archons of the Morea availed themselves of the general confusion to occupy strong positions and to extend their own authority at the expense of their neighbours. The last historian and statesman of Constantinople before the Latin conquest, Nikétas of Chonæ, has left us a sad picture of the demoralisation of society in Greece at that critical moment. The leading men, he says, instead of fighting, cringed to the conquerors; some were inflamed by ambition against their own country, slavish creatures, spoiled by luxury, who made themselves tyrants, instead of opposing the Latins.* Of these archons the most prominent was Leon Sgourós, hereditary lord of Nauplia, who had seized the Larissa of Argos and the impregnable citadel high above Corinth, and who, though he failed to imitate the heroism of Leonidas in the Pass of Thermopylæ, held out at Acrocorinth till his death.

Such was the state of the country when a winter storm drove into the haven of Modon, on the Messenian coast, Geoffroy de Villehardouin, a crusader from Champagne, and nephew of the chronicler of the conquest of Constantinople. A Greek archon of the neighbourhood,

* 'Nikétas Choniátas' (ed. Bonn), pp. 840-842.

thinking that the opportunity was too good to be lost, invited the storm-bound warrior to aid him in the conquest of the surrounding country. Geoffroy was nothing loth; and the two unnatural allies speedily subdued one place after another. But, as ill-luck would have it, the Greek died; and his son, more patriotic or less trustworthy than the father, broke the compact with the Frankish intruder, and turned Geoffroy out of his quickly-won possessions. The crusader's position was serious; he was in a hostile country and surrounded by an alien and suspicious population; but he was a man of resource, and, hearing that Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat and King of Salonika, had made a triumphal march through continental Greece and was at that moment besieging the great stronghold of Nauplia, he set out across the Peloponnesus—a six days' journey—and succeeded in reaching the Frankish camp. There he found an old friend and neighbour, Guillaume de Champlitte, to whom he confided the scheme which he had been revolving in his mind. 'I come,' he said, so we learn from his uncle's chronicle, 'from a land which is very rich, and men call it the Morea'—a name which here occurs for the first time in the history of Greece, and the origin of which is still a puzzle to all her historians. He urged Champlitte to join him in the task of conquering this *El Dorado*, promising to recognise him as his liege lord in return for his assistance. Champlitte agreed, and the two friends, at the head of a small body of a hundred knights and some esquires, started on their bold venture.*

The ease with which the little band of Western warriors conquered the peninsula, which had once produced the Spartan warriors, strikes every reader of the 'Chronicle of Morea'—the prosaic, but extremely curious and valuable poem in which the Frank conquest is described. The cause lay partly in the disunited state of Greek society and the feuds of the local archons, but still more in the neglect of military training, due to the fact that the Byzantine emperors had long drawn their best troops from the non-Hellenic portions of their heterogeneous dominions. It is remarkable that, apart from

* Geoffroy de Villehardouin, '*La Conquête de Constantinople*' (ed. Bouchet), i, 226-232.

Sgourós, interned, as it were, on Acrocorinth, and a Greek archon, Doxapatrés, who held a small but strongly situated castle in one of the gorges of Arcadia, the invaders met with little opposition. Greece, as we know from the complaints of Michael Akominátos, the last orthodox Archbishop of Athens before the conquest, had been plundered by Byzantine tax-gatherers and despised as a 'Scythian wilderness' by Byzantine officials. So, when the inhabitants found that the Franks had no intention of interfering with their prized municipal privileges, they had no great objection to exchanging a master who spent their money at Constantinople for one who spent it in Elis at the new Peloponnesian capital of Andreville or Andravida. One pitched battle decided the fate of 'the isle of Greece,' as the Franks sometimes called it. At the olive grove of Koundoura, in the north-east of Messenia, the small force of Franks easily routed a Greek army six times larger; and as the chronicler, always in sympathy with the invaders, puts it,

*Αὐτὸν καὶ μόνον τὸν πόλεμον ἐποίησαν οἱ Ρωμαῖοι
Εἰς τὸν καιρὸν τοῦ ἐκέρδισαν οἱ Φράγκοι τὸν Μορτέαν.*

Yet a modern Greek historian of singular fairness, the late K. Paparregópoulos, has remarked how great was the change in the Turkish times. The descendants of the unwarlike Moreots, who fell so easy a prey to the Frankish chivalry in 1205, never lost an opportunity of rising against the Turks after the Frankish domination was over. As he justly says, one of the main results of the long Latin rule was to teach Greek 'hands to war and their fingers to fight.'

Thus, almost by a single blow, the Franks had become masters of the ancient 'island of Pelops.' Here and there a few natural strongholds still held out. Even after the death of Sgourós his triple crown of forts, Corinth, Nauplia, and Argos, was still defended for the Greek cause in the name of the lord, or Despot, of Epiros, where a bold scion of the imperial house of Angelos had founded an independent state on the ruins of the Byzantine empire. The great rock of Monemvasia in the south-east of the Morea, whence our ancestors derived their Malmsey wine, remained in the hands of its three local archons; while, in the mountains of southern

Lakonia, a race which had often defied Byzantium scorned to acknowledge the noblemen of Champagne. Finally, the two Messenian ports of Modon and Koron were claimed by Venice, which, with her usual astuteness, had secured those valuable stations on the way to Egypt in the deed of partition by which the conquerors of the empire had divided the spoils among themselves at Constantinople. Not without reason did Pope Innocent III, whose letters are full of allusions to the Frankish organisation of Greece, style Guillaume de Champlitte 'Prince of all Achaia.'

Champlitte now attempted to provide for the internal government of his principality by the application of the feudal system, which, even before the Frankish conquest, had crept into many parts of the Levant. The 'Chronicle of Morea,' whose author revels in legal details, gives an account of the manner in which 'the isle of Greece' was organised by its new masters. A commission, consisting of two Latin bishops, two bannerets, and five Greek archons, under the presidency of Geoffroy de Villehardouin, drew up a species of Domesday-book for the new state. In accordance with the time-honoured feudal custom, twelve baronies were created and bestowed upon prominent members of the Frankish force, who were bound to be at the prince's beck and call with their retainers in time of need; and the castles of these warrior barons were purposely erected in strong positions, whence they could command important passes or overcome troublesome neighbours. Even to-day the traveller may see the fine fortress above the town of Patras which Guillaume Aleman, one of the feudatories, constructed out of the Archbishop's palace; the castle of Karytaina, the Toledo of Greece, still reminds us of the time when Hugues de Bruyères held the dalesmen of Skortá, ancestors of M. Delyánnis, in check; and, far to the south, the war-cry of Jean de Neuilly, hereditary Marshal of Achaia, 'Passe avant,' lingers in the name of Passavá, the stronghold which once inspired respect in the men of Maina, who boast that they spring from Spartan mothers. Seven ecclesiastical peers, the Latin Archbishop of Patras at their head, and the three military orders of St John, the Templars, and the Teutonic Knights also received fiefs; and, while Geoffroy de Villehardouin was invested with

Kalamata and Kyparissia, fertile Elis became the princely domain.

But Guillaume de Champlitte did not long enjoy his Achaian dignity. If he was a prince in Greece he was still a French subject; and the death of his brother made it necessary for him to do homage in person for his fief in France. On the way he died; and the cunning Villehardouin, by an ingenious stratagem, contrived to become master of the country. Feudal law declared that a claimant must take possession of his fief within a year and a day after the death of the last holder; and Geoffroy contrived to have Champlitte's heir detained in Venice and left behind at Corfu till the fatal date had almost passed. A little skilful manœuvring from one place to another in the Morea filled up the rest of the time, so that, when young Robert de Champlitte at last met Geoffroy in full court at Lacedæmonia, the mediæval town which had risen near the Eurotas, the year and a day had already elapsed. The court decided in favour of Geoffroy, anxious, no doubt, that their ruler should be a statesman of experience and not a young man fresh from France. Robert gave no further trouble, and Geoffroy remained for the rest of his days 'Lord of Achaia.' By his tact and cleverness he had contrived to win the regard both of the Frank barons and of the Greek population, whose religion and ancient customs he had sworn to respect. He was thus enabled to subdue the three outstanding fortresses which had once been the domain of Sgourós, while he settled all claims that the Venetians might have upon the Morea by allowing them to keep Modon and Koron, granting them a separate quarter in every town in his principality, and doing homage to them for the whole peninsula on the island of Apienza. He crowned his career by marrying his son to the daughter of the Latin Emperor Peter of Courtenay, from whose family the Earls of Devon are descended.

Under his son and successor, Geoffroy II, the Frank principality prospered exceedingly. The Venetian historian, Marino Sanudo, who derived much of his information from his relative, Marco II Sanudo, Duke of Naxos, has given us a vivid picture of life at the Peloponnesian court under the rule of the second of the Villehardouins. A just prince, Geoffroy II used to send

his friends from time to time to the baronial castles of the Morea to see how the barons treated their vassals. At his own court he kept 'eighty knights with golden spurs'; and 'knights came to the Morea from France, from Burgundy, and above all from Champagne, to follow him. Some came to amuse themselves, others to pay their debts, others again because of crimes which they had committed.'* In fact, towards the middle of the thirteenth century, the Morea had become for the younger sons of the French chivalry much what the British colonies were to adventurers and ne'er-do-weels fifty years ago. It was a place where the French knights would find their own language spoken—we are specially told what good French was spoken in Greece in the Frankish period—and could scarcely fail to obtain congenial employment from a prince of their own race.

One difficulty, however, had soon arisen in the Frank principality. The Latin clergy, who had had their full share of the spoils, declined to take any part in the defence of the country. Geoffroy, with all the energy of his race, opposed a stout resistance to these clerical pretensions, and confiscated the ecclesiastical fiefs, spending the proceeds upon the erection of the great castle of Clermont or Chlomoutzi above the busy port of Glarentza, the imposing ruins of which are still a landmark for miles around. When he had finished the castle Geoffroy appealed to the Pope, placing before the Holy Father the very practical argument that, if the principality, through lack of defenders, were recaptured by the Greeks, the loss would fall just as much on the Roman Church as on the prince, while the fault would be entirely with the former. The Pope was sufficiently shrewd to see that Geoffroy was right; the dispute was settled amicably; and both the prince and the Latin clergy subscribed generously for the preservation of the moribund Latin empire, which exercised a nominal suzerainty over the principality of Achaia.

Geoffroy's brother and successor, the warlike Guillaume de Villehardouin, saw the Frank state in the Morea reach its zenith, and by his rashness contributed to its decline. Born in Greece, and speaking Greek, as the

* Marino Sanudo *apud* Hopf, 'Chroniques Gréco-Romanes,' p. 101.

'Chronicle of Morea' expressly tells us, the third of the Villehardouins began by completing the conquest of what was his native land. It was he who laid siege to the rock of Monemvasia for three long years, till at last, when the garrison had been reduced to eat mice and cats, the three archons advanced along the narrow causeway which gives the place its name,* and surrendered on terms which the prince wisely granted. It was he, too, who built the noble castle of Mistrâ on the site of the Homeric Messe, now abandoned to tortoises and sheep, but for two centuries a great name in the history of Greece. To a ruler so vigorous and so determined even the weird Tzakones, that strange tribe, perhaps Slavs but far more probably Dorians, which still lingers on and cherishes its curious language around Leonidi, yielded obedience; while the men of Maina, hemmed in by two new castles, ceased to trouble.

For the first and last time in its history the whole Peloponnese owned the sway of a Frank prince, except where, at Modon and Koron, Venice kept 'its right eye,' as it called those places, fixed on the East. So powerful a sovereign as St Louis of France wished that he had some of Guillaume's knights to aid him in his Egyptian war; and from seven hundred to one thousand horsemen always attended the chivalrous Prince of Achaia. His court at La Crémonie, the French version of Lacedæmonia, was 'more brilliant than that of many a king'; and this brilliance was not merely on the surface. 'Merchants,' says Sanudo, 'went up and down without money, and lodged in the house of the bailies; and on their simple note of hand people gave them money.'† But Guillaume's ambition and his love of fighting for fighting's sake involved the principality in disaster. Not content with beginning the first fratricidal war between the Frank rulers of the East by attacking Guy de la Roche, Lord of Athens, he espoused the cause of his father-in-law, the Greek Despot of Epiros, then engaged in another brotherly struggle with the Greek Emperor of Nice. On the field of Pelagonia in Macedonia the Franks were routed; and the Prince of Achaia, easily recognised by his prominent

* *Μόρη Ἰμβριας*, Monemvasia.

† Marino Sanudo *apud* Hopf, 'Chroniques Gréco-Romanes,' p. 102.

teeth, was dragged from under a heap of straw, where he was lying, and carried off a prisoner to the court of the Emperor Michael VIII.

Guillaume's captivity was the cause of endless evils for the principality; for Michael, who in 1261, by the recapture of Constantinople, had put an end to the short-lived Latin empire and restored there the throne of the Greeks, was resolved to regain a footing in the Morea and to make use of his distinguished captive for that purpose. He accordingly demanded, as the price of the prince's freedom, the three strong fortresses of Mistrâ, Monemvasia, and Maina. The matter was referred to a ladies' parliament held at Nikli, near the site of the ancient Tegea, for so severe had been the losses of the Frank chivalry that the noble dames of the Morea had to take the places of their husbands. We can well understand that, with a tribunal so composed, sentiment and the ties of affection would have more influence than the *raison d'état*. Yet Guillaume's old opponent, Guy de la Roche, now Duke of Athens and bailie of Achaia during the prince's captivity, laid before the parliament the argument that it was better that one man should die for the people than that the rest of the Franks should lose the Morea.* At the same time, to show that he bore no malice, he chivalrously offered to go to prison in place of the prince. But the ladies of the Morea thought otherwise. It was decided to give up the three castles; and two of the fair châtelaines were sent as hostages to Constantinople.

Thus, in 1262, the Byzantine Government regained a foothold in the Morea; a Byzantine province was created, with Mistrâ as its capital, and entrusted at first to a general of distinction annually appointed, and ultimately conferred as an appanage for life upon the Emperor's second son. The native Greeks of the whole peninsula thus had a rallying-point in the Byzantine province, and the suspicion of the Franks that the surrender of the three fortresses 'might prove to be their ruin,'† turned out to be only too well-founded. As for the Franks who were left in the Byzantine portion of

* 'The Chronicle of Morea,' p. 296.

† Sanudo *apud* Hopf, 'Chroniques Gréco-Romanes,' p. 108.

the Morea, their fate is obscure. Probably, as Dr Schmitt thinks, some emigrated to the gradually dwindling Frankish principality, while others became merged in the mass of Greeks around them. In all ages the Hellenes, like the Americans of to-day, have shown the most marvellous capacity for absorbing the various races which have come within their borders. A yet further element of evil omen for the country was introduced in consequence of this partial restoration of the Byzantine power. As might have been foreseen, the easy morality of that age speedily absolved the prince from his solemn oaths to the Emperor, and he was scarcely released when a fresh war broke out between them. It was then, for the first time, that we hear of Turks in the Morea—men who had been sent there as mercenaries by the Emperor Michael. Careless whom they served, so long as they were paid regularly, these Oriental soldiers of fortune deserted to the prince; and those who cared to settle in the country received lands and wives, whose offspring were still living, when the 'Chronicle of Morea' was written (p. 372), at two places in the peninsula.

Unhappily for the principality, as the chronicler remarks, Guillaume de Villehardouin left no male heir; and nothing more strongly justifies the Salic law than the history of the Franks in the Morea, where it was not applied. Anxious to take what precautions he could against the disruption of his dominions after his death, the last of the Villehardouin princes married his elder daughter Isabella to the second son of Charles of Anjou, the most powerful sovereign in the south of Europe at that time, who, in addition to his other titles, had received from the last Latin Emperor of the East, then a fugitive at Viterbo, the suzerainty over the principality of Achaia, hitherto held by the Emperor. This close connexion with the great house of Anjou, to which the kingdom of the Two Sicilies then belonged, seemed to provide Achaia with the strongest possible support. The support, too, was near at hand; for communication between Italy and Glarentza, the chief port of the Morea, was, as we know from the novels of Boccaccio, not infrequent; and we hear of Frankish nobles from Achaia making pilgrimages to the two great Apulian sanctuaries of St Nicholas of Bari and Monte Santangelo. But, when

Guillaume de Villehardouin died in 1278 and was laid beside his brother and father in the family mausoleum at Andravida, his daughter Isabella was still a minor, though already a widow.

The government of the principality accordingly fell into the hands of bailies appointed by the suzerain at Naples. Sometimes the bailie was a man who knew the country, like Nicholas St Omer, whose name is still perpetuated by the St Omer tower at Thebes and the Santameri mountains not far from Patras; sometimes he was a foreigner, who knew little of the country, and, in the words which the 'Chronicle' (p. 554) puts into the mouths of two Frankish nobles, 'tyrannised over the poor, wronged the rich, and sought his own profit.' The complainants warned Charles II of Anjou, who was now their suzerain, that he was going the right way to 'lose the principality'; and the King of Naples took their advice. He bestowed the hand of the widowed Isabella upon a young Flemish nobleman, Florenz of Hainault, who was then at his court, and who thus became Prince of Morea. Florenz wisely made peace with the Byzantine province, so that 'all became rich, both Franks and Greeks,' and the land recovered from the effects of war and maladministration. But the Flemings, who had crowded over to Greece at the news of their countryman's good fortune, were less scrupulous than their prince and provoked reprisals from the Greeks, from whom they sought to wring money. On the other hand, it would seem that the natives of the Byzantine province were able to secure good treatment from the Emperor, for there is preserved in that interesting little collection, the Christian Archæological Museum at Athens, a golden bull of Andronikos II, dated 1293, concerning the privileges of the sacred rock of Monemvasia. When the modern Greeks come to think more highly of their medieval history, they should regard that rugged crag with reverence. For two centuries it was the guardian of their municipal and national liberties.

Florenz of Hainault lived too short a time for the welfare of the Morea; and Isabella, once more a widow, was married again in Rome (whither she had gone for the first papal jubilee of 1300) to a prince of the doughty house of Savoy, which thus became concerned with the affairs of Greece. Philip of Savoy was at the time in

possession of Piedmont; and, as might have been expected, Piedmontese methods of government were not adapted to the latitude of Achaia. He was a man fond of spending, and an adept at extorting, money. The microscopic Dr Hopf has unearthed from the archives at Turin the bill—a fairly extensive one—for his wedding-breakfast; and the magnificent tournament which he organised on the Isthmus of Corinth, and in which all the Frankish rulers of Greece took part, occupied a thousand knights for more than twenty days. 'He had learned money-making at home,' it was said, when the extravagant prince from Piedmont let it be understood that he expected presents from his vassals, and imposed taxes on the privileged inhabitants of Skortá. But the days of the Savoyard in Achaia were numbered. The house of Anjou, suzerains of the principality, had never looked with favour on his marriage with Isabella; an excuse was found for deposing him in favour of another Philip, of Taranto, son of the King of Naples. To make matters smoother, Isabella and her husband received, as some compensation for relinquishing all claims to the Morea, a small strip of territory on the shores of the Fucine lake. They both left Greece for ever. Isabella died in Holland; and Philip of Savoy sleeps in the family vault at Pinerolo, near Turin, leaving to his posterity by a second marriage the empty title of 'Prince of Achaia.'

The house of Villehardouin was not yet extinct. Isabella had a daughter, Matilda of Hainault, whose husband, Louis of Burgundy, was permitted, by the tortuous policy of the Neapolitan Angevins, to govern the principality. But a rival claimant now appeared in the field in the person of Fernando of Majorca, one of the most adventurous personages of those adventurous times, who is well known to us from the quaint Catalan Chronicle of Ramon Muntaner. Fernando had already had his full share of the vicissitudes of life. He had been at one time head of the Catalan Grand Company, which had just won the Duchy of Athens on the swampy meadows of the Boeotian Kephissos, and he had sat a prisoner in the castle of Thebes, the famous Kadmeia, whose walls were painted with the exploits of the crusaders in the Holy Land. He had married the daughter of Guillaume de Villehardouin's younger child, the Lady of Akova, and

he claimed Achaia in the name of his dead wife's infant son. Such was the violence of the age that both the rivals perished in the struggle, Fernando on the scaffold, and Louis of Burgundy by a poison administered to him by one of the petty potentates of Greece. Even more miserable was the end of the unhappy Matilda. Invited by the unscrupulous King of Naples to his court, she was informed that she must marry his brother, John of Gravina. With the true spirit of a Villehardouin, the Princess refused; and even the Pope himself, whose authority was invoked, could not make her yield. She had already, she said, married again, and must decline to commit bigamy. This gave the King of Naples the opportunity he sought. He declared that, by marrying without her suzerain's consent, she had forfeited her principality, which he bestowed upon his brother. The helpless Princess was thrown into the Castel dell' Uovo at Naples, and was afterwards allowed to die a lingering death in that island-prison, the last of her race. So ended the dynasty of the Villehardouins.

Grievous, indeed, was the situation of the Franks in Greece at this moment. Though little more than a hundred years had elapsed since the conquest, the families of the conquerors were almost extinct. The terrible blow dealt at the Frank chivalry by the rude Catalans, almost on the very battlefield of Chaironeia, was as fatal to Frankish, as was the victory of Philip of Macedon to free, Greece. Of the barons who had taken part in that contest, where many Achaian nobles had stood by the side of the headstrong Athenian duke, only two survived. Moreover, the Frank aristocracy, as Finlay has pointed out, committed racial suicide by constituting themselves an exclusive class. Inter marriages with the Greeks took place, it is true; and a motley race, known as *Gasmouloi*,* the offspring of these unions, of whom the author of the 'Chronicle' was perhaps a member, fell into the usual place of half-castes in the East. But Muntaner expressly says that the nobles of Achaia usually took their wives from France. Meanwhile new men had taken possession of some of the old baronies—Flemings,

* *Moules* is still Moreot Greek for 'a bastard'; in the first part of the word we perhaps have the French *gars*.

Neapolitans, and even Florentines, one of whom, Nicholas Acciajuoli, whose splendid tomb is to be seen in the Certosa near Florence, laid on the rocks of Acrocorinth the foundations of a power which, a generation later, made the bankers of Tuscany dukes of Athens. The Greeks, had they been united, might have recovered the whole peninsula amidst this state of confusion. But the sketch which the imperial historian, John Cantacuzenos, has left us of the archons of the Morea shows that they were quite as much divided among themselves as the turbulent Frank vassals of the shadowy Prince of Achaia. 'Neither good nor evil fortune,' he wrote, 'nor time, that universal solvent, can dissolve their mutual hatred, which not only endures all their lives, but is transmitted after death as a heritage to their children.'*

Cantacuzenos, however, took a step which ultimately led to the recapture of the Morea, when he abolished the system of sending a subordinate Byzantine official to Mistrâ, and appointed his second son, Manuel, with the title of Despot, as governor of the Byzantine province for life. The Despot of Mistrâ at once made his presence felt. He drove off the Turkish corsairs, who had begun to infest the deep bays and jagged coast-line of the peninsula, levied ship-money for its defence against pirates, and, when his Greek subjects objected to be taxed for their own benefit, crushed rebellion by means of his Albanian bodyguard. Now, for the first time, we hear of that remarkable race, whose origin is as baffling to ethnologists as is their future to diplomatists, in the history of the Morea, where hereafter they were destined to play so distinguished a part. It is to the policy of Manuel Cantacuzenos, who rewarded his faithful Albanians with lands in the south-west and centre of the country, that modern Greece owes the services of that valiant race, which fought so vigorously for her independence and its own in the last century. Manuel's example was followed by other Despots; and ere long ten thousand Albanians were colonising the devastated and deserted lands of the Peloponnese.

Meanwhile the barren honour of Prince of Achaia had passed from one absentee to another. John of Gravina,

* Cantacuzenos (ed. Bonn), bk iv, ch. 13.

who had been installed in the room of the last unhappy Villehardouin princess, grew disgusted with the sorry task of trying to restore order, and transferred his rights to Catherine of Valois, widow of his brother, Philip of Taranto; her son Robert, who was both suzerain and sovereign of the principality, was a mere phantom ruler whom the Achaian barons treated with contempt. After his death they offered the empty title of princess to Queen Joanna I of Naples on condition that she did not interfere with their fiefs and their feuds. Then a new set of conquerors descended upon the distracted country, and began the last chapter of Frankish rule in Achaia.

The great exploit of the Catalans in carving out for themselves a duchy bearing the august name of Athens had struck the imagination of southern Europe. Towards the close of the fourteenth century a similar, but less famous band of freebooters, the Navarrese company, repeated in Achaia what the Catalans, seventy years earlier, had achieved in Attica and Boeotia. Conquering nominally in the name of Jacques de Baux, a scion of the house of Taranto, but really for their own hands, the soldiers of Navarre rapidly occupied one place after another. Androusa, in Messenia, at that time the capital of the Frankish principality, fell before them; and at 'sandy Pylos,' the home of Nestor, then called Zonklon, they made such a mark that the spot has ever since borne their name—Navarino. In 1386 their captain, Pedro Bordo de San Superan, styled himself Vicar of the principality, a title which developed into that of prince.

Meanwhile another Western Power, and that the most cunning and persistent, had taken advantage of these troublous times to gain a footing in the Peloponnese. Venice, true to her cautious commercial policy, had long been content with the two Messenian stations of Modon and Koron, and had even refused a tempting offer of some desperate barons to hand over to her the whole of Achaia. During the almost constant disturbances which had distracted the rest of the peninsula since the death of Guillaume de Villehardouin, the two Venetian ports had enjoyed comparative peace and prosperity. The high tariffs which the Frankish princes had erected round their own havens had driven trade to these Venetian harbours, so conveniently situated for trade with the great

Venetian island of Crete as well. The documents which Sáthas has published from the Venetian archives are full of allusions to these two now almost forgotten places. But at last, towards the end of the fourteenth century, Venice resolved on expansion. She accordingly bought Argos and Nauplia, the old fiefs which the first French Lord of Athens had received from the first of the Villehardouins, and which lingered on in the hands of the representatives of the fallen Athenian duke. A little later Lepanto, the old Naupaktos, gave the Venetians a post on the Corinthian Gulf.

As the Byzantine empire dwindled before the incursions of the Turks, the Greek province of Mistrá assumed more importance in the eyes of the statesmen at Constantinople. In 1415 the Emperor Manuel II, with an energy which modern sovereigns of Greece would do well to imitate, resolved to see for himself how matters stood, and arrived in the Morea. He at once set to work to re-erect the six-mile rampart, or 'Hexamilion,' across the Isthmus, which had been fortified by Xerxes, Valerian, Justinian, and, in recent times, by the last Despot of Mistrá, Theodore I Palaiologos. Manuel's wall followed the course of Justinian's; and, in the incredibly short space of twenty-five days, forced labourers, working under the imperial eye, had erected a rampart strengthened by no less than 153 towers.

But the Emperor saw that it was necessary to reform the Morea from within as well as to fortify it without. We have from the pen of a Byzantine satirist, Mázaris, who has written a 'Dialogue of the Dead' in the manner of Lucian, a curious, if somewhat highly-coloured account of the Moreots as they were, or at any rate seemed to him to be, at this time.* In the Peloponneses, he tells us, are 'Lacedæmonians, Italians, Peloponnesians (Greeks), Slavonians, Illyrians (Albanians), Egyptians (gypsies), and Jews, and among them are not a few half-castes.' He says that the Laconians, who 'are now called Tzákonēs,' have 'become barbarians' in their language, of which he gives some specimens. He goes on to make the shrewd remark, true to-day of all Eastern countries where the Oriental assumes a veneer of Western civilisation, that

* Mázaris *apud* Boissonade, 'Anecdota Græca,' iii, 164-178.

'each race takes the worst features of the others,' the Greeks assimilating the turbulence of the Franks, and the Franks the cunning of the Greeks. So insecure was life and property that arms were worn night and day—a practice obsolete in the time of Thucydides. Of the Moreot archons he has nothing good to say; they are 'men who ever delight in battles and disturbances, who are for ever breathing murder, who are full of deceit and craft, barbarous and pig-headed, unstable and perjured, faithless to both Emperor and Despots.' Yet a Venetian report—and the Venetians were keen observers—sent to the government a few years later, depicts the Morea as a valuable asset. It contained, writes the Venetian commissioner, 150 strong castles; the soil is rich in minerals; and it produces silk, honey, wax, corn, raisins, and poultry.

Even in the midst of alarms an eminent philosopher—to the surprise of the elegant Byzantines, it is true—had fixed his seat at Mistrâ. George Gemistos Plethon believed that he had found in Plato a cure for the evils of the Morea. Centuries before the late Mr Henry George, he advocated a single tax. An advanced fiscal reformer, he suggested a high tariff for all articles which could be produced at home; a paper strategist, he had a scheme which he submitted, together with his other proposals, to the Emperor, for creating a standing army; an anti-clerical, he urged that the monks should work for their living, or discharge public functions without pay. The philosopher, in tendering this advice to the Emperor, modestly offered his own services for the purpose of carrying it out. Manuel II was a practical statesman, who knew that he was living, as Cicero would have said, '*non in Platonis republicâ, sed in fæce Lycurgi.*' The offer was rejected.

At last the long threatened Turkish peril, temporarily delayed by the career of Timour and the great Turkish defeat at Angora, was at hand. The famous Ottoman commander, Evrenos Beg, had already twice entered the peninsula, once as the ally of the Navarrese prince against the Greek Despot, once as the foe of both. In 1423 a still greater captain, Turakhan, easily scaled the Hexamilion, leaving behind him at Gardiki, as a memorial of his invasion, a pyramid of eight hundred Albanian skulls. But, by the irony of history, just before Greeks and

Franks alike succumbed to the all-conquering Turks, the dream of the Byzantine court was at last realised, and the Frank principality ceased to exist.

The Greek portion of the Morea was at this time in the hands of the three brothers of the Emperor John VI Palaiologos—Theodore II, Thomas, and Constantine—the third of whom was destined to die on the walls of Constantinople as last Emperor of the East. Politic marriages and force of arms soon extinguished the phantom of Frankish rule; and the Genoese baron, Centurione Zaccaria, nephew of Bordo de San Superan, who had succeeded his uncle as last Prince of Achaia, was glad to purchase peace by giving his daughter's hand to Thomas Palaiologos with the remaining fragments of the once famous principality as her dowry. Thus, in 1430, save for the six Venetian stations, the whole peninsula was once more Greek. Unhappily, the union between the three brothers ended with the disappearance of the common enemy. Both Theodore and Constantine were ambitious of the imperial diadem; and, while the former was pressing his claims at Constantinople, the latter was besieging Mistra, having first sent the historian Phrantzès, his confidential agent in these dubious transactions, to obtain the Sultan's consent. Assisted by his brother Thomas and a force of Frank mercenaries, Constantine was only induced to keep the peace by the intervention of the Emperor; till, in 1443, Theodore removed this source of jealousy by carrying out his long-cherished scheme of retiring from public life. He accordingly handed over the government of Mistra to Constantine and received in exchange the city of Selymbria on the Sea of Marmora, where he afterwards died of the plague.

The Morea was now partitioned between Constantine, who took possession of the eastern portion, embracing Lakonia, Argolis, Corinth, and the southern shore of the Corinthian Gulf as far as Patras, and Thomas, who governed the western part. With all his faults Constantine was a man of far greater energy and patriotism than the rest of his family, and he lost no time in developing a national policy. His first act was to restore the Hexamillon; his next, to attempt the recovery of the Athenian duchy from the Acciajuoli family for the Greek cause, which he personified. Nine years earlier,

on the death of Duke Antonio, he had sent Phrantzès to negotiate for the cession of Athens and Thebes. Foiled on that occasion, he now invaded the duchy and forced the weak Duke Nerio II to do homage and pay tribute to him. The Albanians and Koutzo-Wallachs of Thessaly rose in his favour; the Serbs promised to aid him in defending the Isthmus against the Turks; it seemed for the moment as if there were at last some hope of a Christian revival in the near East. But the battle of Varna soon put an end to these dreams. Murad II, accompanied by the Duke of Athens, set out in 1446, at the head of a large army, for the Isthmus. The two Despots had assembled a considerable force behind the ramparts of the Hexamilion, which seemed so imposing to the Sultan that he remonstrated with his old military counsellor, Turakhan, for having advised him to attack such apparently impregnable lines so late in the season. But the veteran, who knew his Greeks and had taken the Hexamilion twenty-three years before, replied that its defenders would not long resist a determined attack. A Greek officer, who had been sent by Constantine to reconnoitre the Turkish position, came back so terrified at the strength of the enemy that he urged his master to retreat at once to the mountains of the Morea. The Despot ordered his arrest as a disciplinary measure, but he was so greatly struck by what he had heard that he sent the Athenian Chalkokondylas, father of the historian, to offer terms of peace to the Sultan. Murad scornfully rejected the proposals, arrested the envoy, and demanded, as the price of his friendship, the destruction of the Hexamilion and the payment of tribute. This was too much for the high-spirited Despot, and the conflict began.

For three whole days the excellent Turkish artillery played upon the walls of the rampart. Then a general assault was ordered, and, after a brave defence by the two Despots, a young Servian janissary climbed to the top of the wall and planted the Turkish flag there in full view of the rival hosts. The towers on either side of him were soon taken by his comrades, the gates were forced in, and the Turks streamed through them into the peninsula. The Greeks fled; the two Despots among them; Acrocorinth surrendered, and a band of 300, who had thought of 'making a new Thermopylæ' at Kenchreæ,

were soon forced to lay down their arms. Together with 600 other captives, they were beheaded by the Sultan's orders. Then the Turkish army was divided into two sections; one, under old Turakhan, penetrated into the interior; the other, commanded by the Sultan in person, followed the coast of the Corinthian Gulf, burning the medieval town which had arisen on the ruins of Sikyon. Aigion shared the same fate; but most of the inhabitants of Patras had escaped over the Gulf before Murad arrived there. The old Frankish citadel defied all the efforts of the besiegers, for the besieged knew that they had nothing to hope from surrender. A breach was made in the walls, but the defenders poured boiling resin on to the heads of the janissaries and worked at the rampart till the breach was made good. The season was by this time very far advanced, so the Sultan and his lieutenant withdrew to Thebes, dragging with them 60,000 captives, who were sold as slaves. The Despots were glad to obtain peace and a qualified independence by paying a capitation tax, and by sending their envoys to do homage to the Sultan in his headquarters at Thebes. The Greeks ascribed their misfortunes to their Albanian and Frankish mercenaries, the former of whom had begun to feel their power, while the latter had espoused the cause of Centurione's illegitimate son at the moment when the Despots were engaged in the defence of the country.

On the death of the Emperor in 1448 the Despot Constantine succeeded to the imperial title; and it is a picturesque fact that the last Emperor of Constantinople was crowned at Mistrâ, where his wife still lies buried, near that ancient Sparta which had given so many heroes to Hellas. His previous government was bestowed on his youngest brother Demetrios, with the exception of Patras, which was added to the province of Thomas. The new partition took place in Constantinople, where the two brothers solemnly swore before God and their aged mother to love one another and to rule the Morea in perfect unanimity. But no sooner had they arrived at their respective capitals of Mistrâ and Patras than they proceeded to break their oaths. Thomas, the more enterprising of the two, attacked his brother; Demetrios, destitute of patriotism, called in the aid of the Turks,

who readily appeared under the leadership of Turakhan, made Thomas disgorge most of what he had seized, and on the way destroyed what remained of the Hexamilion. The object of this was soon obvious. As soon as the new Sultan, Mohammed II, was ready to attack Constantinople, he ordered Turakhan to keep the two Palaiologoi busy in the Morea, so that they might not send assistance to their brother the Emperor. The old Pasha once again marched into the peninsula; but he found greater resistance than he had expected on the Isthmus. He and his two sons, Achmet and Omar, then spread their forces over the country, plundering and burning as they went, till the certainty of Constantinople's fall rendered their presence in the Morea no longer necessary. But as Achmet was retiring through the Pass of Dervenaki, that death-trap of armies, between Argos and Corinth, the Greeks fell upon him, routed his men and took him prisoner. Demetrios, either from gratitude for Turakhan's recent services to him, or from fear of the old warrior's revenge, released his captive without ransom. It was the last ray of light before the darkness of four centuries descended upon Greece.

The news that Constantinople had fallen and that the Emperor had been slain came like a thunderbolt upon his wretched brothers, who naturally expected that they would be the next victims. But Mohammed was not in a hurry; he knew that he could annihilate them when he chose; meanwhile he was content to accept an annual tribute of 12,000 ducats. The folly of the greedy Byzantine officials, who held the chief posts at the petty courts of Patras and Mistrâ, had prepared, however, a new danger for the Despots. The Albanian colonists had multiplied while the Greek population had diminished; and the recent Turkish devastations had increased the extent of waste land where they could pasture their sheep. Fired by the great exploits of their countryman, Skanderbeg, in Albania, they were seized by one of those rare yearnings for independence which meet us only occasionally in Albanian history. The official mind seized this untoward moment to demand a higher tax from the Albanian lands. The reply of the shepherds was a general insurrection in which 30,000 Albanians followed the lead of their chieftain, Peter Bua, 'the

lame.' Their object was to expel the Greeks from the peninsula; but this, of course, did not prevent other Greeks, dissatisfied, for reasons of their own, with the rule of the Despots, from throwing in their lot with the Albanians. A Cantacuzenos gained the support of the insurgents for his claims on Mistrâ by taking an Albanian name; the bastard son of Centurione emerged from prison and was proclaimed as Prince of Achaia. Both Mistrâ and Patras were besieged; and it soon became clear that nothing but Turkish intervention could save the Morea from becoming an Albanian principality. Accordingly, the aid of the invincible Turakhan was again solicited; and, as Mohammed believed in the policy—still followed in Macedonia by his successor—of keeping the Christian races as evenly balanced as possible, the Turkish general was sent to suppress the revolt without utterly destroying the revolted. Turakhan carried out his instructions with consummate skill. He soon put down the insurgents, but allowed them to retain their stolen cattle and the waste lands which they had occupied, on payment of a fixed rent. He then turned to the two Despots and gave them the excellent advice to live as brothers, to be lenient to their subjects, and to be vigilant in the prevention of disturbances. Needless to say, his advice was not taken.

The power of the Palaiologoi was at an end; and the Greek archons and Albanian chiefs did not hesitate to put themselves in direct communication with the Sultan when they wanted the confirmation of their privileges. But the Despots might, perhaps, have preserved the forms of authority for the rest of their lives had it not been for the rashness of Thomas, who seemed to be incapable of learning by experience that he only existed on sufferance. In 1457, emboldened by the successes of Skanderbeg, he refused to pay his tribute. Mohammed II was not the man to submit to an insult of that sort from a petty prince whom he could crush whenever he chose. In the spring of the following year the great Sultan appeared at the Isthmus; but this time the noble fortress of Acrocorinth held out against him. Leaving a force behind him to blockade it, he advanced into the interior of the peninsula, accompanied by the self-styled Albanian leader in the late revolt, Cantacuzenos, whose influence

he found useful in treating with the Arnauts. The Greeks, whom he took, were despatched as colonists to Constantinople; the Albanians, who had broken their parole, were punished by the breaking of their wrists and ankles—a horrible scene long commemorated by the Turkish name of 'Tokmak Hissari,' or 'the castle of the ankles.' Mouchli, at that time one of the chief towns in the Morea, near the classic ruins of Mantinea, offered considerable resistance; but lack of water forced the defenders to yield, and then the Sultan returned to Corinth. His powerful cannon soon wrecked the bake-house and the magazines of the citadel; provisions fell short; and the fact was betrayed by the archbishop to the besiegers. At last the place surrendered, and its gallant commander was deputed by Mohammed to bear his terms of peace to Thomas. The latter was ordered to cede the country as far south as Mouchli, and as far west as Patras; this district was then united with the Pashalik of Thessaly, the governor of the whole province being Turakhan's son Omar, who remained with 10,000 soldiers in the Morea. The other Despot, Demetrios, was commanded to send his daughter to the Sultan's harem.

Thomas at once complied with his conqueror's demands; but his ambition soon revived when Mohammed had gone. Fresh victories of Scanderbeg suggested to him the flattering idea that a Palaiologos could do more than a mere Albanian. Divisions among the Turkish officers in his old dominions increased his confidence—a quality in which Greeks are not usually lacking. Early in 1459 he raised the standard of revolt; but, at the same time, committed the folly of attacking his brother's possessions. Phrantzês, who, after having been sold as a slave when Constantinople fell, had obtained his freedom and had entered the service of Thomas, has stigmatised in forcible language the wickedness of those evil counsellors who had advised his master to embark on a civil war and to 'eat his oaths as if they were vegetables.' Most of Thomas' successes were at the expense of his brother, for, of all the places lately annexed by the Turks, Kalavryta alone was recovered. But the Albanians did far more harm to the country than either the Greeks or the Turkish garrison by plundering both sides with absolute impartiality and deserting from Thomas to

Demetrios, or from Demetrios to Thomas, on the slightest provocation. Meanwhile the Turks attacked Thomas at Leondari, at the invitation of his brother; and the defeat which he sustained induced the miserable Despot to go through the form of reconciliation with Demetrios, under the auspices of Holy Church. This display of brotherly love had the usual sequel—a new fratricidal war; but Mohammed II had now made up his mind to put an end to the Palaiologoi, and marched straight to Mistrâ. Demetrios soon surrendered, and humbly appeared in the presence of his master. The Sultan insisted upon the prompt performance of his former command, that the Despot's daughter should enter the seraglio, and told him that Mistrâ could no longer be his. He therefore ordered him to bid his subjects surrender all their cities and fortresses—an order which was at once executed, except at Monemvasia. That splendid citadel, which had so long defied the Franks at the zenith of their power, and boasted of the special protection of Providence, now scorned to surrender to the infidel. The daughter of Demetrios, who had been sent thither for safety, was, indeed, handed over to the Turkish envoys, and Demetrios himself was conducted to Constantinople; but the Monemvasiots proclaimed Thomas as their liege lord, and he shortly afterwards presented Monemvasia to the Pope, who appointed a governor.

Having thus wiped the province of Demetrios from the map, Mohammed turned his arms against Thomas. Wherever a city resisted, its defenders were punished without mercy and in violation of the most solemn pledges. The Albanian chiefs who had defied the Sultan at Kastritz were sawn asunder; the Albanian captain of Kalavryta was flayed alive; Gardiki was once more the scene of a terrible massacre, ten times worse than that which had disgraced Turakhan thirty-seven years before. These acts of cruelty excited very different feelings in the population. Some, especially the Albanians, were inspired to fight with the courage of despair; others preferred slavery to an heroic death. From the neighbourhood of Navarino alone 10,000 persons were dragged away to colonise Constantinople; and a third of the Greeks of Greveno, which had dared to resist, were carried off as slaves. The castles of Glarentza and Santameri were

surrendered by the descendants of Guillaume de Villehardouin's Turks, who experienced, like the Albanians, the faithless conduct of their conquerors. Meanwhile Thomas had fled to Navarino, and, on the day when the Sultan reached that place, set sail with his wife and family from a neighbouring harbour for Corfù. There the faithful Phrantzès joined him and wrote his history of these events—the swan-song of free Greece.

Another Palaiologos, however, Graitzas by name, showed a heroism of which the Despot was incapable. This man, the last defender of his country, held out in the castle of Salmenikon between Patras and Aigion till the following year, and, when the town was taken, still defied all the efforts of the Turks, who allowed him to withdraw, with all the honours of war, into Venetian territory at Lepanto. In the autumn of 1460 Mohammed left the Morea, after having appointed Zagan Pasha as military governor, with orders to instal the new Turkish authorities and to make arrangements for the collection of the capitation tax and of the tribute of children. Thus the Morea fell under Turkish rule, which thenceforward continued for an almost unbroken period of three hundred and fifty years. Save at Monemvasia, where the papal flag still waved, and at Nauplia, Argos, Thermisi, Koron, Modon, and Navarino, where Venice still retained her colonies, there was none to dispute the Sultan's sway.

The fate of the Palaiologoi deserves a brief notice. Demetrios lived ten years at Ænos in Thrace in the enjoyment of the pension which Mohammed allowed him, and died a monk at Adrianople in 1470. His daughter, whom the Sultan never married after all, had predeceased him. Thomas proceeded to Rome with the head of St Andrew from Patras as a present for the Pope, who received the precious relic with much ceremony at the spot near the Ponte Molle, where the little chapel of St Andrew now commemorates the event, and assigned to its bearer a pension of 300 ducats a month, to which the cardinals added 200 more, and Venice a smaller sum. He died at Rome in 1465, leaving two sons and two daughters. One of the latter died in a convent on the island of Santa Mavra; the other married, first a Caracciolo of Naples and then the Grand Duke Ivan III of Russia, by whom she had a daughter, afterwards the wife of

Alexander Jagellon of Poland. With this daughter the female line became extinct. Of Thomas' two sons, the elder, Andrew, married a woman off the streets of Rome, ceded all his rights, first to Charles VIII of France, and then to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, and died in 1502 without issue. The younger son, Manuel, escaped from papal tutelage to the court of Mohammed II, who gave him an establishment and allowed him a daily sum for its maintenance. He died a Christian; but of his two sons (the elder of whom died young), the younger became a Mussulman, took the name of Mohammed, and is last heard of in the reign of Suleiman the Magnificent. Though the family would thus appear to have long been extinct, a Cornish antiquary announced in 1815 that the church of Landulph contained a monument to one of Thomas' descendants. A few years ago a lady residing in London considered herself to be the heiress of the Palaiologoi and aspired to play a part in the Eastern question.* But neither of these claims is genealogically sound; for there is no historical proof of the existence of the supposed third son of Thomas, mentioned in the Landulph inscription. But, after all, the world has not lost much by the extinction of this race, nor would the future of Constantinople or Greece be affected by its revival.

WILLIAM MILLER.

* Finlay, iv, 287; Ersch und Gruber, vol. 86, pp. 131-33; Rev. F. Vyvyan Jago in the 'Archæologia,' vol. 18, p. 83 *sqq.* I am indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. S. Gregory, the present rector of Landulph, for the following copy of the brass plate there:—

Here lyeth the body of Theodoro Paleologus
of Pesaro in Italye, descended from ye Imperyall
lyne of ye last Christian Emperors of Greece,
being the Sonne of Camillo ye Sonne of Prosper
the Sonne of Theodoro the Sonne of John ye
Sonne of Thomas, second brother to Constantine
Paleologus the 8th of that name, and last of
yt lyne yt raygned in Constantinople until sub-
dewed by the Turkes; who married with Mary
ye daughter of William Balls of Hadlye in
Souffolke gent, and had issue 5 children: Theo-
doro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy & de-
parted this lyfe at Clyfton ye 21st January, 1636.

Art. VI.—THE NATIONAL COAL-SUPPLY.

1. *First Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies; Minutes of Evidence and Appendix*, 1903. (Cd. 1724-'6.)
 2. *Second Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies; Minutes of Evidence and Appendices*, 1904. (Cd. 1990-'2.)
 3. *Final Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies*, 1905. (Cd. 2353-'84.)
 4. *Annals of Coal-mining and the Coal Trade*. By R. L. Galloway. Two vols. London: Colliery Guardian Company, 1898, 1904.
- And other works.

No state paper of wider national interest or of greater Imperial importance has issued from the press of the King's printers than the Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies. Coal is beyond question the basis of our national life, the foundation of our economic existence. Emerson called it a portable climate, but it is more to us, for it has brought all the climates of the world to our doors. Our commanding Imperial position is due to industrial supremacy; and our industrial supremacy is mainly due to our coal, for which we are indebted to the swampy forests and peat-mosses of a prehistoric age. Uneasiness as to the possible or probable giving out of the supply is no new thing. It has recurred periodically for four centuries; and repeated proposals and some attempts have been made to conserve the supply by prohibiting or restricting the exports. Even in Scotland, so long ago as 1563, the Scottish Parliament passed an Act forbidding all exportation of coal except for use on board ship.

Mr R. W. Dron, writing in 1902,* estimated that, if the Scottish output reach a total of 40,000,000 tons per annum by 1941, there will then be sufficient coal to maintain the output at that rate until 2160; but 'even on this assumption, cheaply worked coal will only last until about the end of the present century.' The Royal Commission's estimate of the coal available and unworked in the proved

* 'The Coalfields of Scotland,' pp. 331-4.

coalfields of Scotland is 15,681,456,356 tons at a depth of not more than 4000 feet, and 847,206,294 tons in the proved coalfields at a depth exceeding 4000 feet. Mr Dron's estimate in 1902 was that Scotland had then 10,629,112,720 tons of 'proven' coal at moderate depths and in deep and thin seams. Thus doctors disagree.

In 1846 an estimate of the duration of the northern coalfield was made by Mr G. C. Greenwell. He calculated that, at the rate of output of that time (*viz.* 10,000,000 tons per annum), the field would be exhausted in 331 years.* There were no exact statistics then available; but an emissary of the French Government in 1837 came to the conclusion that the entire British production was 30,000,000 tons per annum.† McCulloch in 1839 estimated the consumption of the country at 26,188,000 tons, which he increased to 32,800,000 tons in 1842, and to 34,600,000 tons in 1849. It is well to recall these figures, if only to learn caution in dealing with present estimates.

The general public was probably most scared when, in 1863, the late Lord Armstrong drew the attention of the British Association to the exhaustible nature of our coalfields. Two years later the late Prof. Stanley Jevons appeared as the first of a race of modern pessimists who, one after the other, and with some show of reason, have been foretelling our national doom. It was certainly startling to find, nearly thirty years after the Report of the Royal Commission of 1871, the president of the Institute of Mining Engineers, Mr Longden, expressing the belief that all the best seams of coal would be exhausted within fifty years; but then there was consolation in the use of the qualitative 'best,' for after all, quality is relative. And there was further consolation when, in 1900, Mr H. C. Peake, as president of the Mining Institute, declared that our then output would last for 350 years, if no further increase took place in consumption, or for 150 years if the ratio of increase went on increasing as it had been doing of late years. It is worth recalling too that in 1899 Mr T. Forster Brown told the Society of Arts that the dearth of cheap coal

* Smyth's 'Coal and Coal-mining' (1867), p. 239.

† 'Annals of Coal-mining,' p. 369.

would begin to be felt within fifty years. But the question remained open as to what is 'cheap' coal. It was this authority, however, who made the appalling statement, which ought to be posted up in every household, that not more than 1 per cent. of the coal consumed for domestic purposes is consumed beneficially; all the rest goes in waste heat, smoke, and ashes. In point of fact, the British householder is the most sinful waster of coal in the world; and, if there is one thing made clear by the investigation that is just completed, it is the imperative necessity of economy.

The desire for thorough enquiry into our national resources became so strong during the last decade that, in December 1901, a Royal Commission on Coal Supplies was appointed, consisting of sixteen prominent coal-owners, coal-miners, coal-merchants, ship-owners, geologists, and mining engineers, under the chairmanship of Lord Allerton. The task occupied the Commissioners three years, during which they orally examined 120 representative witnesses, collected the written testimony of other experts, both in this country and on the Continent, and personally visited the mining districts. The Commission was, in effect, instructed to report on (1) the resources of our coalfields; (2) their probable duration; (3) the possible economies by which our resources may be prolonged; (4) the effect of our export trade on coal; (5) the effect of foreign competition on our coal industry. Obviously the most important of all the points submitted for consideration are the resources and probable duration of our coalfields; and to these points and to the possible economies we shall chiefly confine ourselves, for after all, the questions of the effect of exports and of foreign competition are dependent upon the main question of supply.

It is desirable to set forth at the outset the available resources as now estimated. This the Commissioners do in a very elaborate table showing the reserves in seams of various thicknesses. From this we take the following totals in order to show at a glance the available coal resources of the United Kingdom in seams of over one foot in thickness and at depths not exceeding 4000 feet:—

District.	Tons.
South Wales and Monmouthshire	26,470,996,570
Somersetshire and part of Gloucestershire	4,198,301,099
Forest of Dean	258,533,447
North Staffordshire	4,368,050,347
South Staffordshire	1,415,448,072
Warwickshire	1,126,981,903
Leicestershire	1,825,458,551
Shropshire	320,993,699
Lancashire	4,238,507,727
Cheshire	291,832,271
North Wales	1,736,487,829
Yorkshire	19,138,006,395
Derby and Notts	7,360,725,100
Northumberland	5,509,625,641
Cumberland	1,527,708,805
Durham	5,271,116,346
Scotland	15,681,456,356
Ireland	174,458,000
Total	100,914,668,167

The most interesting fact here revealed is that there is now more coal 'in sight' than was apparent to the Royal Commission of 1871. It is somewhat surprising to find, after thirty years' consumption, more coal in reserve than was estimated to exist thirty years ago; but the explanation is to be found in the development of mining and the opening up of new seams in the interim. Both Commissions took 4000 feet as the limit of practicable depth of working, and one foot as the minimum workable thickness of seam. But on this basis, while the Commission of 1871 brought out a reserve of 90,207,285,398 tons, the Commission of 1901-4 reports on the available resources as equal to 100,914,668,167 tons in 'the proved coalfields of the United Kingdom.' No less than 79·3 per cent. of these available resources are in seams of two feet thickness and upwards, and 91·6 per cent. are in seams of eighteen inches and upwards. Between January 1, 1870, and December 31, 1903, some 5,694,928,507 tons were raised from the mines, which yet contain 10,707,382,769 tons more than the Commission of 1871 computed. 'This excess,' say the later Commissioners, 'is accounted for partly by the difference in the areas regarded as productive by the two Commissions, and partly by discoveries due to recent borings, sinkings, and workings, and more accurate knowledge of the coal seams.' Yet between January 1, 1870, and December 31, 1903, 5,694,928,507 tons of coal

have been consumed. The calculations of the latest Commission as to the available resources are based for the most part on the assumption that present conditions will continue; but they recognise the possibility that improved methods and appliances will result in the getting of a greater percentage of coal than that which they have estimated to be available. While regarding 4000 feet as the limit of practical working, they also admit that it is difficult to determine the maximum temperature which is consistent with the healthful exercise of human labour; and temperature increases with depth.

In our opinion great importance attaches to the practicability of mining at depths at and exceeding 4000 feet. The Commissioners report that the evidence indicated that no insuperable engineering or mechanical difficulties are likely to arise in connexion with deep workings, and that excessive pressure is not likely to prove an insurmountable obstacle. The increase of pressure with depth, they say, has some advantages as well as disadvantages; that is to say, it may assist the working of the seam though increasing the percentage of small coal and the cost of maintaining the roadway and of timbering (Final Report, p. 3). Let us analyse the evidence in this connexion.

The evidence of Mr Joseph Dickinson, former Inspector of Mines and a member of the Royal Commission of 1871, was more cautious than conclusive. That of Mr Henry Bramall, M.I.C.E., has peculiar importance, because Mr Bramall is engineer for the Pendleton Colliery, near Manchester, the deepest coal-pit (3500 feet) in this country.

‘(Q.) Are there any special difficulties in sinking to and raising coal from the greater depths, or would there be, do you think, if we went down below 4000 feet? (Ans.) Well, I rather think there would be. The result of my experience is such that I could not say it points to being able to work 500 feet deeper than we are working now. . . . (Q.) Supposing the question were put to you in this form: If you were wanting to make the best estimate you could of the coal resources of this country, would you limit your survey to 4000 feet as being the possible maximum? (Ans.) I think it is the maximum. . . . (Q.) You would not take into account coal which you believe to exist below 4000 feet. (Ans.) I do not

think I would, with the present state of my experience. I do not know anything in my experience to induce me to think that I could work coal at a greater depth than 4000 feet. . . .

(Q.) Leaving aside the question of whether you would get a profit, do you see any practical or any physical difficulty in working coal at a greater depth than 4000 feet? (Ans.) Yes; I think the crush will increase; that is my experience of it; the pressure will increase, and certainly the heat, according to all indications, although we may not be able to fix any strict law of increase. . . . (Q.) May it not be that improvements in the means available for cooling will operate? Supposing some new plan comes to your aid, and supposing the question of temperature is overcome, I do not gather that you see much physical difficulty in hauling coal another 500 feet? (Ans.) There will be no physical difficulty so far as the hauling goes; there is no mechanical difficulty; but there will be a physical difficulty in the increase in pressure. The increase in pressure, I think, would be so great that possibly you could not keep the roads open.' (Cd. 1725, p. 20.)

From one accustomed to deep mining, this is not very encouraging; yet the witness's objection is mainly on the score of temperature and cost. On the other hand, Mr John Gerrard, Inspector of Mines, said:—

'It follows as certain as B follows A that with increased depth you have increased pressure and you have increased crush; but, by adapting the workings to meet that, you may secure your working places and possibly what is required in the roads at a small timber cost.' And again: 'I cannot anticipate any difficulty in sinking to 4000 feet, provided there is sufficient power, the use of guides, it may be double guides, to enable double buckets to be used. . . . After the sinking the same remarks apply to the raising of the coal—sufficient power, large engines, high-pressure steam, automatic cut-offs.'

Interrogated by the chairman, Mr Gerrard stated that he did not pay much regard to the difference between 3000 feet and 4000 feet, either as a question of cost or of mechanical difficulty. He is of opinion that the progress made during the last thirty years proves that there will be no insuperable difficulty in mining to a depth of 4000 feet; 'but beyond that I think we want further information, and in my opinion it will take a number of years to

give us that information' (Cd. 1725, pp. 31, 34). Trustworthy information on this matter must be based on actual experience; and there are many besides Mr Gerrard who, remembering how conditions vary, will hesitate to attach importance to theoretical estimates until they have actually seen coal-mining conducted at a depth of 4500 or 5000 feet. Still even Mr Gerrard is of opinion that depth has its advantages in mining, in that, as the pressure on the coal 'face' increases, the coal will be 'easier to get.'

Another Inspector of Mines, Mr Henry Hall, doubts whether coal can be mined beyond 4000 feet.

'The temperature is the chief thing. It would give rise to great difficulties, because there are so many parts of a colliery where, do the best you can, you cannot get these high velocities of air and large quantities of air. You may get them from time to time, but for weeks, or probably more than that, the air is very slack.' (Q. 955.)

To this, of course, it may be replied that the recognition of difficulties does not suggest impracticability, and that difficulties are made to be overcome; but the immediate point is that this expert is convinced from his experience that pressure would rather facilitate than hinder the working at 4000 feet, or even a greater depth. Somewhat different testimony we find in the evidence of another inspector of mines, Mr W. N. Atkinson, who told the Commissioners that he did not think there would be any great difficulty in the mere sinking of shafts and raising of coal from depths exceeding 4000 feet. Special and costly machinery and fittings would be required, but from an engineering point of view he did not think there was any difficulty. 'The increase of temperature should not impede deep sinking nearly so much as it will impede the working of coal at great depths.' (Q. 2415.)

We have dealt at some length with this branch of the enquiry because of the important fact that, according to the estimates of the geological experts on the Commission, there are in the proved coalfields of the United Kingdom some 5,240,000,000 tons of coal at a greater depth than 4000 feet. The following table summarises these estimates.

**COAL RESOURCES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM IN PROVED COALFIELDS
AT DEPTHS EXCEEDING 4000 FEET.**

District.		Tons.
South Wales and Monmouthshire	A	1,864,791,571
Somersetshire and part of Gloucestershire		1,885,340,220
North Staffordshire	B	—
South Staffordshire		
Warwickshire		
Leicestershire	C	158,250,920
Shropshire		
Lancashire		
Cheshire	D	483,844,875
North Wales		
Yorkshire		
Derby and Notts	E	—
Northumberland		
Cumberland		
Durham	F	847,206,394
Scotland		
Ireland	G	—
Total		5,239,433,980

Now in this connexion it is important to note what is being done in the coalfields of other countries and in deep mining generally. Among continental experts the opinion seems to be that mining can certainly be carried on, in at least tolerable conditions, at a depth of 4900 feet, but not deeper. This is matter of opinion, not of actual experience. Let us now see something as to actual foreign experience, both as to deep mining and thin seams.

Belgium has the deepest coal-mines in the world; and some important information on the working of the Belgian mines was supplied to the Commission in a memorandum by M. Denoel, mining engineer, furnished by the Belgian Government (Cd. 1725, App. i). Most of the questions in this connexion upon which the Commission on Coal Supplies asked for information are treated in the memorandum of M. Stassart, '*Conditions d'Exploitation à grande profondeur en Belgique.*'* In this work very exact details are given concerning the temperatures and the winding machinery. It is reported that the only practical method of reducing the temperature sufficiently in the workings at a great depth consists in making large volumes of air circulate through them. At the Marcinelle colliery it has been attempted to cool down the workings

* Published by the International Congress of Mining and Metallurgy, Paris, 1900.

below the depth of 986 metres (3235 feet) by means of water. The results were unsatisfactory, and the system was given up. The use of water upon the shales at a high temperature causes them to swell, and leads to a considerable expense for keeping the roadways in order; and the moisture renders the work uncomfortable in atmospheres of high temperatures. Work at the working-face is said not to be disagreeable at a temperature of 30° (86° F.), provided that the air-current has a velocity of from $1\frac{1}{2}$ ($4' 11''$) to $2\cdot11$ metres ($6' 11''$) per minute. It is easier to work with velocities of $2\frac{1}{2}$ metres ($8' 2''$), and the atmosphere at 38° ($100\cdot4$ F.), than in weak currents with a temperature of 30° (86° F.). This is explained by the fact that perspiration evaporates more quickly in the rapid current. At the Produits colliery the workmen go on for ten hours without being greatly inconvenienced. And it is remarked by M. Denoel that the proportion of workmen who are ill is no greater in deep pits than in pits of average depths. At the Marcinelle-Nord colliery the men work nine hours.

In Rhenish-Westphalia coal is at present being mined down to 2625 ft. in the Dortmund district, and in the Lippe district operations at a depth of 3608 ft. are beginning. A report on deep mining in Westphalia has been made by Herr Schultz-Briesen, long in active management of several coal-mines there (Cd. 1725, App. ii). This authority says that

'the technical progress made in the last twenty-five years in the machinery applied, and the improvements in the underground system of mining operations, go to prove that we have not by any means arrived at a fixed standpoint with regard to such progress; and thus the German miner has no doubt that not only is there a possibility, but the greatest likelihood, of pushing down to a depth of 1500 metres (4921 ft.) or more, and of winning coal there at a commercially profitable cost. The chief difficulty lies in the ventilation and supply of fresh air, in the deeper strata of coal-measures, to such a degree as allows of seven or eight hours' effective labour at the face of work. It will not be possible, as experience already proves, in places far "inbye," or at very considerable distances from the main "intake," to reduce the temperature below 29° ($84\cdot2$ F.), necessitating there an adequate reduction of the working shift.'

As to mining depth generally, it may be noted that Professor Agassiz in 1895 reported to the 'American Journal of Science' that in the Calumet and Hecla copper mines a vertical depth of 4712 ft. had been reached, and that they proposed to continue to 4900 ft. And Mr Hennen Jennings, in a letter to the Royal Commission on deep mining on the Witwatersrand, says, with reference to tests in the 'Turf Club' boreholes: 'The first one put down encountered the lowest reef of the series at a depth of 4970 ft. Thus, in this property, mining will only begin at a depth of nearly 5000 ft. from the surface' (Cd. 1725, App. vi). The depth of coal-mines has greatly increased since the beginning of the nineteenth century; but it is not to be forgotten that the condition of the miners has improved with the depth. The seams worked in the deeper mines are usually thicker than in the old shallow mines; they are dry and warm; and even the presence of fire-damp has its compensations because it compels careful attention and ventilation throughout.*

While the estimate of the available coal within 4000 ft. of the surface, in the proved coalfields of the country (100,914,668,167 tons), are confined to seams of not less than one foot in thickness, no limitation appears to have been placed on the thickness of seams at a depth exceeding 4000 ft. But, if we assume the same limit in that case, the question still remains, how far it is possible to win coal in thin seams—we do not add 'profitably,' because the time may come when coal will be so scarce that no expense will prevent its extraction if within reach of the surface.

The next important point, then, is the thickness of seams that can be worked. It has always been the custom in opening a coalfield to work first the thicker and more valuable seams; but thin seams are in many cases worked with good results, and it is estimated that in 1900 some 17·7 per cent. of the total output of the United Kingdom was taken from seams of less than three feet in thickness. It is obvious that if we are to benefit by mining all the coal veined in this country we shall have to extract the contents of thin as well as of thick seams.

* 'Annals of Coal-mining and the Coal Trade.' Second series, pp. 392-3.
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No doubt thin seams are of less commercial value than thick seams, because the production per man is necessarily less and the cost of working is necessarily more; but much depends upon the underlying and overlying strata, the topographical position of the thin seam, and the quality of the coal in it. Again, while it may be unprofitable to sink shafts in order to work thin seams—at all events, in present conditions—it may be quite profitable to work very thin seams found in conjunction with thicker seams, or with deposits of fire-clay or other minerals.

With regard to thin seams, Mr James McMurtrie, mining engineer and colliery manager in Somersetshire, testified to the Commissioners that under his charge seams are being worked that are only 12 to 14 in. thick. But it is very good coal, and the secret of such seams being workable at all is, according to this witness, their geographical position in the south of England, far away from other mines whose products are handicapped by heavy transport rates. That of course is the economic consideration in present conditions; the mechanical fact is that coal is actually won from seams one foot thick. From Mr Joseph Dickinson's evidence we gather that, while in his experience many extensive workings are between 2 ft. and 3 ft. in thickness, there are only a few as low as 18 in. There is, however, in the Lancashire coalfield a seam of only 11 in. which yields good coal. Cannel coal is worked even in 8-in. seams; and Mr Dickinson believes that ordinary coal, in equally thin seams, can also be worked if associated with ironstone or other minerals. The working of thin seams is not affected by the depth from the surface (Cd. 1725, p. 9). Mr John Nevin, mining engineer, testified that in Yorkshire he has had long experience in working seams down to 13 in. for the coal alone. He has also seen cannel coal worked in 10-in. seams, and ordinary coal, worked in connexion with fireclay, even in 8-in. seams (Cd. 1725, p. 50). In the Forest of Dean seams of 18 in. and 16 in. thickness are worked extensively (First Report, App. ix). In Lancashire the Lower Mountain mine seams have been worked down to 1 ft. and 1 ft. 6 in.; and, if operations on these thin seams were abandoned, it was not because of mechanical difficulty, but because of the expense (First Report, App. x).

From a careful reading of the evidence we are of opinion that the term 'available' may be applied to a larger quantity of reserve coal than the Royal Commission assume in the first table. There is certainly no conclusive reason advanced why we should not mine down to 5000 ft. or deeper, with a suitable development of ventilating and cooling machinery; and there is good reason for concluding that coal can be satisfactorily extracted from seams of less than one foot when they are within reach from thicker seams, especially with the development of coal-cutting machines.

We now come to the economies which may be practised in getting and utilising the coal. Opinions given to the Commission on the general question of coal-cutting machines as compared with hand labour were in their favour, although some witnesses mentioned qualifications and exceptions; and it was made apparent to the Commissioners that the advantage or disadvantage depends upon the circumstances of each pit, and sometimes of the different shafts in the same pit. Generally speaking, machine work is less costly than hand work, especially in thin seams. From the point of view of the men the work is safer and easier, and the wages are better. The importance of lightening the labour of the men will probably be more appreciated as the working places become deeper and the temperature becomes higher. There are, however, certain conditions under which machines cannot at present be worked with benefit, viz. where the roof or floor is bad, where there are numerous faults or dykes, or where the seams are highly inclined. So, too, in the case of very soft coal, there is the danger of falls from the face and damage to the machines. The Commissioners report that the introduction and extended use of coal-cutting machines in thin seams may be regarded as certain.

'Their advantages' (they say) 'are especially noticeable in the working of thin seams, where usually the cost of labour is relatively greater. In effect, coal-cutting machines tend to reduce the difference in value between thick and thin seams.'

This opinion may turn out to be of great economic importance, for it is known that a vast amount of valuable coal in thin seams has hitherto been wasted. It is stated

that there are only some 643 coal-cutting machines as yet in use in this country.

The use of machinery in the 'getting' of coal is not so recent as is commonly supposed. George Stephenson designed a coal-cutting machine in 1838 which was not a success. In 1843 a machine was patented for cutting blocks of coal from their beds by means of rotatory cutters, worked either by hand labour or motive power; and in 1846 W. H. Bell proposed to the Institute of Mechanical Engineers a heavy pick suspended by a chain from a bar running along the 'face' to be swung by hand. Whether this was used or not, a machine for the working of coal, invented by W. Story of Gateshead in 1847, was actually tried in Lancashire. In modern well-equipped collieries, since the introduction of coal-cutting machines, the use of electricity for the transmission of power is invaluable from the point of view of both economy and efficiency. It is adapted for every requirement of mining and for all the general purposes of a colliery, with the exception of the winding-engines, the general opinion being against electrical winding-engines, although some are being used on the Continent.

In the preparation of coal for the market, great advantages are obtainable from improved machinery for handling, and the avoidance of breakage, etc. Not only is the value of the product thereby greatly enhanced, but much small coal formerly unsaleable at a profit, and therefore not worth bringing to the surface, can now be brought out and sold to advantage after washing. Careful preparation of the output is not, however, universal in this country, though it is easy to perceive the importance of cleaning, sizing, and sorting coal to suit the special requirements and modern appliances of consumers.

Further saving may be effected by the employment of much small coal, that has hitherto not been considered good enough, for the manufacture of coke. In this industry the most important step in recent times has been the introduction of 'by-product recovery' ovens. The profit of working what is known as the 'by-product recovery' process depends on the nitrogen in the coal recoverable in the form of ammonia, and on the volatile matter in the coal recoverable as tar and oils. The production of coke as at present carried on in this

country, without full utilisation of the volatile products, is strongly condemned by experts. These products should be either burnt in flues round the ovens or separated by cooling into liquids and gases, the latter being used for heating the ovens themselves. The surplus gas can be used for the production of power under steam-boilers, or in gas-engines.

Various methods are now suggested for the improvement of coke made from coals of the poorer sorts, and also for the coking of coals hitherto regarded as non-coking. Among these methods are washing and compression; and these have made it possible to coke many coals previously considered useless for coking. Coal which will not coke in a 'beehive' oven will frequently do so in a 'retort' oven; and good results are obtained from the mixture of a little rich coal with poor coal. The importance of the extended adoption of coking, according to the Commissioners, cannot be exaggerated; it is one of the methods by which small coal can be rendered marketable; and in some districts it has enabled the collieries to dispose profitably of their small coal, an advantage without which it is doubtful whether they could have been carried on.

Still more profitable is the employment of small coal in the manufacture of briquettes. Hitherto this industry has been mainly confined to South Wales, where the small coal made in the screening and in the transit of the best steam-coal is mixed with 8 to 10 per cent. of pitch and converted into briquettes. Large quantities of similar small steam-coal are exported to the Continent for the same purpose. Of the value of these briquettes as fuel there is no doubt; and they are extensively used by the Royal Navy as a reserve stock in hot climates, where they deteriorate less than does Welsh coal. In England and Scotland briquettes are not so largely made, probably because of good local markets for small coal. There is, however, every reason to anticipate that in the future briquettes will be extensively used for steam and domestic purposes. High rewards are in store for the discoverer of a suitable binding material; pitch, which is the chief binder at present, being costly and too smoky for domestic purposes. The evidence points to the conclusion that a suitable briquette-making plant, if well

managed, should pay in connexion with a colliery; at present the briquette factories in this country are mostly situated at or near docks. Suggestions have been made that partial distillation, in addition to washing and cleaning, would give a much wider choice of material for the manufacture of first-class briquettes; and that coal and oil might be used in combination so as to form a substance of good calorific value out of inferior coal.

Summing up this branch of the enquiry, the Commissioners report that coal seams which cannot now be worked at a profit will in the future be rendered profitable by washing, sorting, coking, and briquetting the coal, or converting it into gas; and that no small coal need be left in a mine. Yet the evidence shows that very large quantities of best Welsh 'small' have been left in the workings because it does not pay to bring it to bank.

Thus much as to resources and methods of mining, and the possible, if not actually imperative, economies in production and utilisation. But, for the country at large, the most practical question is how to effect economy in consumption. There is not one of us who cannot help towards that desirable end; and posterity has a claim on all of us.

The Commissioners summarise the coal consumption of the United Kingdom in 1903 as follows:—

	Tons.
Railways, for all purposes	13,000,000
Coasting steamers (bunkers) *	2,000,000
Factories	53,000,000
Mines	18,000,000
Iron and steel works	28,000,000
Other metal and mineral industries	1,000,000
Brick works and potteries, glass works and chemical works	5,000,000
Gasworks	15,000,000
Domestic	32,000,000
Total	167,000,000

As so large a proportion of our coal is consumed for the generation of steam-power in industrial works, these offer enormous opportunities for waste or economy. As to oil fuel, the evidence does not seem to be in

* Coal used by steamers in the foreign trade is classed with exports.

favour of it as a substitute for coal on a large scale. Dr Boverton Redwood, adviser on petroleum to the Home Office, presented much information about mineral oil, its sources of supply, and its uses; but the substance of his evidence was that, while there is ample scope for energy and capital in opening up new sources of supply, there is little probability of any extended use of mineral oil in place of coal (Cd. 1991, pp. 190-213). Against the world's production of coal in 1901, viz. 777,000,000 tons, the world's production of petroleum was only 22,000,000 tons, or about 2·8 per cent. The Commissioners adopt the view that, while there will be certain selected applications of liquid fuel, there are not adequate supplies for the general employment of it (Final Report, p. 16).

As to other substitutes for coal, water-power is largely available only in Scotland; and even there only a few places are capable of developing over 1000 horse-power during the whole year. Professor Forbes is of opinion that, if all the available water-power in the three kingdoms were utilised, we might save coal to the extent of 1,200,000 tons per annum (Cd. 2362, p. 265). The cost of impounding the tides is considered prohibitive. In Scotland and Ireland, and in parts of England, there are immense peat-bogs, but there is no estimate of the amount of peat they contain. Peat-fuel is used on the Continent and in Canada; and its calorific value is said to be about two thirds of that of coal. It makes good coke and yields valuable charcoal, tar, and gas; but in our climate the difficulty is to get it sun-dried, for the use of artificial driers makes the cost prohibitive. What is wanted is some inexpensive method of air-drying; but no such process adapted to our bogs is known.

The Commissioners are convinced that coal is our only reliable source of power, and that there is no real substitute for it. There are, however, many possible economies in the consumption of coal, and in the development and transmission of power, which will lessen the demand. When it is remembered how much coal is consumed for the generation of steam-power in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom, it will be recognised that an enormous margin exists both for waste and for economy. It is computed that the actual consumption of coal per I.H.P. (indicated horse-power) per

hour averages about 5 lbs; but it is stated by engineers that the consumption of coal per I.H.P. per hour should not exceed 2 lbs, and might even be less. The extravagance of our methods of raising steam will thus be easily perceived. Improvements and economies have been effected, especially during the last twenty-five years; and, according to some of the evidence, there is little hope of further improvement upon the best type of modern steam-engines; but, if all steam-engines were as efficient as the best, at least 50 per cent. of the coal now used for raising steam might possibly be saved. The use of oil-engines and gas-engines is increasing; and further economy may be found in the general installation of central power-stations. But, after all, we need coal for the development of electric energy.

One of the most interesting and valuable contributions to the discussion has been made by Mr G. T. Beilby, president of the Society of Chemical Industry. This expert estimates* that in 1902 our home consumption of coal was 160,000,000 tons; and of this it is computed that about 78,000,000 tons were consumed in the production of power for industrial purposes, and about 46,000,000 in the production of heat for industrial purposes, making a total of 124,000,000. In the production of power,

Railways consume	12 to 14 millions
Coasting steamers	6 „ 8 „
Factories	40 „ 45 „
Mines	10 „ 12 „

In the production of heat,

Blast-furnaces consume	16 to 18 millions
Steel and ironworks	10 „ 12 „
Other metals	1 „ 2 „
Chemical, glass, potteries, and cement works	4 „ 6 „
Gasworks	14 „ 15 „

From the series of industries in which economies are already proved to be possible may be excluded railways, coasting steamers, and gasworks, which already consume in a reasonably economical manner. The total consumption of these classes is, say, 37,000,000; and,

* The statistics were prepared for the president's address to the Society of Chemical Industry, Newcastle, July 12, 1899, and were brought up to 1903 for the Royal Commission.

deducting that sum from the 124,000,000, we have a total of 87,000,000 tons which future economies may affect. Of this total, the consumption for power-production at mines and factories is reckoned at 52,000,000, and for heat-production 35,000,000 tons, according to Mr Beilby. Assuming that the quantity employed in power-production is consumed in steam-boilers, and is converted into power by steam-engines, it is to be noted that these generating machines are of various designs and all degrees of efficiency. They may be divided into the large and economical, the moderate-sized and fairly economical, the small and wasteful classes. Even in the first class there is not a uniformly high standard of efficiency. The consumption of average coal per I.H.P. hour will range from 2 to 4 lbs; and 3 lbs may be taken as a fair average. According to Mr Beilby, in the second class may be included non-condensing engines, simple and compound, such as are used for pit-winding, for rolling-mills, and for the smaller class of factory engines where power is distributed by belts and shafting. The consumption in this class ranges from 4 to 6 lbs per I.H.P. hour; and 5 lbs may be taken as an average. The third class includes the small engines and steam-pumps in factories, and engineering shops in which motive-power is generated near the spot at which it is required, steam being distributed by long ranges of pipes, or generated in small imperfect boilers scattered over the works. The consumption of this class of engine may be placed at 16 lbs per I.H.P. hour, and it is not likely to be less than 8 lbs; so an average of 10 lbs is probably within the mark. For the three classes the averages thus are 3 lbs, 5 lbs, and 10 lbs, and 5 lbs as the average for all classes, although this last is not the arithmetical mean of all the figures.

Dividing the total figure of 52,000,000 tons by this hourly consumption, we get an estimate of the total horsepower in use in mines and factories in Great Britain equal to 5,320,000 I.H.P. for twelve hours per day per annum. This is on Mr Beilby's figures, and it is surely very moderate. Now comes the point, and here we shall quote Mr Beilby's own words :—

‘It is sometimes stated even by experts that the thermal efficiency of the steam-engine is (actually) only from 10 to 20

per cent. of the theoretical. This statement is most misleading, and seems to result from comparing the total thermal value of the coal with the proportion of that value which is converted into useful work by the engine. The important fact is overlooked that, while mechanical work can be converted into heat of low grade without any loss of energy, the reverse operation is not possible. Heat can never be converted into mechanical work without loss of energy in the form of heat of lower grade. It is, therefore, quite misleading to regard mechanical work as only equivalent to a certain number of thermal units irrespective of the temperature at which the transformation from heat into mechanical work is to take place. Heat is only converted into work as it falls from one temperature to another and lower temperature. In the steam-engine the steam, as it enters the cylinder, is at the top temperature; as it leaves the condenser it is at the lower temperature. If the steam-engine were an absolutely perfect engine, it could only convert into useful work a part of the total heat of the steam which it loses in falling from the temperature of the boiler to that of the condenser. . . . With steam at a pressure of 200 lbs per square inch, and a condenser temperature of 100° F., the maximum possible amount of the heat of the steam which can be obtained as mechanical work by an ideally perfect engine is only one third, or 33 per cent. of the total. When an actual steam-engine gives a return of 21 per cent. of the total heat as mechanical work, its own efficiency is not measured by that small fraction, but is three times as high; it is two-thirds, or 66 per cent. of the highest possible efficiency; so that on the best engines working with 200 lbs of steam, no possible improvements could bring up its efficiency by more than one-third. . . . The increased efficiency of the modern steam-engine depends on two developments which have gone on side by side—the increased range of temperature got by means of higher steam pressure, and the more perfect use of the fall of temperature by the expansion of the steam in two or three successive cylinders. The higher temperature supplied the opportunity for greater efficiency, and the triple expansion made use of that opportunity.'

The inference is that, by still further raising the pressure of the steam, opportunity may be afforded for higher expansion in the cylinder; but it is doubtful if there is likely to be much further progress in boilers and engines of the present types. Nevertheless, important results in increased efficiency have been obtained by superheating

the steam on its way to the cylinders. By applying heat at this stage, the temperature of the steam is raised without raising its pressure. This system has been successfully applied both to small and to moderately large engines; and the steam consumption in these engines has been in some cases reduced to 12 lbs per hour, or even less, which is equal to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of coal per I.H.P. hour. Superheating, therefore, may reduce the coal consumption of comparatively small engines, but for economy in the national coal bill for power-generation it is not likely to be a really large influence.

The steam turbine, adopted for power generation in land stations, will tend, like superheating, to raise the general standard of efficiency in those classes of steam-engines which are now of a comparatively low standard, but not more. The construction of an efficient gas-turbine would probably enable gas generation to take the place of steam-boilers for marine propulsion and thus save coal. Gas-engines have hitherto been found too bulky and unmanageable for use for naval and marine purposes; but the adaptation of the oil-engine to motor-cars shows that there are no insuperable difficulties in the way of producing compact and manageable gas-engines. The gas-engine is perhaps the most economical of all heat motors; and its general efficiency is due to the high temperature limit which is reached by burning the fuel directly in the cylinder. The efficiency therefore is due, not to the engine, but to the 'opportunity' supplied by the form in which the fuel is presented.

It was stated to the Commissioners that there are in use small gas-engines, amounting to a horse-power of about 500,000, in the form of machines mainly using town gas. By the application of fuel gas, made from coke or anthracite, to the ordinary gas-engine, a new impetus has been given to the use of gas for the generation of power; and engines of considerable size have lately been built to run with this kind of gas. Three or four years ago, engines of large size were built for blast-furnace gas in Germany and Belgium; and engines of moderate size were introduced at one ironworks in Scotland. Since then the designing and making of large gas-engines has been taken up with energy and enthusiasm in this country, as well as in Germany and Belgium; and en-

gineering firms in England are now making gas-engines of 500 I.H.P. and upwards. Simultaneously with the application to gas-engines of 'producer gas,' made from coke or anthracite, gas made from ordinary bituminous 'slack,' in the producers of Dr Mond and other inventors, was specially purified and tried for the same purpose with complete success.

The significance of this is that 'producer gas' made from ordinary bituminous 'slack' draws raw material from the largest and cheapest sources of fuel. If power can be generated in almost any locality, and on almost any scale, with a consumption of 1 lb of average slack per I.H.P. hour, the influence on the coal consumption of the country must be enormous. By bringing steel and iron works within easy reach of the blast-furnace, the superfluous gas might be used in these works either as heat or as power. In the manufacture of crude steel the scope for further economy is not large; but in the manufacture of finished products from iron and steel there is still room for economy through the use of gas.

As a large proportion of the heat used for industrial purposes is taken in the form of steam, the conditions under which steam may be most economically generated in boilers should be well understood by all users. The loss of heat which occurs in steam-boilers of good class is estimated at from 25 to 30 per cent.; and in low class boilers this loss may be 50 per cent. or higher. The conclusion to be drawn from Mr Beilby's general survey of the present practice in the generation and use of heat from coal is that,

'while there is ample room for economy in many directions, there is no outstanding opportunity such as is found in the production of power. The future developments of production in industry up to a very considerable amount may, however, be readily met by economies in coal consumption without any serious increase of the fuel bill.' (Cd. 1991, pp. 29-43.)

It was recently pointed out in the 'Engineering Review' (vol. xii, Feb. 1905, p. 569), in a discussion on the smoke problem, that, while the public complains of the presence of smoke in the atmosphere of large towns, little effort is made to abate the nuisance, except by engineers and manufacturers. In point of fact manufac-

turers, it is declared, are less to blame than the occupiers of private dwellings for the atmospheric conditions of urban districts; and no efforts to abolish the smoke nuisance can be attended with complete success unless directed to the regeneration of all furnaces and fireplaces in which coal and other fuels are consumed. The general problem is not simple, for the elimination of visible smoke does not necessarily involve the removal of all deleterious products, or even any diminution of their volume. A steam-boiler working economically will emit, say 10,000 lb.-weight of gases an hour, while the same boiler worked uneconomically will yield double that volume of gaseous products in the same period. In the first case the gases may be distinctly coloured, and in the other no smoke may be visible; and yet, from the sanitary point of view, the larger quantity will possess a greater capacity for evil, although less offensive to the eye. Nor does the absence of visible smoke invariably mean economy of fuel. Some types of mechanical stoking apparatus result in dilution of the gases by excess of air admitted to the furnace, so that the consequent abolition of smoke represents loss to the steam-user. The problems connected with the scientific employment of coal in steam-boilers are very complex and suggest necessity for careful enquiry into the subject in all its bearings.

At a recent meeting of the Institution of Engineers and Shipbuilders in Scotland the smoke problem was introduced by Mr F. J. Rowan, an engineer who has devoted many years to the study of combustion in various forms. He showed that there are four kinds of particles forming the smoke from coal fires: (1) unconsumed carbon particles, (2) tar vapours, (3) steam, and (4) dust particles carried from the furnace by the draught. The most important point proved was that the gases collected from the immediate surface of the fire can be consumed in suitable apparatus. Passing on to deal with the estimation of smoke, Mr Rowan described various types of density indicators, and reviewed different methods of treatment practised. In effect he condemned them all as fundamentally wrong, concluding that the abolition of smoke 'can be done only by a system of gas-firing' instead of coal furnaces. He admits, however, that the capital outlay involved by this scheme is very great,

while the benefit to be derived in economy of fuel diminishes with the reduction of the temperature at which the furnaces are worked. But gas-fired furnaces are not invariably smokeless; and it is believed that the system is unsuitable for small boiler installations, and for single boilers, which are the worst offenders in the way of smoke production.

The 'Engineering Review' says that in theory nothing is more simple than to prevent the production of smoke, which results from imperfect combustion, but in practice the formation of smoke is almost inevitable owing to the varied conditions prevailing in furnaces and the different ways in which heat is applied and abstracted. The adoption of gas, oil, or coal-dust firing will not by itself result in the practical abolition of smoke; nor can the employment of mechanical stokers or the use of forced-draught apparatus be regarded as an infallible remedy. At present coal is almost universal as a fuel for steam-boilers; and the main points requiring attention from engineers and steam-users are the proper designs of boilers, flues, and chimneys, and the adoption of efficient stoking apparatus.

In the reduction of domestic consumption every inhabitant of the country can take part. Mr G. T. Beilby is of opinion that, by the adoption of central heating in large buildings, more than half the present consumption could be saved; much also by hot-water heating, stove heating, and arrangements for the general distribution of heat (Cd. 1991, p. 40). Mr W. Nelson Haden, in advocating the abolition of open fires, says that, in an ordinary small middle-class house of from 12,000 to 25,000 cubic feet total contents, the consumption of fuel is from five to eight tons per annum; and that the greater part of the fuel used for domestic purposes in this country is consumed in houses of this class. The argument is that, if central heating were adopted in such houses, a saving of 60 per cent. could easily be effected in the fuel, and at the same time the heating would be more thorough than by the present method of open fires. The amount of fuel used in an ordinary closed kitchen-range four feet wide, for a middle-class family of four persons, varies from 25 lbs to 60 lbs per day of twelve hours, the difference being due to greater or less economy in consump

tion. Probably half the smaller consumption could be saved by the adoption of steam and gas cooking appliances (Cd. 1991, p. 345). The Commissioners say :—

‘According to the evidence, economy in domestic consumption is mainly to be expected from the adoption of central heating in houses, the open fire being merely used as supplementary to the general warming by hot-water pipes or stoves; and it is said that, on a safe estimate, more than half of the present consumption of about 82,000,000 tons per annum could thus be saved. Central heating has already made decided progress in this country; and possibly the absence of proper provision for ventilation in connection with the various systems in use accounts to a great extent for the prejudice which has hitherto existed in the minds of the general public against this method of heating. It is in evidence that there is no difficulty about proper ventilation, and no reason why, if an open fire be desired for the sake of appearance, it should not be of much smaller dimensions than is usual.’ (Cd. 2353, p. 19.)

A most instructive and important fact was submitted to the Commission by Mr Harold Des Voeux, of the Coal Smoke Abatement Society, viz. that the grate which gives the largest amount of heat also burns the least amount of coal and emits the least amount of smoke (Second Report, Q. 13259). This has been demonstrated by experiments carried out with the assistance of the Office of Works; and it is concluded that the proper grate will save from 20 to 25 per cent. of the coal. In a nationally economic, as well as in a locally æsthetic sense, it seems to us that it is becoming imperative to prohibit the emission of smoke from the chimneys of dwelling houses and to compel the adoption of properly certified grates.

In his evidence before the Royal Commission, Professor Burstall said that the use of large gas-engines for the generation of electricity is now only in its infancy, but it may be taken as quite certain that within a few years we shall see engines of from 4000 to 5000 H.P. capable of running with perfect regularity. The economy of the large gas-engine, he declares, is undoubted. Asked if there was any limit to the distance which gas could be economically transmitted so as to reach a centre of population, he said about eighty miles in one transmission would be the limit with only one set of pumping; with

two or three sets of pumping probably about three hundred miles is the limit. He argues that it is perfectly feasible to supply London with the whole of the coal that it requires from the Derbyshire and Staffordshire fields *in the form of gas*. Asked if there is any movement in such a direction, he stated that the South Staffordshire Mond Gas Company have parliamentary powers to distribute producer gas over a certain section of South Staffordshire, and that they are laying the pipes. That is a system of producer gas which would apply in the case of London. Professor Burstall is convinced that by this manufacture of gas we can get rid of smoke, and he would do all the raising of the coal by means of gas-engines with no steam plants at all.

‘Then you look forward to the day when these gas-producers will be at the pit mouth, and when there will be no smoke, and when power will be transmitted as required throughout manufacturing towns, and for lighting in all parts?’—‘That is so.’ (Q. 10612.)

The result would be, according to Professor Burstall, that we should probably save from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. of the total coal consumed in the country (Cd. 1991, pp. 79–87). This is one view. But Sir George Livesey, the chairman of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, has much to say on the other side, in regard to gas transmission. Asked if he thought it practicable that London could be supplied with gas direct from the districts where the coal-pits are, he replied,

‘No, not at all; I do not think that is at all practicable. That has been thought of a number of times in past years, but it has always been dismissed as impracticable. The cost of sending the gas would be greater than the cost of bringing the coal.’ (Cd. 1991, Q. 12649, p. 159.)

Considerable economy in the consumption of coal seems possible by the reduction of the illuminating power of gas and the employment of improved burners. In Glasgow, for example, the Corporation, who are the purveyors of gas in the municipality, propose to reduce the power from twenty to eighteen candles, and later to reduce it still further to sixteen candles. The reasons

advanced for this change, given by the Corporation gas manager, are as follows :—

'(1) The great and increasing difficulty of getting cannel coal in sufficient quantity to ensure the gas manufactured being equal to the present standard of quality. (2) A large quantity of gas is now used for cooking, heating, and motive-power purposes, and for these purposes a high quality of gas is not necessary; a lower quality would be more profitable to consumers. (3) The use of incandescent gas-lighting is extending very rapidly amongst consumers for domestic use; and in this case also there is no advantage to be gained by using a high quality of gas. (4) In most towns in England and on the Continent the quality of the gas supplied for lighting purposes does not exceed 16 candles, from which, with suitable burners, a satisfactory illuminating power can be obtained. (5) A lower minimum standard would give the Corporation a freer hand in purchasing material, and enable them to buy coal on more satisfactory terms.'

The consumption of coal per annum per head of population will probably diminish in course of time under the pressure of economy due to enhanced prices. One reason why we are behind other nations in the use of electricity for illuminating purposes is that Great Britain has always possessed cheap coal, and consequently gas has always been cheaper in England than in any other part of the world. If electric lighting became general, there would be less consumption of coal for gas-making. Before coal becomes really scarce, parliamentary attention will be directed towards checking the very wasteful methods of using coal which are employed in most households and factories. Inventors will doubtless devise practical means of minimising the wastage which does so much to swell the total consumption of coal.

On the question of exports, and its bearing upon the general question of supply, which was one of the terms of reference in the Royal Warrant, there is not much to be said. The broad fact that coal is our only heavy item of export in quantity, and that our exports of this mineral constitute about four fifths of the weight of all the material we export, cannot be got rid of by any amount of enquiry. As a maritime nation we cannot dispense with dead-weight outward cargo for our vast

fleet of merchant ships. If we cannot provide outward cargo for the vessels which bring us food and manufactures from all parts of the globe, we shall have to pay compensating freights on the inward cargoes, and thereby increase the cost both of living and of industrial production. But indeed what need shall we have for wheat from Russia or for cotton from America if we have no coal to spare for shipment? We do not deem it necessary to go into the evidence on this point. It will suffice to say that the Commissioners find it to be a general opinion that the maintenance of a coal export trade is of supreme importance to the country, as well as essential to the prosperity of the coal-producing districts. They hold, in brief, that the output rendered possible by the export trade enables the collieries to be worked regularly and to their fullest capacity; that, in consequence, the average cost is reduced, to the benefit of the British consumer; and that coal is so essential an element of outward cargoes that any diminution of our coal exports must cause a rise in the freights of our imports. Besides, it is necessary to bear in mind that a large proportion of the coal we export to foreign countries is really for the use of British steamers trading abroad, and a good deal of it is for the use of British industrial consumers abroad.

Another of the terms of reference was as to the supply and export of coal in relation to the Royal Navy. There have, naturally, been more or less serious proposals before the country for the restriction, or even the prohibition, of the export of that hard, smokeless, steam coal, which is the specialty of South Wales, and which is so necessary for naval warfare; and for the nationalisation, for Admiralty purposes, of all the seams of this particular coal. The Commissioners do not deal with either of these proposals. The navy now consumes about one sixteenth of our output of the special class of coal required. This, according to Mr G. W. Miller, director of navy contracts, must have 'calorific efficiency, smokelessness, cleanness, hardness, free burning, a minimum of ash and clinker; and the coals must not cake or give trouble in stoking' (Cd. 1991, Q. 12385). We are told that the Admiralty are constantly making experiments with different mixtures of coal, as also with coal and oil, with a view to extending the sources of supply; but, so

far, nothing has been found equal to the best Welsh steam coal for naval purposes. But from the evidence of Mr Miller we gather that the experiments which have been made with oil fuel are 'considered to be promising' (Q. 12316). The Commissioners themselves report (p. 21):—

'There seems reason to believe that, in the future, oil fuel will be used for auxiliary purposes in men-of-war; and internal-combustion engines working with volatile oils have been successfully introduced for the propulsion of small vessels. There is also the proposal to apply gas-producers and internal-combustion engines on board ship; and these being smokeless will tend, if successful, to lessen the use of high-class Welsh coal.'

In any case, however, the best steam coal will always be required for the navy, though the consumption may in future be smaller than in the past. According to Sir W. T. Lewis, the available quantity of first-class Welsh steam coal is approximately 3,937,000,000 tons, while the annual output is only about 18,000,000 tons. Here, then, is a large reserve of Imperial importance.

In treating of the resources, we have so far dealt only with what are called the 'proved' coalfields; and it is the quantity estimated to be in these fields that is accounted the 'available' coal of the country. But it is not the whole quantity. There are, in addition, what are ranked separately as 'concealed and unproved coalfields.' These unproved coalfields are, for the most part, in central England and under the sea. The Geological Committee, appointed by the Royal Commission to enquire into the productivity of coal-measures known or believed to exist outside the areas of the proved coalfields, report that the amount of coal probably concealed, and likely to be available, in the unproved areas at depths of less than 4000 feet, may be calculated at 39,483,844,000 tons. This calculation does not include certain areas as to which the Commissioners had not sufficient information to form an estimate; but it includes an undersea area, between five and twelve miles beyond high-water mark, in the Cumberland coalfield, which Sir Lindsay Wood estimates to contain 854,608,307 tons, and undersea areas between St Brides Bay and Carmarthen Bay, which Sir W. T. Lewis estimates to contain 383,024,000 tons.

The following is a summary of the estimated resources of the 'unproved' coalfields of the United Kingdom, at depths not exceeding 4000 feet :—

District.	Available Tons.
Cheeshire Basin, Stockport, and Poynton.	106,500,000
Chester, Wirral, and Liverpool	2,880,000,000
Vale of Eden and Solway Firth	800,000,000
Yorkshire and Notts	23,000,000,000
South of North Staffordshire	1,741,824,000
Between South Staffordshire, Coalbrookdale, and Forest of Wyre	5,068,800,000
Between South Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and Leicestershire	5,886,720,000
	<hr/> 39,483,844,000
Add :—	
Undersea, Cumberland coalfield	854,608,307
Undersea, Carmarthen Bay, etc.	383,024,000
	<hr/>
Total	40,721,476,307

This does not include Gloucester, Somerset, and South Wales, nor the Kent coalfield, which last has yet to be developed; nor perhaps all the undersea coal in Scotland; nor what may be at a greater depth than 4000 feet.

It is now possible to sum up the total coal resources of the United Kingdom in round numbers as follows :—

	Tons.
In proved coalfields at not exceeding 4000 feet from surface	100,914,000,000
In proved coalfields at over 4000 feet	5,239,000,000
In unproved coalfields at not exceeding 4000 feet from surface	39,483,000,000
Undersea, in Cumberland, etc.	854,000,000
Undersea, in Wales, etc.	383,000,000
	<hr/>
Total	146,873,000,000

This does not include what coal there may be in the unproved fields at a greater depth than 4000 feet, nor any coal in seams of less than one foot in thickness.

As to the probable duration of our coal resources, that, of course, depends chiefly upon the maintenance or the variation of the annual output. The miscalculations of the Royal Commission of 1871 as to the future exports, and of Mr Stanley Jevons as to the future annual consumption, make the latest Commissioners hesitate to prophesy how long our coal resources are likely to last. The present annual output is, in round numbers, 230,000,000

tons—in 1904 it was 232,401,784 tons; and the calculated available resources in the proved coalfields are, in round numbers, 100,000,000,000 tons, exclusive of the 40,000,000,000 tons in the unproved coalfields, which the Commissioners regard only as probable or speculative. For the last thirty years the average increase in the output has been $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and that of the exports (including bunker coal) $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. It is the general opinion of the special District Commissioners of the Royal Commission that, owing to physical considerations, it is highly improbable that the present rate of increase of the output of coal will continue. They think that some districts have already attained their maximum output, but that, on the other hand, the developments in the newer coalfields will probably increase the total output for some years. But they look forward to a time, not far distant, when the rate of increase of output will be slower, to be followed by a period of stationary output, and then a gradual decline.

We confess to a lack of faith in this expectation, and we fear that no trustworthy conclusion can be based upon it. Nevertheless, the Report is reassuring in that it affords a brighter view of the future than has been presented by previous experts. Broadly, it may be stated that, on the facts and opinions now before us, we may assume that we have enough coal to last the country between 400 and 600 years. The margin is wide, because the estimate is conditioned by the possible variations in production and consumption which have been considered above. The end, therefore, is not near. Still, it is appalling to contemplate a time five hundred years hence when the British Isles will be a mass of deserted ruins and the might of the British Empire will have become a fable. We can but lay the flattering unction to our souls that, as the calculations of our available and prospective resources and requirements are based, for the most part, on present circumstances, improved methods and altered conditions may defer indefinitely the evil day of commercial exhaustion and national ruin.

Art. VII.—PREFERENCE IN NEW ZEALAND.*

IN November 1903 the Parliament of New Zealand passed the 'Preferential and Reciprocal Trade Act.' Under this Act a limited number of the then existing duties was increased from 20 to 50 per cent. (on cement 100 per cent.) as to goods 'not being the produce or manufacture of some parts of the British dominions'; and the only reduction which it effects is the abolition of duty on tea 'grown in any part of the British dominions' imported in packets of more than 1 lb. weight. This Act contains a clause which does not appear to have been generally noticed. Clause 13 reads:—

'When any country not being part of the British dominions reduces or abolishes, or proposes to reduce or abolish, the duty on any product or manufacture of New Zealand, the Governor may, subject to or by virtue of a treaty with his Majesty, negotiate with such country for an agreement with that country to reduce or abolish the duty on any article or articles, the produce or manufacture of such country, to an extent that the estimated revenue so remitted shall equal as nearly as possible the estimated revenue remitted by that country: provided that such agreement shall not have effect or be operative until ratified by an Act of the Parliament of New Zealand.'

This clause, if acted upon, would obviously terminate the preference granted to British goods by extending it to like goods of some foreign origin. Nay, it might even occur that under it actual preference would be given to some goods of foreign origin over similar British goods. The suspicion therefore arises that the increase of duties on foreign goods has not been enacted in the interest, still less in the sole interest, of the mother-country, but in the interest of New Zealand, partly to increase local production, partly as a means of bringing about reciprocal agreements with foreign countries.

This suspicion is confirmed by the utterance of leading supporters. Mr Richard Seddon, Prime Minister, and

* Colonial opinion on the question of Preference was dealt with, so far as Canada and Australia are concerned, in the previous (April) number of this Review. This fragment was then omitted for want of space. For authorities, see Q.R. No. 403.

author of the Act, speaking at Akaroa shortly before its introduction, said :—

‘At the Conference of Premiers in London it was proposed that a rebate of 10 per cent. should be made on British merchandise carried in a New Zealand ship; but he was afraid it would weigh upon their own struggling industries, and proposed, as a remedy, increasing the tariff on goods from foreign nations. This latter course would not increase imports from the mother-country, but would check imports from alien nations.’

The Hon. J. Rigg, M.L.C., a leading supporter of Mr Seddon’s Government, when debating the ‘Preferential and Reciprocal Trade Bill,’ said :—

‘My first and only feeling, on learning the terms of the proposed preferential trade, was one of relief, for the impression came from the Governor’s speech that the preference was to be on the lines of that given by Canada. . . . It is not to be expected that New Zealand can compete with many of the manufactures of Great Britain, which are carried on in the slums and in the sweating dens. . . . I am glad to have the opportunity of congratulating the Premier on having altered what was no doubt his original intention, which was to have preferential trade on Canadian lines.’

On the same occasion Sir J. A. Cadman, M.L.C., an advocate of real preference by reducing duties in favour of British goods, said :—

‘It is supposed that we are prepared to make fiscal sacrifices. I very much doubt whether we are prepared to do anything of the kind. The determination we have laid down for ourselves for many years in regard to customs impositions has been one which has involved the most rigid protection for our manufacturers. Against whom, against what country? Why, sir, against England. It is against England that our tariffs have been established.’

No one can doubt Mr Seddon’s enthusiasm for the Empire and his attachment to Imperial Preferentialism. Nor can there be any question of his original intention, as pointed out by Mr Rigg, to give a real preference to British goods by reducing duties in their favour. How then can it be explained that he abandoned this intention and passed an Act for which he claims the merit in New Zealand that ‘it will not increase imports from

the mother-country,' while it is represented in the mother-country that it will very largely increase such imports? As a matter of fact, the truth lies in the middle. The Act may increase British imports to the insignificant extent of 150,000*l.* to 200,000*l.* a year. This, however, is not the question. Why did Mr Seddon abandon his intention? Why did he pass an Act which, on his own admission, gives only a sham preference? The answer is, that his protectionist supporters made it clear to him that no real preference would be accepted by them. As the Hon. Mr Cadman admitted, there is no intention on the part of the majority of those who style themselves Preferentialists to give any real preference, to make any fiscal sacrifice, to lower the protective wall which has been erected principally against British goods. In New Zealand, as in Australia, the majority of Preferentialists, including all the active partisans, advocate Preference in the hope that it may keep out foreign goods without materially increasing the import of British goods.

There are in New Zealand honest Preferentialists, and perhaps in somewhat larger numbers than in Australia; nevertheless, they are few compared with the numbers of the population. The farmers take a greater interest in the question than they have so far taken in Australia, and are prepared to reduce local duties in favour of British goods, provided the mother-country accords preferential treatment to the products of their farms and pastures. Of these two sections of Preferentialists, the Protectionists, including the Labour party, are the most powerful; and this section has dictated the policy of the Government. The attitude of the Labour party, however, has recently changed; and it is now hostile to any reciprocal preferential arrangement which would involve the taxation of foodstuffs in Great Britain. Resolutions in this direction have been passed by several Labour unions, the most powerful and pronounced coming from the annual conference of delegates of the 'Australasian Federated Seamen's Industrial Association,' sitting at Wellington. It is as follows:—

'That this Conference is of opinion that any preference to be given in the colony to goods produced in Great Britain should be an acknowledgment of the protection afforded by the British Navy, and not with the expectation of any further

bonuses on our products in the British markets. That any tax on foodstuffs is bound to increase the cost of living in Great Britain, while the taxing of raw products and partly manufactured goods would dislocate and destroy British manufacturing industries. That the best way to secure the predominance of Britain's manufacturing industries is to improve the educational methods of the country, and free both capital and labour from the incubus of rents and royalties by the taxation of land values. And, further, that this Conference is of opinion that the integrity and prosperity of the Empire will be best maintained by the exercise of absolute fiscal independence of its several parts, and would emphatically repudiate the suggestion that the loyalty of the Colonies can only be secured by Great Britain consenting to tax her people's food in the interest of the colonial producers.'

A substantial body of Free-traders is actively opposing any preference except by a reduction of duties, and without bargaining for reciprocity; others, also opposed to any bargaining with the mother-land, advocate the reduction of duties on general free-trade principles. Apart from these organised sections, the general body of electors is mostly in favour of Preferentialism, under the idea that it will cement the different portions of the Empire, an idea which is decreasing in force, partly on account of the rising conviction that the people of the mother-country do not desire Preference, partly on account of the active opposition of such prominent leaders as Mr H. D. Bedford, M.H.R. for Dunedin, Mr George Fowlds, M.H.R. for Auckland, Mr John Rigg, M.L.C. for Wellington, and others. Differing, however, in this respect from Australia, the majority of the leading newspapers of New Zealand have advocated Preference in some shape or another, the most notable exceptions being the 'Otago Daily Times' (Dunedin) and the 'Evening Post' (Wellington).

On the whole, public opinion in New Zealand seems to be somewhat less apathetic towards Preferentialism than in Australia, though the divisions in the ranks of its advocates are the same. The obstacles to the inclusion of any reciprocal agreement are, however, increasing; and those to the adoption of any such agreement on the basis of a reduction of duties in favour of British goods seem to be insuperable.

Art. VIII.—THE STUDY OF POPULAR GOVERNMENTS.

1. *La Démocratie et la France.* Études par Edmond Schérer, Sénateur. Paris, 1883.
2. *Popular Government.* By Sir H. S. Maine, K.C.S.I. London: Murray, 1885. (Cheap edition, 1905.)
3. *Études de Droit Constitutionnel.* By Émile Boutmy. Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie, 1885. English translation by Mrs Dicey. London: Macmillan, 1891.
4. *The Elements of Politics.* By Henry Sidgwick. London: Macmillan, 1891.
5. *Le Gouvernement dans la Démocratie.* By Émile de Laveleye. Two vols. Paris: Alcan, 1891.
6. *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe.* By A. Lawrence Lowell. Boston, 1892.
7. *Politik: Geschichtliche Naturlehre der Monarchie, Aristokratie, und Demokratie.* By Wilhelm Roscher. Stuttgart: Cotta, 1893.
8. *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy.* By E. L. Godkin. Boston, 1898.
9. *Dove Andiamo?* By Pasquale Villari. Florence, 1898.
10. *La Démocratie et l'Organisation des Partis Politiques.* By M. Ostrogorski. Two vols. Paris, 1902. English translation by F. Clarke. London: Macmillan, 1902.
11. *The Development of European Polity.* By Henry Sidgwick. London: Macmillan, 1903.
12. *Party Organisation and Machinery.* By Jesse Macy. New York, 1904.
13. *Césarisme et Démocratie.* By Joseph Ferrand. Paris, 1904.

I.

Few things in the history of the nineteenth century are more remarkable than the increase it has brought in the materials available for the study of free governments, by far the most interesting branch, and also the most difficult, of political science. When the ministers of Louis XVI were resolving to convoke the States General of France, when Hamilton, Madison, and Jay were writing their famous letters recommending the adoption of the federal

constitution,* the data which the politicians of France and America had before them for their guidance were scanty indeed. They had the history of the ancient republics of Greece and Italy, republics which existed under conditions entirely unlike their own. They had the history of the republics of medieval Italy, and that of the free cities of medieval and post-medieval Germany, which furnished even less matter than did those of antiquity whence direct instruction could be drawn. From modern times they had practically nothing to cast light upon the phenomena of democracy. There were, to be sure, six little rural democracies in the recesses of the Alps;† but these were so small, and so peculiar in their conditions, that nobody would have thought of referring to them. Everywhere else nations and cities were governed either by practically absolute monarchs, or by oligarchies such as those which ruled at Venice and Genoa, and in the Swiss cities. Great Britain had already a popular element in her constitution, but nearly a century of struggle was to intervene before that element decisively prevailed. The United Provinces of Holland might, like Britain, be described as half monarchical, half oligarchical. We are sometimes amused at the constant references of the French, and the more sparing and sober references of the American publicists of those days to the experience of the ancient world. But apart from the fact that the men of the eighteenth century had not duly grasped the idea, so familiar to ourselves, of the relativity of political forms to enviroing conditions, they were obliged to recur to the ancient world, for they had really no materials for judging free governments except those which its annals supplied. Nobody, since Aristotle, had treated of constitutions in the way Hamilton desired for his own guidance. Nobody, since Plutarch, had gathered those examples of civic virtue which Mirabeau or Vergniaud had to invoke.

Since 1789 what a profusion of material! To-day every European country, except Russia and Montenegro, lives under a constitution which contains at least a strong infusion of democracy. The nominal monarchies of Norway and Greece are almost as essentially popular govern-

* Subsequently published under the name of 'The Federalist.'

† Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Appenzell, Glarus, Zug.

ments as are the federal republic of Switzerland, with its cantonal republics, and the unitary republic of France. The United States have, besides their federal Congress, forty-nine democratic legislatures at work in States and Territories.* In the British self-governing colonies there are eight North American legislatures, two South African, and seven Australasian, besides the federal parliaments of Canada and Australia. Even South America and Central America, though most of the states are republican rather in name than in fact, supply a curious and peculiar set of instances from which lessons can be drawn as to the conditions under which democratic institutions work, or fail to work. And the phenomena of these different countries vary so much from one another, and so much from those that belonged to Greek and Roman antiquity, that the modern student sees a vast and rich field opened before him. He will never exhaust it, so long as free governments last, for conditions are always changing, and each generation will have new material. But our generation now possesses material enough for drawing at least the outlines of a science, and for determining many permanent laws of political society which it was impossible for men to conjecture, much less to establish by proof, a century ago.

Whether, when a science of politics applicable to modern phenomena has been constructed, citizens who vote and statesmen who guide will use its maxims for practical purposes is a question which may be postponed till we have seen of what the science will consist, and what sort of maxims, fit for an actual world, it can produce. Meantime, let us consider what the data are, and what the methods by which the data are to be scientifically handled. The data, it has been remarked, are already abundant, and are growing rapidly in nearly all civilised countries. But their very abundance makes it difficult to use them, and they lie scattered in bewildering confusion. They are of three kinds. One kind, the easiest to procure and deal with, consists of the constitutions and laws of free communities, which show what may be called the skeleton or framework of the governments of these communities. Collections of these constitutions exist, but

* The Hawaiian Isles may be treated as practically an organised territory.

none gathers together all the fundamental instruments as they stand to-day. Those which contain the constitutions of modern European states have not been brought up to date. Nor are the constitutions of the States of the American Union procurable, except in a collection prepared more than twenty years ago, which omits many of those now in force. No one has attempted to collect and present in one volume all the constitutions of the British self-governing colonies, nor of the states included in the German Empire; still less all the statutes and decided cases of the United Kingdom which contain what may be called its public law. This last-mentioned task would indeed be an almost impossible one, for it is extremely difficult to say which of our laws belong to this category.

The second class of materials embraces the records of the actual working of free governments. Here the materials are practically inexhaustible, for the official part of these records, viz. the reports of the proceedings of legislatures, is but the smaller part; yet these reports form a mass too large for any one student to master. The unofficial records of political struggles and discussions which may be found in newspapers and magazines and books are incomparably more bulky, yet often indispensable in order to comprehend the meaning of official records, and even the scope and bearing of the laws themselves.

Thirdly, there is a great mass of facts which scarcely find their way into print. An obvious example is to be found in the proceedings of party organisations. These organisations are, especially in the United States, potent factors in the working of popular governments; and they do not choose to make public the most important part of their proceedings. Moreover, there are many phenomena of politics whose true nature and meaning could not be gathered from records of any kind, either official or unofficial, though familiar to those who bear a part in the working of any popular government. Take, for instance, the British House of Commons. Neither the rules and orders of the House, nor the reports of debates, nor the gossip and comments of the public press, suffice to explain the real character of the proceedings of the House of Commons and of the way it is organised for work. It is

hard for any one but a member of the House to know these thoroughly enough to be able to apprehend and set forth their significance. The same thing is true of the French Chamber and the American Congress, and must be more or less true of every legislature.

What is needed, and what unfortunately is not yet forthcoming, is a series of descriptions of the actual political phenomena of each free community based on close and penetrating personal study, and executed in a dispassionately scientific spirit. Very few such books exist. There is none, for instance, treating of Switzerland and its cantons, or of the Australasian colonies, or of the smaller European countries—Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, Roumania. There is none adequately describing our own United Kingdom;* and the task is probably fitter for a stranger than for an Englishman, who could hardly escape from prepossessions, and could in no event escape from being suspected of them. Whoever sits down to try to think out the lines of a science of politics based on the observation of the modern world will find that the first difficulty which confronts him is the want of such books.† Some time may elapse before they are produced; nor will it be easy to produce them, for the observer must have himself some practical experience of politics in order to know how and what to study. He must observe and write without fear, favour, or affection. He must have a magnetic quality which draws information, and yet a detachment of mind which enables him to receive statements from every quarter and every party with equal

* So far, however, as regards the party organisations of Britain, this has been done minutely and, on the whole, accurately and ably, though in a somewhat pessimistic spirit, by M. Ostrogorski, in his '*Organisation des Partis Politiques*.'

† The names, however, of two such books will be found in the list at the head of this article. One of them, the late M. Schérer's essays, is now more than twenty years old, and is rather too brief and too sketchy for the purposes of the student. The other, that by M. Ferrand, is devoted to the elucidation of one feature only in the political system of France, viz. the coexistence of a centralised administrative bureaucracy, coming down from the days of Napoleon, with universal suffrage and the dominance of a representative assembly, and the results of this phenomenon. Both books are, subject to the limitations mentioned, well worth reading, as is also Signor Villari's powerful description of the dangers which seemed, some years ago, to be threatening free government in Italy.

caution. He must be one who inspires more confidence than he gives.* Is it a sense of these difficulties that has prevented young men of leisure, curiosity, and intelligence from going abroad to write the books whose absence we regret? Or is it that they have failed to see the interest of the subject? Why does not the painstaking German devote a doctoral thesis to the part played by newspapers in the politics of New South Wales, or an aspiring graduate of Harvard investigate the causes of revolutions in Peru, or an English land reformer describe for us the experiments in land tenure of British Columbia? Why are not the phenomena of electoral corruption in New Hampshire compared with those of Ontario, and of some all too well-known boroughs in England? Here is a field of natural history almost as unexplored as is that of the mammals of tropical Africa.

However, though the materials have not yet been brought into a convenient and accessible shape, the materials exist, and the scientific enquirer may address himself to them. What methods, then, ought he to follow? It is the character of the methods employed that will determine whether this branch of enquiry can attain the definite and positive results which will alone entitle it to be termed a science.

Most of those who have written upon the phenomena of politics have been at least as much speculators as observers. They have followed what may be called (though the terms are not quite satisfactory) the *a priori* or psychological method. They have assumed a few widespread and conspicuous forms of government to be permanent and distinctive types, have formed general notions of the character of each of these forms, have developed their conception of each type in a variety of details, some suggested by particular facts, some the creation of their own logical inferences, or perhaps of their own fancy, and have then found instances to illustrate or enforce the conclusions at which they had already arrived.

* This detachment is one of the many merits of Mr A. Lawrence Lowell's 'Governments and Parties in Continental Europe,' which deserves mention because its very concise descriptions of the political conditions of Italy and France, for instance, would, if expanded and illustrated by instances, constitute such a sketch of the actualities of politics in those countries as now needed by the student.

One of the greatest philosophers that ever approached the subject approached it on this side. Plato's aim was primarily ethical. He conceived of man as a microcosm of the State, or the State as a macrocosm evolved or expanded from the individual man. He found analogies between the features of human character and those of different forms of government, and thus created a sort of political psychology or psychological politics which profoundly influenced subsequent thinkers. The same tendency may be seen in Tocqueville, and it reappears in our own time in some of the books, ingenious and charming books, of M. Émile Boutmy. The four types which Plato created, and which he thought of as permanent entities, Monarchy, Aristocracy or Oligarchy, Democracy, and Tyranny, have held their ground as real entities ever since his time, and have tended to make people expect a greater uniformity in the governments called by each of these names than in fact exists.

Of those who have treated politics systematically since Plato's time, nearly all have been led to the subject by their attraction to, or their repulsion from, some particular political theory or some particular form of constitution. Most of them, indeed, have advocated some doctrine or scheme which was matter of controversy in their own day. In the Middle Ages the questions chiefly in dispute turned on the respective rights of the spiritual and the secular power—often on the claims of a particular pope against a particular emperor or king. In the days of the Reformation the sphere of controversy widened, and the rights of conscience against authority, whether ecclesiastical or civil, came to be also involved. This dispute passed into a general examination of the rights of the people, or of the individual citizen, as against the ruler, as well as of the inner nature and powers of the State (matters which ancient thinkers had touched seldom or sparingly); and it also raised questions of the form which government ought to take.

Thus men were brought back after many centuries to the topics which had occupied Aristotle in the days of free republics. Aristotle's influence had, since the twelfth century, been always felt, but it had been coloured or overshadowed by ideas of a very different order. Yet even in the middle of the eighteenth century men had

not returned to his methods. The writer who had come nearest to them was perhaps Machiavelli, essentially a modern in spirit, whose treatment of the problems of his own time and country was positive and inductive, based on a study of facts, and rich in maxims of practical utility. But nearly all those who dealt with the theory and the forms of civic life continued to approach their subject on its abstract side, starting, like Hobbes and Rousseau, from broad general principles, more or less crudely assumed, principles which were seldom analysed, seldom based upon a study of facts. Even Montesquieu, though he gave a powerful impulse to men's minds by insisting on the fruitful idea that institutions must be examined in the light of the conditions that surrounded them and the motives that had prompted their creation, did not attempt any systematic ascertainment and classification of facts, but carried the flashing lamp of conjecture hither and thither through the darkness.

Not till the nineteenth century did enquirers begin to perceive that a procedure similar to that which was then being applied with conspicuous success to the investigation of external nature ought to be applied to the investigation of the laws and institutions which have grown up in human society.

It is now generally admitted that the true, and only true, method of political science is the inductive method, the method of natural science, which is also the method followed by Aristotle, who was himself (according to his lights), a natural as well as a political philosopher. He is no doubt sometimes less critical in observation, and less systematic in classification, than a modern would feel bound to be. He throws out many generalisations which he does not stop to establish by instances. But his propositions are always based upon facts which he has observed and which he could, if need were, cite and explain. He gives us an ordered and rational view of the whole phenomena. His synthesis is evidently founded upon an antecedent analysis.

Although the Aristotelian method in politics resembles that of the sciences of nature, and though its re-emergence followed that of the great advances made in those sciences in and after the days of Linnæus, Jussieu, Cuvier, Black, Lavoisier, Cavendish, and Priestley, its

rise and diffusion during the nineteenth century are not to be wholly ascribed to the influence of the example of physical science. The spirit of criticism, as applied to literature and to history, was growing during the eighteenth century, and Wolff's 'Prolegomena' to Homer, published in 1795, shows how great an advance had already been made from the old way of treating ancient writings. One discovers in Gibbon the same spirit, which became more active and pervasive in Niebuhr forty years, and in Ewald sixty years, after Gibbon's time. The tendency which applied exact, critical, and inductive methods to political phenomena was rather the younger sister than the daughter of the tendency which has wrought so potently in the field of 'natural knowledge,' to adopt the term used in the first charter of the Royal Society.

Here, however, an objection may be raised. 'It may be true,' so the objector will urge, 'that the method fit to be applied to political phenomena resembles that of the physical sciences in starting with a careful observation and collection of all possibly relevant facts, in critically examining those facts, in classifying them, in comparing them, in noting the sequences they present, in generalising by inductive processes. But there are three striking differences between the natural and the human sciences which make the application of exact methods far more difficult and uncertain in the latter, indeed so uncertain that the capital test of an exact science, the power of prediction, is confessedly wanting. (1) The terms used in the human sciences are not technical and precise, for they have different connotations to different persons. (2) The objects or phenomena which are the subject of investigation, far from being as (in the physical sciences) invariably the same, are infinitely varying. True it is that in inanimate nature also there is individuality. Were our instruments of research sufficiently delicate we might discern differences in tissue between adjoining cells, differences even between atoms of hydrogen. Still, broadly speaking, hydrogen is always the same substance everywhere; and the combination of so many atoms of hydrogen with so many of oxygen and of sulphur exhibits the same features in Peru and in England. But no two

legislatures are alike ; and the phenomena of that evolution of heat and sound, with or without light, which belong to the kind of explosion called a political revolution show quite different features in England, in France, in Servia, and in Peru. (3) It is to the method of experiment that we owe most of our recent advances in such sciences as chemistry and physics. Even in the biological sciences it is often applicable. But in political matters it cannot be applied, or only in the rudest way ; and, where a nation has taken some step which might in common speech be called an experiment, its result may be of little value for other nations because the conditions under which it was tried never precisely repeat themselves. Is it not better then to renounce the futile pretension to erect the fabric of a science on these shifting sands ?

The answer to these objections must be largely an admission of their truth. The terms used in the human sciences—and this applies even to economics, the least vague among those sciences—are deficient in precision. They do not mean the same thing to different persons. They are not strictly technical. They are words in popular use which have not lost, and which cannot lose, their popular vagueness. Such terms as ‘monarchy,’ ‘aristocracy,’ ‘constitution,’ ‘prerogative,’ ‘faction,’ ‘sedition,’ ‘caucus,’ are not exact and definite, for each virtually covers not one particular thing but a number of somewhat different things. They have, moreover, associations, favourable or unfavourable, which are different for different minds. In the human subjects the intrusion of sentiments of attraction or repulsion is a serious, if an unavoidable, drawback. Not only is hydrogen always the same, while monarchy is not, but hydrogen has neither friends nor enemies. No passion can distort the fairness or disturb the calmness of a student of the hydrocarbons. The only chemical elements which have ever attracted human love and inspired political enthusiasm are gold and silver : and it is not chemists whom this enthusiasm has affected.

So much must be admitted : yet it is to be remembered that these are patent dangers against which the enquirer can guard himself. Let him begin by analysing his terms, and let him, so far as he can do so without becoming tedious and pedantic, employ them as technical terms,

each in a definite sense. As to passion or prejudice, if he allows to these a lodgment in his breast he is not fit to be an enquirer at all. That the observer cannot himself try experiments in politics is doubtless a loss. But all communities, great and small, are perpetually taking steps in the hope of attaining certain results; and he who knows the motive, the method, and the result, finds in an observation of the antecedents and the consequents something approaching an experiment. Indeed all human government has since its beginning been one huge experiment made up of many small ones; and it is by noting the failures and the successes of the various expedients and devices used, rather than by any growth in virtue, that mankind has advanced in every branch of statecraft.

It is doubtless also true that the phenomena of politics are infinitely various and incessantly varying. History is the source and storehouse of political knowledge, and history never repeats itself. As Heraclitus says, you cannot step twice into the same river. Still in this endless flux of human things there are permanent elements; there are recurring tendencies, there are sequences, usual, if not invariable; in fine, there are relations between phenomena which are certain and definite enough to be capable of scientific treatment, even although they cannot be measured or weighed. An exact science politics certainly is not. But neither reason nor usage requires us to confine the name of science to those branches of knowledge wherein the exactitude of number, measure, and weight can be attained. It is enough if the branch be one which not only collects but classifies large bodies of facts, which connects them by definite principles drawn from a critical examination of all available data, and which creates out of these principles a solid and cohesive system. The presence of some permanent or constant element in the phenomena is evidently necessary, else there cannot be general principles. Thus the first business of a science of politics is to discover, in the phenomena it surveys, this constant element, and to distinguish it from the elements that are local or transient. Now the constant element of politics is found in human nature.

Man is a part of Nature, not only in respect of his physical constitution, but also because his mental con-

stitution disposes him to live along with his kind. As Aristotle says, he is naturally a social being. The qualities which mark his conduct in social life, the motives that stir him, the habits he forms, the tendencies he shows, have an element which is always and everywhere the same. They vary from individual to individual in strength and in the forms they assume, but they are constantly present in some form or other. In this respect politics resembles the sciences of ethics and economics. Ethics is based upon the fact that all men have (though not in equal measure) certain emotions, such as love, anger, jealousy, fear, reverence. Economics takes the universal presence of one motive, the desire to acquire, as the foundation of its enquiries, though it does not (as some have strangely thought) assume man to be influenced by no other. These human emotions and propensities which are the data of ethics and economics, though they are permanent elements, vary in volume or in force from one race of mankind to another, and from one state of civilisation to another. The desire for gain is usually stronger in civilised man, who has more wants. So is self-restraint; yet self-restraint is stronger in some savage races than in others, stronger in the Red Indian, for instance, than in the Kafir. These particular variations, and others due to other causes, such as religion, do not efface the permanent element, though they make exact discrimination more essential.

Broadly speaking, then, the data of politics are (1) the habits and tendencies of individual men and of groups of men, which are the permanent data, given by Nature herself; and (2) the variations in those habits and tendencies, which are due to the diverse external conditions under which men and groups of men exist in time and space. These conditions, which are infinitely various, are now commonly summed up and included in the popular term Environment. It is a convenient term, though not quite satisfactory, because not well fitted to denote some conditions which can hardly be called external, seeing that, though due to special influences, they become a part of the man himself. Such are, for instance, Race and Religion. We may, however, use the word environment to cover everything which causes variation, everything which

is not among the fundamentals of social human nature. The permanent data are few; their variations under the influence of environment are endless; and the function of the investigator is to trace the ways in which environment affects and colours and sometimes seems to transform the permanent elements. If he is studying some particular country or political system, he examines and describes the circumstances under which that system has grown up, tracing the action of geographical or historical causes, and showing how that action has affected actual political phenomena. If he is investigating the general principles of politics, he endeavours to trace to their origin in local or historical influences as many as he can of the differences which appear between one system of government in one country and those visible in another.

The elements which go to make up environment need to be examined; but before passing to them let us shortly consider what have just been described as the permanent and constant data of politics, viz. the tendencies which human nature shows as operative in the political sphere. The simplest way will be to illustrate these by certain propositions regarding men's action which do not require to be proved, because moralists and historians are agreed upon their truth. Experience and observation, that is to say, history read with an ethical eye, enable us to lay down a number of maxims showing how human nature behaves in certain political relations, i.e. how certain tendencies are practically uniform, though their strength varies from individual to individual and from one group or community to another. For the sake of simplicity, let a subject be taken on which history has been recording facts ever since the days of Rameses and Agamemnon, viz. the effect of political power on the conduct of the individual man (or the small group of men) that wields it. As these propositions are given only for the sake of illustration, each may be stated briefly.

Absolute power usually intoxicates its possessor. If he has succeeded to it by birth he is apt to think himself half divine, and thus emancipated from ordinary restraints. If he has won it by his own gifts he may conceive, like Napoleon, a faith in his star and believe that

because he has done great things he can do anything. It may nevertheless happen that power steadies a man and stimulates him to noble action. This seems to have been the case with Saladin and with Akbar the Great. Marcus Aurelius had at least a finer theatre for his virtues on a throne than he could have had as a teacher of philosophy. The Emperor Alexander Severus was apparently a man of moderate ability, but he was a shining pattern of devotion to duty. Still it remains true that irresponsible power more often tends to make an ordinary man bad or a bad man worse than to make a tolerably good man better.

Absolute power weakens the capacity for sympathy, because sympathy is most strongly felt for those who are on our own level; so that one who is raised far above his fellows feels less for them. Hence power is apt to breed cruelty. So men are more cruel towards the members of a backward race they deem beneath them than towards members of their own.

Power warps the view of its possessor and renders him less able to see in their reality the facts he has to deal with. When those around him hesitate to speak their minds to him; when there is neither a free press nor a free expression of opinion by public gatherings, he has scanty means of gathering and judging the sentiments of his subjects. He finds it hard to know what is and what is not possible or prudent. He does not see the landscape in its true perspective.

Power attracts flattery; flattery heightens vanity; vanity disturbs the balance of judgment and makes flatterers more welcome than candid advisers. Every one knows the anecdote of the execution of the Greek exile who, wishing to do a service, had warned the Persian king Darius Codomannus of the danger which threatened Persia from the approach of Alexander. When such is the temper of kings, even messengers and ministers may refuse to communicate bad tidings.

Power engenders suspicion in its possessor, just because he knows himself surrounded by flatterers, and finds it hard to judge between honest and simulated devotion. No one needs so much to be well served and advised as an hereditary autocrat, yet no one is so ill-placed for selecting advisers, because he has never lived

on a level with other men. Napoleon had that advantage in his strife with emperors and kings.

Power excites envy, especially when its possessor has risen from the crowd. Greek and Italian tyrants were liable to conspiracies from their former equals and friends as well as from those they had injured. The jealousy of men who had raised one of themselves to pre-eminence frequently destroyed popular leaders in the ancient democracies, and has sometimes caused the fall of an American Boss.

Envy is excited less by the possession than by the display of power. It is therefore usually more dangerous to a successful usurper whose hand every one sees and feels, or to a popular leader who figures before the world, than to the heads of an oligarchy who work secretly, and perhaps behind the veil of constitutional forms.

Where power is in the hands of a class, the anxiety and suspicion which the class usually feels, and which oblige it to take action for its own safety, tend to the concentration of power in the hands of a group within the class. Thus oligarchies usually grow more narrow. Reverence for birth tends to weaken as society advances, whereas deference for wealth may increase as wealth becomes a more general object of pursuit. Oligarchies resting on wealth are therefore usually more permanent than those based on birth. In a plutocracy, moreover, the families which lose capacity and wealth drop out, while newly-won fortunes bring up new blood with fresh talents. Think of Rome and England.

As history shows us these among other tendencies constantly recurring in individual men, and to a less degree in small groups of men, enjoying irresponsible power, so she enables us to lay down some general propositions regarding the action of masses of men in political society.

Masses of men feel the need to be led, and like to be led. The larger the mass is, and the less intelligent it is, the more it feels the need, and the more is the will of individuals overborne and merged in the collective will directed by a few leaders.

Not only is all the action of masses of men prompted by a few, but thinking also proceeds from a very few.

Sometimes a common passion or impulse originates simultaneously in a multitude, whether assembled in one place or hearing the same news at the same time. Seldom does a common thought, or common plan of action, so originate. Thinking is done by a small number and diffused among the many, who embrace the doctrine preached or the plan suggested, if they already trust or admire its authors, or if it falls in with and suits their pre-existing feelings. This is one of the senses one may attach to the dictum that it is always minorities that rule, because the few who have ideas and volition impress their will on majorities.

Masses of men, inasmuch as they like to be led, and wish to be saved the trouble of thinking for themselves, are attracted by force, or the semblance of force, in a leader. They can seldom judge if he is wise, still less perhaps if he is honest. But they can see if he is positive, confident, audacious. They like audacity. The self-confidence of a party chief or a demagogue inspires confidence in them. Incapable of understanding fine distinctions, they are attracted by broad and sweeping statements, and are apt to suspect the man who qualifies.

Masses of men are more captivated by success than is a small ruling group or class. They have faith in good luck. They can seldom see exactly how success has been won, and probably know little of the conditions. But they can see the fact. If fortune has borne a share in the result, they like to be on the side of fortune's favourite.

The multitude, when it rules, contracts a vanity of its own, just like an individual monarch, and thus becomes amenable to flattery. Demagogism is an evil not so frequent or so grave in large modern peoples as it was in the smaller democracies of antiquity. But in modern democracies the tendency to believe that the majority is likely to be right, just because it is the majority, is stronger than it was in those small communities. Size impresses the imagination, and the modern multitude is more impersonal. Questions, moreover, are now usually decided by voting instead of by arms, and the constant practice of voting inspires respect for the result. When fighting was the *ultima ratio*, a preponderance of opinion was less regarded.

Masses of men, especially when met together in an

assembly, are apt to be carried away by the sympathy of numbers. The larger the assembly, the more is it influenced by emotion, the less by reason, and, as a rule, the higher does passion rise. Arguing against a large federal House of Representatives, Alexander Hamilton observed, 'Had every Athenian citizen been a Socrates, an Athenian assembly would still have been a mob.'

Corresponding to this susceptibility to emotion is the disposition to a vehement reaction when passion has exhausted itself, or when the results of a decision have been disappointing. The pendulum swings back further in a multitude than it does in a smaller body of men. Each is less ashamed to own his change of mind when many have shared it.

The wish to amend laws or institutions is, in the mass of men, except at moments of acute suffering, less strong than is the aversion to change. The struggles of city factions whose alternate dominance was followed by new laws intended to strike at the defeated party, have given a chequered history to some democracies. But the ordinary man is by nature disposed to do as his fathers have done and to stand on the old paths. The persons who like change for its own sake usually come, not from the humbler classes, but from those members of the educated class who have more intelligence than property.

In most countries (but in this point there are notable differences) it is commonly assumed that men in the humbler ranks love both social and political equality. This they usually do when strong enough to seek it as a means of securing them against oppression or scorn. Equality enhances each man's importance. But they also love inequality in so far as it supplies something which touches their imagination or their sentiment, gives them some one to look up to, some one to follow. This latter tendency has, on the whole, been the stronger at most times and in most places; for most men have little originality, little initiative, and find it easier to tread where others have trodden before. Modern democratic theory regards man as self-assertive and takes the sense of individual independence as the basis of free government. But is that theory sound? Can we assume that men have so changed from the tendency they have generally shown in time past?

The ordinary citizen—meaning again the average member of the humbler classes—is disposed to respect human rights, simply as human rights, more than does the member of a privileged class. This is the converse of the proposition that power diminishes sympathy with the class below its holder. Those who stand on the level of ordinary humanity can best enter into its feelings and are more touched by its misfortunes. Mobs are cruel, but all men are cruel when excited; and well-dressed mobs are said to be the worst. There is usually more kindness and helpfulness among the humble than among those whose life is less simple. When sentiments of humanity enter into national policy it is the humble whom they chiefly affect. Cynicism is a plant which thrives in the richer soils.

To these illustrations of the respective tendencies which human nature shows in different positions there may be added a few propositions applicable to the political action of men under all conditions.

Though all men desire their own personal interest, and, as a rule, think first of it when called upon to exert political power, they are not necessarily most stirred by selfish motives. Appeals to emotion or imagination move them to a higher pitch of feeling. Those who are accustomed to address popular audiences will tell you that, although they may produce a more permanent effect by convincing the listeners that the course they recommend will benefit each of them, they can evoke greater enthusiasm by touching the higher chords, and can sometimes, at least for a time, overbear the self-regarding motives.

Neither individual men nor masses of men—the latter even less than the former—can remain for more than a little while at a high moral tension. As the flying fish springs into the air for a few moments, but must then drop back into its proper element, they cannot soar for long together. Sudden conversions, like St Paul's, are sometimes permanent; but as a rule those who climb slowly climb furthest and show themselves best able to breathe the thin air of the heights.

The commonest error among honourable men is to suppose that he who has resisted a weak temptation will

also resist a strong one; and, conversely, base men think every man has his price. To know when not to judge the probable action of others by one's own feelings and habits is one of the gifts of the practical genius.

The more sacred men hold a cause to be, the less scrupulous are they apt to be as to the means of promoting it. The supreme excellence of the aim tends to dwarf the restraints of ordinary morality.

As political philosophers have usually overrated the power of education,* so men of ideas, men whose convictions spring from reason, are in danger of underrating the power of mere habit. With five sixths of mankind it does duty for reason. Hence the value of traditions in politics. Sometimes a government will go on living upon them when it has little physical force behind it.

Traditions are destroyed in two ways—by breaches of them which go unpunished, and by the diffusion and acceptance of a new idea which strikes at the root of the tradition. The former happens more frequently; but, when the latter happens, the tradition perishes more quickly and more irretrievably. Its extinction may amount to, or may induce, a revolution.

The tendency for men to aggregate themselves in parties is a constant feature of human nature which has a whole psychology of its own as well as a long history. A few points are worth noting.

Party as a motive power draws strength from the fact that it gives scope at the same time for both altruism and selfishness, for the sense of sympathy and the joy of action. The feeling which party association produces is apt to outlive the causes which originated it. Party usually begins in reason and ends in passion. Some rational ground impels men to work together for a common aim; then, when the habit of joint action has been formed, the original ground may be forgotten. Love and hate supply the motive power, and the mere desire to win—a sort of delight in sport for the sake of sport—counts for much. To some peoples fighting is

* Plato is the first and most obvious example. But, if Plato were living now, he might appeal to the case of Japan as showing that more may be done by the systematic and long-continued training of a nation's mind than Westerns have generally deemed possible.

pleasurable for its own sake. Pathans and Albanians cannot be happy without it, nor is this tendency, which the English deem native to Irish soil, absent from the larger isle.

The strength of party spirit is usually in inverse ratio to the size of the community it divides, probably because both love and hate are intensified by local proximity. In all communities, small is the proportion of persons whose interest in public affairs is either warm or sustained. Other things being equal, the proportion is usually larger in small states, because the individual feels himself of more relative consequence, sees more of what is passing, and is more directly affected by the fortunes of the state. Although three or more parties may exist in a community, the tendency is for two to predominate and to overshadow or absorb minor factions.

Self-interest, class-interest, religious feeling and party feeling are the strongest forces in politics. Humane sentiments are stronger than the love of justice; and the love of truth affects so few that it may practically be ignored. Few too are those who have the patience or the intelligence to weigh arguments; and hence it happens that the authority of one who is admired, or the positive assertion of one who appears to be himself convinced, generally goes further than appeals to reason.

This list might be lengthened by many familiar maxims, such as '*Odisse quem læseris*'; '*Gratitude for benefits is a weaker motive than resentment for injuries*'; '*Fear extinguishes compassion*'; '*Unusual friendliness portends deceit*'; '*Insurrections arise from small incidents but large causes*'; '*The fewer the heads of a conspiracy the more dangerous is it*'; '*When you have killed the father you are a fool to spare the children.*' These are samples of many which may be found in Thucydides or Aristotle or Machiavelli or La Rochefoucauld. One can illustrate them all from history; and statesmen were unconsciously using them before history began her record. To know and remember such maxims is not useless in practice; for, though many of them are such as any shrewd man will have half-consciously formed for himself, still there are occasions when some such dictum starting to the mind helps it to a decision. But the difficulty lies in the application; and the difference between those who

know how to apply general maxims and those who do not is as great now as it was in the days of Themistocles, when maxims first began to be collected.

The propositions set forth in the last few pages have been given as instances of those permanent data of politics which have their root in human nature, and which we know partly from history, partly from the direct observation of other people and of ourselves. But we have already noted that, although the tendencies of human nature are permanent, the forms they assume and the force they exert are variable. Their action is conditioned by the circumstances that surround them. The observer cannot therefore assume for them any such thing as a normal strength. An illustration from chemistry may be in point. Qualitative analysis, the process by which we determine the presence of some amount of a substance, let us say of iron in a sample of water, is easier than quantitative analysis, by which we determine the exact amount present, i.e. the precise proportion which the iron bears to the whole volume of the sample. So he who investigates political phenomena has to determine, not merely the presence of a tendency, but also the bulk or force of the tendency, and in fact all the conditions which affect the working of the tendency and make it stronger or weaker. If he is studying monarchical government, such general propositions regarding the effect of power on its possessor as have been hereinbefore stated will not carry him far. He must study the given concrete monarchy, the limitations, civil or religious, that restrict power, the sentiments, civil or religious, that increase power, the traditions which the monarch has received from his predecessors, and many other such surrounding forces or influences. If popular government is his subject, he must bring to it a general knowledge of the tendencies of masses of men, a knowledge drawn partly from ethics and psychology, partly from history, and must then consider how, in various concrete cases of particular democracies, these tendencies have been and are modified by various local, racial, religious, and economic conditions. One may sum up the character of the process by saying that the method of political science consists in examining the political action of men under

the variations of environment; and that its result is to establish certain general principles which show how, in fact, men do act, and may be expected to act, where certain environing conditions are present or not. A sort of analogy may be found in the process of determining how a given chemical substance behaves at certain varying higher or lower temperatures, or in that of determining how a given plant behaves under certain varying conditions of soil and climate. But the variations in the external environment affecting men are incomparably more numerous than those which affect plants; and the result of these variations is far more complex and subtle. Moreover, the differences between one individual and another are far more profound and more difficult to express in words than those between vegetable organisms. The higher one goes in the scale of nature the more complex a thing does individuality become. It need hardly be added that, in the influences of one man upon another, we have a line of phenomena to which only faint and imperfect analogies can be traced in the life of other living creatures.

The conclusions of political science are therefore less capable of direct application to practice than are those of chemistry or physiology. They are not less true, and not, so far as they go, less definite, but they must be expressed in far more cautious and guarded terms, without that broad and simple generality which the sciences of nature attain. We are thus brought face to face with the conditions aforesaid, which determine the varying action of permanent tendencies; and the next step in the enquiry into the methods of political science, before we can proceed to apply them to concrete cases, must be to enumerate some of the principal elements of environment, so as to show over how large a field the eye of the investigator must range.

(To be continued.)

Art. IX.—THE BUDDHISM OF TIBET.

1. *Lhasa. An account . . . of Central Tibet and of the . . . Mission sent there by the English Government, 1903-4.* By P. Landon. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1905.
2. *The Unveiling of Lhasa.* By E. Candler. London: Arnold, 1905.
3. *Lhasa and its Mysteries.* By Col. L. A. Waddell. London: Murray, 1905.
4. *Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet.* By Sarat Chandra Das, C.I.E. Edited by the Hon. W. W. Rockhill. London: Murray, 1904.
5. *Tibet and Nepal.* By W. S. Landor. London: A. and C. Black, 1905.
6. *The Buddhism of Tibet.* By Col. L. A. Waddell. London: Allen, 1895.

BOOKS on Tibet have not hitherto been numerous, but from the Middle Ages onwards they have nearly all been interesting; and the literature which has been created by the recent expedition to Lhasa has worthily maintained the tradition. Mr Landon's great work is the most splendid and sumptuous of those mentioned above. Its illustrations alone would secure for it the attention and interest of the public; and, in a case like the present, pictures are not padding. Words cannot give an adequate idea of the scenery and buildings of Tibet; and travellers' tales that can be photographed are beyond doubt. The letterpress is an encyclopædia of first impressions. Perhaps some of them are immature; but there can be no doubt of Mr Landon's power to make us see Tibet as he saw it himself. The appendices contain a mass of miscellaneous information; and among them, Captain O'Connor's valuable essay on the present condition and government of Tibet deserves special mention.

Taste must differ about methods of description as much as about the interest of the thing described; but all readers will agree that Mr Candler has attained remarkable, and sometimes extraordinary, excellence in descriptive narrative. His volume is small and comparatively modest in illustration; yet, if any one is in a hurry to know what Tibet is like, and what the expedition did,

he will find it all there, and told with a skill that makes one half regret the author's terseness.

Colonel Waddell's earlier work has already placed him in the first rank of authorities on the country and the religion. His new work is more popular. One is surprised that a writer, who may be regarded as almost a Bodhisattva, should trouble to recount military details and the incidents of the daily march; but it would be wrong to quarrel with a varied bill of fare; and Colonel Waddell's book has this immense advantage, that his passing observations on what he saw in the country are supported by a profound study of its language, literature, and customs.

For the purpose of this article, which is to review briefly our present knowledge of Tibetan Buddhism, a religion remarkable for its strange divergence from its professed archetype and its equally strange approximation in externals to Roman Catholicism, reference must also be made to Mr Rockhill's edition of Sarat Chandra Das's 'Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet,' and to various independent works by the same eminent authority, as well as to Huth's 'Geschichte des Buddhismus in der Mongolei' (1893-6). Mr. W. S. Landor's book contains little material for the study of Lamaism; but the beautiful plates give a vivid picture of the scenery and people, though they sometimes suggest, what the Lamas no doubt believe, that mountaineers are assisted by supernatural powers.

As is well known, the predominant, though not the only form of Buddhism in northern India after the Christian era, which is also the form that has spread to Tibet, China, and Japan, is called the Mahâyâna, or 'Great Vehicle,' in opposition to the Hinayâna, or 'Little Vehicle,' now professed in Ceylon, Burma, and elsewhere. European writers are inclined to exalt the importance and antiquity of one or the other system according to the direction of their own studies, but there is really nothing conflicting in their claims. It must be admitted that the publication of the Pitakas, and the interest which they have aroused in the historical Buddha, Gotama, have caused a certain group of scholars somewhat to neglect the popular, mythological, unhistorical aspects of the re-

ligion. On the other hand, the students of the Mahâyâna, particularly some eminent French critics, have shown a disposition to argue that, because this mythological aspect makes itself early prominent, there is hardly any historical substratum, that the Buddha is a solar deity confused with the personality of an ancient ascetic, of whom little else is known, and that the Pitakas are late compilations. But the example of Christianity is sufficient to show that there is nothing mutually destructive in the literature and theology of the two 'Vehicles.' The history of Christianity is undoubtedly the history of the whole church; the partisan or the theologian may maintain that some divisions are truer or more important than others, but the historian can be satisfied with nothing less than the whole, and must consider the superstition of the Eastern churches and the politics of the Papacy as well as the more edifying aspects of Christianity. Similarly, the historian of Buddhism, and even the secular historian of Asia, must study the extravagances of the Mahâyâna. They have very little to do with Gotama; but, since the Christian era at least, they have formed the religious *pabulum* of untold millions of men. On the other hand, the extremest sceptic would hardly maintain that, because Southern and Oriental Christianity consists largely in the worship of saints and the performance of ceremonies whose connexion with the New Testament is slight, therefore the New Testament is unimportant and unhistorical. Similarly, the date and authenticity of the Pitakas is in no way affected by the fact that a rank growth of myth and theology rapidly sprang up round the founder of Buddhism. It is with this secondary growth that we have mainly to do here; and its rapid appearance cannot be a matter for surprise. The process of deification goes on before our very eyes in India; and a religious teacher, however atheistic he may be, has no alternative but to be forgotten or made a god.

As is so often the case in Indian history, all facts and dates connected with the origin of the Mahâyâna are plunged in obscurity; and it may even be more ancient than Gotama, in the sense that it is descended from ideas which were in existence before he claimed the rank of Buddha; but the theories and tendencies which it embodies are clear enough. The doctrine of Gotama was

the hardest of all the great religions. It spread on account of the personality of its founder, its missionary zeal, its real spiritual force, and also on account of certain political considerations. But it was difficult intellectually and austere in practice. Its reply to the religious enquirer was as uncompromising as the advice given in the Gospels to the man with great possessions; and it laid down, as necessary to salvation, views on philosophy and psychology which were a strain to the mind of the ordinary man. The tendencies embodied in the Mahāyāna which are fully developed or caricatured in Tibet are more human and more emotional but also more easy-going. One of the ideals which is set before mankind was to strive to become a Bodhisattva, that is, a being who is on the road to become a Buddha, and meanwhile occupies himself with helping mankind and listening to their prayers. It has often been urged that this is a more beautiful ideal than the passionless saint of primitive Buddhism, intent only on detaching himself from all worldly interests and passing into the eternal peace of Nirvana. But, on the other hand, primitive Buddhism summoned its hearers to renounce the world then and there and lead a purely religious life; the Mahāyāna, though it countenanced the extremest forms of religious zeal in those who liked to practise them, laid down that one should aspire to be a Bodhisattva in some far-off future birth, and thus relegated the ideal to a comfortable distance.

An atmosphere of mystery and magic, not to say devilry, has long hung about the mountainous countries to the north of India. This is not merely the result of their inaccessibility to Europeans. It was recognised by neighbouring Asiatics that they were fuller of spirits than other lands, and that their inhabitants had unusual skill in sorcery. Marco Polo tells us that the people of Kashmir 'have an astonishing acquaintance with the devilries of enchantment, insomuch that they make their idols to speak'; and that Kublai Khan had sorcerers 'called Tebet and Kesimur, which are the names of two nations of idolaters' (Tibet and Kashmir). Doubtless one cause of this remarkable proclivity towards necromancy and demonolatry is to be found in the grandiose but strange scenery of these mountain regions, and in the

weird effects produced by snow, cloud, and fog. Adjacent districts, such as the Pamirs and the neighbourhood of Darjiling, display landscapes which seem to explain the peculiar temper of the Tibetans. On the high and almost uninhabited plateaux of central Asia distant objects seem in the still, clear air to be very near, until the discovery that they are really far off produces a curious impression that they are unattainable and unreal. Once, near Darjiling, I saw the setting sun throw its light over a huge valley full of cloud and mist so that the colours generally seen in the sky seemed to have come down to earth. Far beyond the valley towered the great snow-peaks of the Himalayas, like some home of the gods, Olympus or Meru ; but below, the writhing many-coloured mist seemed a phantasmagoria of monsters, dragon-like changing shapes much resembling the complicated outlines and manifold limbs of the fiends delineated by Tibetan art. On another occasion I lost my way in the fog and suddenly came on a small temple. Here art combined with nature to make the scene unearthly. Huge painted prayer-wheels revolved slowly. The shapes and shadows of the mist mixed and entwined themselves with the gods and demons painted on the temple walls. The surrounding view was invisible, but on long cords suspended from unseen supports fluttered flags and streamers stamped with the figures of animals and magic signs, and on the branches of the trees were hung strips of parchment inscribed with prayers and the invocation to the jewel in the lotus.

It is not surprising that such scenery should have affected the religious temperament of the inhabitants. In Nepal and Ladakh, as well as in Tibet proper, the oldest known religion consisted of a propitiatory worship of various demons, giants, and terrible spirits, conspicuous among whom are the Nagas or snake deities. This religion is known by the name of Bön and still survives, particularly in eastern Tibet ; but, though it has corrupted Tibetan Buddhism with the absurdities of a fantastic demonology, it has on its side adopted a mass of Buddhist, or at any rate Indian, beliefs and practices, with the result that there is not very much difference between the professed followers of the Bön and the more corrupt Buddhist sects.

It is probable that occasional Buddhist missionaries visited the various Himalayan kingdoms from an early date; but tradition decisively fixes the reign of King Srong Tsan Gampo (about 638 A.D.) as the epoch of the first introduction of Buddhism into Tibet. He was the son of a warlike king who had laid the foundations of a central authority, and, like Solomon, he aspired to introduce order and religion after his father's tempestuous reign. In that age and region Buddhism was the obvious gospel to import into a new country; and Srong Tsan Gampo was further influenced by the advice of his two wives, one a Chinese, the other a Nepalese princess, both of whom were devout Buddhists. There is no reason to doubt the literal truth of these domestic details; but they might stand for an allegory of the connexion between China and India at this period and the position of Tibet between the two. In the early part of the seventh century the Chinese under the T'ang dynasty were at least nominally masters of most of the lands to the north and west of Tibet; and Kapisa, or the country north of the Kabul river, was a Chinese province. The Emperor of China received a deputation from Udyana, the modern Swat, and sent envoys to Harsha, the sovereign of northern India, who was also visited by the celebrated Chinese pilgrim Hiuen Tsang. Subsequent events, particularly the spread of Mohammedanism in central Asia, destroyed Chinese influence in the west; and since the eighth century of our era there has been no contact between India and China until recent times. But for Tibet the position continued as it was in the seventh century. It was accessible from both sides. India and China were the only real influences which affected it; and no doubt the special character of the country is mainly due to the fact that it entirely escaped Mohammedan conquest and Mohammedan influence. The religion and literature are radically Indian, though moulded by native fancy; but ecclesiastical polity and the union of Church and State are partly due to Chinese influence, which is also visible in Tibetan art.

Srong Tsan Gampo sent for several Buddhist priests from India; but, though Buddhism was henceforth firmly established at the Tibetan court, it does not seem to have made much progress for a whole century until the

powerful Thi Srong Detsan came to the throne about 740. He obtained the services of a celebrated monk called Padma-Sambhava, who was the real founder of Tibetan Buddhism, and is still venerated almost as much as Buddha himself. Though many features of Lamaism are distinctly Tibetan, the Tibetans are not entirely responsible for the extraordinary travesty of Buddha's religion which prevails in their country. The form in which the religion first reached them was already extremely corrupt and fanciful; and, though the life of Padma-Sambhava is largely legendary, there is not much doubt as to the character and origin of his doctrine. He was a native of Udyana and a member of the Tantric Yogacarya school. To understand the meaning of this phrase, it will perhaps be well to review briefly the later phases of Indian Buddhism which from time to time influenced Tibet, remembering that, until about the tenth century A.D., Buddhism was simply a large part of popular religion in northern India, which went through certain phases that affected all sects, and was not much better or worse than the others.

One of the dominant tendencies in the Mahâyâna, and one which is copiously illustrated in Tibet, is its theism, consisting, as usual in India, of polytheism, with a background of monotheism or pantheism. From the evidence of books which can be roughly dated, such as the *Saddharma-Pundarîka*, theistic views must have prevailed at least as early as the first century of our era. Gotama is deified and, what is more important still, regarded as a manifestation of the eternal Buddhahood, subsequently called dogmatically *Âdi-Buddha*. This is certainly an extraordinary transformation of the doctrine of the Pitakas, but it is easier for the Indian than for the European mind. Though Gotama's system was hardly compatible with theism in our sense, he did not deny the existence of the popular gods such as *Brahmâ*, but he held that they were relatively unimportant beings and inferior to a Buddha, that is to the highest intelligence which exists. It is hardly wonderful if popular religion concluded that a being superior to the gods is a superior sort of god. Also, Indian theism is a very different thing from the European idea of a beneficent and intelligent creator. The supreme being, as portrayed in the pro-

fessedly theistic Hindu philosophies, seems to us, from one point of view, a definite personality, from another, everything, and from a third, nothing.

The deified Buddha is accompanied by a whole pantheon, largely composed of Bodhisattvas. This word appears to have originally signified a Buddha in course of evolution. Thus Gotama himself was a Bodhisattva in the early part of his life until he attained Buddhahood. The title was subsequently applied to purely celestial beings, whom later theology described as having emanated from the Âdi-Buddha by some complicated process, but who, for practical purposes, are simply gods. The principal of them (though there are many more) are Manjusri, Avalokita and Maitreya, called in Tibetan Jam-yang, Shen-re-zi and Cham-pa.* The origin of these personages is very obscure; as, for the matter of that, is the origin of Siva, Vishnu, and Krishna. They are clearly to a large extent abstractions, but they may contain some historical and popular elements. The temper of Buddhism was likely to eliminate such traces; it became polytheistic and wildly speculative, but almost without exception preserved a high moral tone, to which the puerility and obscenity of the popular myths comparatively adopted by Hinduism was repugnant.

Avalokita means 'he who looks down,' and, in his later developments, is clearly a personification of the divine mercy looking down on the sorrows of the world. Colonel Waddell considers that he is a modification of the Brahmanic god Prajâpati. His worship appears to have been connected with high hills, the most celebrated of which was Potala in south India, so that he may conceivably have once been a local hill deity; but, when we first hear of him, he has already become the Great Pitier. His popularity is attested by a very large number of

* The orthography of Tibetan is almost as unreasonable as our own. Most words are spelt with superfluous consonants or with groups of consonants pronounced differently from their component parts. It is not certain how far these irregularities are due to pedantry or to an older pronunciation. The three words quoted above are spelt 'Jam-pahi-dbyangs,' 'Spyan-ras-gzigs,' and 'Byams-pa,' and the monastery Debung is written 'Bras-spungs.' The Tibetan words mentioned in this article are given in the form stated by various writers to represent the pronunciation. This may lead to some inaccuracy, but a correct transcription would be perplexing.

images found in Magadha, dating from about 500 A.D. He is the most important deity of the northern Buddhists, but he has paid for the position by the strangest vicissitudes. In Tibet he is supposed to be incarnate in the Grand Lama; in China he has changed his sex and become the goddess Kwan Yin. The modern images of him are often monstrous; a favourite form represents him with eleven heads, a thousand eyes, and many hands. This is said to be allegorical. His head split with grief when he gazed on the folly and misery of the world; his thousand eyes are looking all round to see who needs his aid; and his many hands are stretched out to save.

Manjusri is the personification of wisdom, and has become a philosophical abstraction, like the *'Ayla Sophia* of the Greek Church. But his image, which is the most human and beautiful in the Mahâyânist pantheon, is not monstrous, and represents a young man holding a book and a sword; it may be that he is a deified sage, possibly the founder of civilisation in Nepal. Maitreya is the coming Buddha, who is supposed to be at present waiting in the Tushita heaven, and is the only Bodhisattva known to the southern Buddhist churches. His images are generally gigantic, and represent him sitting in European fashion. He clearly belongs to the same class of conceptions as Kalki, the future avatar of Vishnu.

It is remarkable that Indian Buddhism should be connected with the worship of Siva, often bloodstained and licentious, rather than with the gentler cult of Vishnu, to which it seems to have much greater affinity. Possibly the connexion may be explicable by simple reasons of dates and geography, for the development of Hinduism is chronologically still obscure. But it may be noted that, though the temper of Sivaism is not that of Buddhism, its conception of the universe is much the same. Both systems see in the whole of existence nothing but endless and aimless change; worlds rising in pain and perishing in flames; growth and decay, combination and dissolution. The worshipper of Siva sympathises respectfully with the tremendous power who revels in this work of procreation and destruction, with his phallic orgies and his murderous cataclysms; the Buddhist, on the other hand, looks towards the calm figure of the master, who has raised himself high above the tumultu-

ous alternation of birth and death. But the intimate connexion between birth and death, destruction and reproduction, is felt equally strongly by both. Also, Sivaism had its austere aspect; it was ascetic as well as orgiastic; many of its devotees were religious mendicants; and, at any rate after the time of Sankara (perhaps the end of the eighth century), it possessed numerous *maths* or conventual establishments, which closely resembled the monasteries of the Buddhists. Perhaps, in this instance, Sivaism borrowed from Buddhism; but the Mahâyâna certainly borrowed from Sivaism two features which are very prominent in Tibet and repugnant to early Buddhism: one is the worship of goddesses, the other a certain terrible and demoniacal element which is totally absent, not only from the teaching of Gotama, but from the early Mahâyâna.

The worship of these goddesses or female forms of Siva does not appear to represent any national or local cult, but is founded on the philosophical idea that, as existence is a process of birth and death, and the lord of the universe a procreator as well as a destroyer, the female element must be represented in the divine nature. The germs of this doctrine are as old as the Vedic mythology, but it does not appear to have received prominence until the seventh or eighth century of our era, when it became one of the most conspicuous features of Indian religion and was taught in a special form of literature called the Tantras. These works have become a byword for fatuity and obscenity; but, though some of the Buddhist Tantras are not beyond reproach, it would appear that the Lamas have eliminated the grosser elements from their worship. The chief female energies adored by the Sivaites are Kâlî, Durga, Bhairavî, etc., different names for one personality; those adored by the Buddhists are Târâ and Marîci, especially the former. But, though the Buddhist worship of these deities is undoubtedly due to Tantric influence, they are conceived in a different spirit, and personify, not so much *das Ewigweibliche* and the power of reproduction, as the ideal of womanly tenderness and pity. Târâ means, or is supposed to mean, 'she who saves'; and she approaches in many of her forms very near to the Madonna of southern Europe and the East. I have myself seen the Kalmuks

near Astrakhan adoring an image of which it was hard to say whether it represented Târâ or the Virgin. Like the spouse of Siva and also like the Madonna, she has many forms; and to the popular mind the Green Târâ and the White Târâ are distinct persons.

The introduction of these goddesses was accompanied by the idea that celestial personages could multiply themselves, not so much by the vulgar methods of generation used by Hindu deities, as by the mysterious operations of emanation and procession. By developing ideas somewhat analogous to those which prevailed in the early days of Byzantine Christianity, a whole heavenly family was evolved. Thus, according to the full-blown theology of the Lamaist Church, the eternal Buddhahood (Âdi-Buddha) evolves five celestial or contemplative Buddhas. These beings, though rather more personal than the Âdi-Buddha, will not quit the calm of their eternal peace; but they cause to issue from themselves four other more active personalities known as 'reflexes.' We thus have five series, each containing five persons—if indeed that word is acceptable to Lamaist theology. To take one series. The original Buddhahood evolves Amitâbha, the contemplative Buddha of measureless light, who is said to be incarnate in the Tashi-Lama of Tashi-Lhunpo. From Amitâbha issue the adorned or active reflex Amitâyus, the Buddha of measureless life, represented as crowned and wearing jewels; the Bodhisattva, or spiritual son, Avalokita, who has been already described, and who is incarnate in the Grand Lama; the human reflex Gotama, or Sakya Muni, who has a status different from a mere incarnation; and finally a female reflex, a form of Târâ.

Many elements are united in this queer piece of theology. The doctrine of reflexes probably found its origin or justification in the earlier Mahâyâna doctrine of the three bodies of the Buddha, which means, it would seem, that he can be regarded as a law or principle, as a celestial being, and as a human being. Into this theory of multiform existence were fitted Avalokita and Târâ, of whose origin I have spoken, and also Amitâbha, who appears to have been a Persian god of light. Zoroastrianism may have played an important part in the creation of the Buddhist pantheon. Persian influence has affected Indian art from its very origin; and numis-

matic evidence proves that it was strong in northern India in the third century A.D. There is also a story that King Harsha, in the seventh century, persecuted Zoroastrians. The separate existence of Amitâyus is perhaps mainly due to art, for he is distinguished from kindred deities chiefly by his ornaments and costume.

The Tantric goddesses were depicted in two forms, black and white, or cruel and benevolent, according as they were thought of as presiding over birth or destruction; and in Hinduism the terrible bloodthirsty forms, such as Durga and Kâlî, are the most prominent. Lamaism rejected cruel ceremonies and animal sacrifices; but the Tibetans, being a nation of devil-worshippers, were naturally attracted to grotesque and terrific deities. Ecclesiastical art has laid down that most supernatural beings can be represented in three characters, the mild, the angry, and the fiendish; and Tibetan imagination runs wild in descriptions and delineations of the latter classes, evidently exaggerations of Indian types. They are described as fat and brawny, with big heads and three eyes, gaping lips, canine teeth, rolling tongues, and hair erect. They wear chaplets of skulls encircled by flames, and ride over the writhing bodies of prostrate enemies. Sometimes an attempt is made to give these monstrous fancies a logical place in the system by calling them 'tutelary fiends,' and representing them as the destroyers of the enemies of orthodoxy; at others we meet with such conceptions as 'demoniac Buddhas,' which, according to all ordinary Buddhist notions, are simply a crazy piece of profanity, only explicable historically on the assumption that Buddha is practically identified with Siva. All this luxuriance of distorted imagination reaches its climax in the Kâlachakra or Vajrayâna, 'the thunderbolt system,' which was developed in northern India and Nepal in the tenth century, and turned the pantheon of the Lamas into a pandemonium. It also rendered coarse and gross the mysterious theories of divine emanation by providing all the Dhyani Buddhas and reflexes, and even the Âdi-Buddha himself, with female counterparts.*

* For more details as to this system the curious reader may consult Caoma de Körös's analysis of the Kah-gyur in vol. xx (1820) of the 'Asiatic Researches.'

In India religion has generally been associated with philosophy. The Tibetans had not much taste for metaphysics or psychology; but, as they took their religion wholesale from the Hindus, they had to swallow many theories on these subjects, at any rate in their sacred books; and their turn of mind naturally led them to prefer the most extravagant and fantastic speculations. Two currents can be traced in these wild ideas. One is philosophic nihilism, based on the doctrine of *Sunyatā*, the emptiness or nothingness of things, and generally connected with the name of *Nāgārjuna*, an Indian sage who probably lived in the second century A.D. He appears to have taught the impossibility of knowing that anything either exists or does not exist, a doctrine not without parallel in the language of *Gotama*. But it was travestied to mean that nothing at all exists, including the Buddha; and the class of speculation it produced is illustrated by a celebrated conversation said to have taken place in 526 A.D. between the Emperor of China and the Patriarch *Bodhidharma*, who had arrived at Nanking from India. The Emperor, becoming more and more perplexed by his mysterious replies, asked at last what was the holiest doctrine of his church. 'Where all is emptiness, nothing can be called holy,' replied the Patriarch. 'But who are you?' asked the astonished Emperor. 'I do not know,' was the reply; and all who have recounted the conversation are careful to add that the Emperor was not converted.

The other current of pseudo-philosophy which has most influenced Lamaism is the Yoga, a system which arose in India about the second century B.C., and aimed at the absorption of the individual in the universal spirit by means of ecstatic meditation. This system had an obvious affinity with the practice of meditation prescribed by *Gotama*; and the Buddhism of Ceylon and Burma, as well as that of northern India, has been deeply influenced by it. In the sixth century of our era, *Asanga*, a Buddhist monk of Peshawar, made a systematic attempt to accommodate the Yoga to the use of the *Mahāyāna*; and his work met with great success. But the objects and practices of the Yoga, as he introduced it, were already corrupt. The aim of the trance was degraded to the attainment of magical powers or even mundane objects;

and, though mental concentration (perhaps a species of self-hypnotisation) was recommended, it was assisted by the use of mystic gestures and magic diagrams and above all by the repetition of *dhāraṇīs* or spells. These latter, for which Mahāyānist Buddhism must be held responsible (for the word appears not to occur in Hindu writings), are at best short mystical sentences, but often unmeaning syllables, believed to be of magical power. The Brahmanic 'Om' is the beginning of this abuse in languages; but in Tibet every religious service is largely composed of senseless jargon. The celebrated formula, 'Om mani padme hum,' is of this class, but has the merit of containing two significant words, 'jewel in the lotus'; other prayers are a string of syllables such as *hri*, *phat*, *tre*, which mean nothing at all. The Buddhism introduced from India thus presents most of the characteristics of modern Lamaism except the hierarchy, which was a gradual growth on Tibetan soil.

The next period, 750-900 A.D., is called by Colonel Waddell the Augustan age of Lamaism, for it was then that the greater part of the Scriptures were composed or rather translated. The Tibetan Bible, which has the doubtful advantage of being the largest in the world, consists of two huge religious encyclopædias, the Kah-gyur and the Tang-gyur, containing the canon and its commentaries. The former consists of 108 volumes, of a thousand pages each, and is said to require eight oxen for its transport. Like the Pali canon, it is divided into the three sections, Vinaya, Sūtra, and Abhidharma (rules, sermons, and philosophy); but the contents do not correspond in detail, the Kah-gyur comprising, together with early works, a large number of later compositions, including twenty-two volumes of Tantras. It consists entirely of translations, mostly from Sanskrit, a few from Chinese, and some, it is interesting to note, from Pali. The Tang-gyur is even larger than the Kah-gyur, as it consists of 225 volumes, comprising all literary works which could be regarded as in any way subservient to the interpretation of the canon. Most of them are written by Indian, but some by Tibetan scholars.

This literary activity was interrupted in the year 900 A.D. by the persecution of King Lang Darma, which lasted three years, until he was assassinated by a Lama. Lang

Darma's motives are unknown, but he may very well have thought that the spread of monasticism and the multiplication of convents were injurious to the military strength of his kingdom. We know that the Confucianists in China often reproached Buddhism with destroying family life, and succeeded from time to time in obtaining restrictive edicts against it. On the death of Lang Darma, Tibet is said to have become divided into petty principalities, whereas the Church grew in importance.

The eleventh and twelfth centuries were barren in secular events, but witnessed several movements of religious reform. It is easy to imagine that Tibetan Buddhism became surprisingly corrupt and degenerate; but contact with a rather purer form of the religion was kept up by numerous monks from India and Kashmir. The most celebrated of these reformers was Atisha, a monk from Bengal, who had also studied in Pegu. He visited Tibet when nearly sixty years of age, and ended his life there, after contributing twenty treatises to the Tanggyur. Other names still widely venerated in Tibet are Marpa and Milaraspā. It does not appear that any of these reformers introduced new elements. They checked the tendency towards necromancy and demonolatry, and insisted on the necessity of celibacy and the monastic life. Monasteries grew apace, and doubtless began to share temporal power with the local chiefs.

Early in the thirteenth century Tibet was conquered by Jenghiz Khan. His grandson the great Emperor Kublai, who seems to have been eclectic in religious matters, somewhat after the manner of Akbar in India, specially favoured Lamaism, which he probably thought suited to civilise his Mongol hordes. He took a step that fixed, if it did not create, the hierarchy which is the special characteristic of later Lamaism. He recognised the head of the Saskya monastery as not only primate but also tributary temporal ruler of Tibet, and thus paved the way for the future Grand Lama of Lhasa. It is interesting to note that the institution of this primacy was due to Mongolian, and not to Indian influence. This union of Church and State is not a Hindu idea; and Hindu kings are not regarded as representing their respective nations for religious purposes. But among the Mongolian peoples, whose religious feelings were

little developed, and who had a tendency towards ancestor-worship as well as a strong sense of discipline, the head of the nation was regarded as its high-priest, or even as its deity; for both the Emperor of China and the Mikado became half-deified recluses who, if not exactly gods, were considered to have a special right and power of approaching the gods on the affairs of their people. In these cases the king became a superhuman high-priest; in Tibet a superhuman high-priest became a king.

Kublai also did his best to spread Lamaism both in Mongolia and China, where it has always remained distinct from the ordinary Buddhism of the country. He built many monasteries, including one at Peking, and had the *Kah-gyur* translated into Mongolian. His successors continued to support the *Saskya* primates, twenty-one of whom are recorded as having ruled between 1270 and 1340. They appear to have asserted their power by force; and we hear of their burning the monasteries of other Lamaist sects. But in the latter half of the fourteenth century the Mongolian dynasty in China was overthrown and succeeded by the Chinese dynasty called Ming, which, though not anti-Buddhist, had no special preference for Lamaism, and deemed it prudent to raise the heads of two other monasteries to equality of rank with the *Saskya* primate, a step which created dissension and weakened the Church. But the idea of a pope or primate remained and again took practical shape, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the hands of the most celebrated of Tibetan reformers, called *Tsong-kha-pa*.

Tsong-kha-pa was not an Indian, like most of the previous eminent ecclesiastics, but a native of Amdo, now in Chinese territory; and he may have been in touch with Roman Catholic missionaries in his youth, a fact of great interest and importance. He reorganised the reformed sect founded by *Atisha*; and the system and discipline which he introduced were so superior to those of other bodies that the *Ge-lug-pa*, or 'virtuous order,' as his sect is called, has ever since been the established Church of Tibet. He appears to have made no important changes of doctrine, but to have introduced a new ritual and new and stricter monastic rules. He prescribed yellow robes and caps for his followers, whence they are called *Yellow-caps*, as distinguished from the *Red-caps* or un-

reformed Lamaist sects, and the Black-caps, or heathen Bönpa. Under his auspices were built the three great monasteries of Gah-ldan, Debung, and Serra near Lhasa, which thus became a great ecclesiastical centre, though previously celebrated only for its ancient shrine the Jo-Khang. He appointed his nephew Geden-dub chief of the Ge-lug-pa sect; and this is the office which developed into the Grand or Dalai-Lama. The Grand Lamaship, however, as we know it, was created by the fifth head of the sect, Lo-zang, surnamed the Eloquent, who assumed office in 1640. It is clear that he was a great personality, whose name has remained almost unknown to history on account of the obscurity of the country in which he played so considerable a part. His achievements were equally remarkable in theology and politics, for he declared himself to be an incarnation of Avalokita, and made himself practically king of Tibet. He had also the papal taste for art and architecture.

This doctrine of living deities and the incarnations of some Buddha or Bodhisattva in the person of a Lama is the feature of Tibetan religion which is best known to Europe, but it is of modern origin. The Saskya primates belonging to the unreformed sect apparently married, and were succeeded by their sons. Tsong-kha-pa insisted on celibacy; but the need for some theoretical continuity in the hierarchy was felt, and in the time of the first four Ge-lug-pa Grand Lamas this was secured by the comparatively modest doctrine that the soul of the deceased Lama passed into a new-born child, who could be recognised by certain signs, and was appointed as successor. Lo-zang took the further step of identifying this transmigrating soul with Avalokita. There appears to be no record of such a doctrine before his time; but the idea was evidently congenial to the Tibetan mind, for incarnations multiplied rapidly; and it is probable that the astute prelate availed himself of a belief, the germs of which were widely spread. It was doubtless derived from the Indian accounts of the *avatâras* of Vishnu, so that modern Lamaism is a combination of Vishnuism and Sivaism. These incarnations of the divinity, though not unknown to the worshippers of Siva, are specially characteristic of the other sect. All Hindu creeds are a movement between pantheism and polytheism. Sivaism be-

comes polytheistic because the god is polymorphic and can be regarded from many aspects. Vishnuism, always more human, is polytheistic because the god descends among men and inhabits human bodies. As in most Hindu matters, it is difficult to trace the chronological development of this idea; but in the fifteenth century not only were twelve or more ancient *avatâras* of Vishnu a matter of popular faith, but contemporary appearances of the god were also acknowledged. Thus Caitanya (1485) was revered after his death, and it would seem during his life, as an incarnation of Krishna. The theory had thus plenty of time to reach Lhasa by 1640. In origin it is not Buddhist at all, for, strictly speaking, the Buddhist doctrine is not that God becomes man, but that man can become a god; but, comparatively early in the history of the Mahâyâna, we find sages like Nâgârjuna called Bodhisattvas, which indicates a very similar train of thought.

Lo-zang's political ambition was helped by the fact that in China the Ming dynasty was tottering under the onslaughts of the Manchus, and that the latter, when victorious, could not consolidate their empire for some time. A Mongolian prince called Gushri Khan, from the Oirod country, who was a partisan of the Ge-lug-pa sect, conquered Tibet and presented it as a gift to the Grand Lama, who, in return, gave him the title of king, though his power appears to have been merely nominal. In 1650 Lo-zang's sovereignty was recognised by the Emperor of China. The title of Dalai-Lama is Mongolian and hardly known in Tibet (where Rgyal-wa Rin-po-ch'e or 'Jewel of Majesty' is commonly used), though it has penetrated to Europe. It means 'ocean' or vastness, and was applied to Lamas before Lo-zang, though perhaps first regularly used by him.

It will thus be seen that there is a considerable resemblance between the circumstances which brought about the temporal power of the popes in Europe and of the Grand Lamas in Tibet. In both cases a prelate was able to acquire political power because his country was weakened by foreign invasions, and there was no central or efficient secular authority. In the one case the Emperor of China, in the other the Emperor of Constantinople, was distant and content with a nominal suzerainty; the gift of

Tibet to the Lama recalls the donation of Constantine; and, though this must be set aside as unhistorical, there is some resemblance between the parts played by the Mongolian Gushri and by Pepin in Italy. But the Grand Lama never ventured to exercise his authority over the Chinese Emperor; the latter's power was also connected with religious ideas, but they had nothing to do with Lamaism, and China had no Canossa.

Lo-zang built himself a palace on a hill dominating Lhasa, which he called Potala, after the mountain in India sacred to Avalokita; and he appears to have exercised undivided temporal power, although his religious honours were shared by the chief Lama of Tashi-Lhunpo (the Teshu-Lama of European writers), who was declared to be an incarnation of Amitâbha. He must, however, have been supported by a powerful hierarchy, for, after ruling for thirty-five years, he abdicated and gave over his authority to his natural son as regent. When he died, this son, not being able to declare himself an incarnation of Avalokita, concealed his father's death for sixteen years, and then proclaimed as successor a dissolute young man, who wrote love-songs which are still popular at Lhasa. The result of this unseemly régime was that the regent was murdered and the Grand Lama sent into exile, where he died. He was dethroned by a chief from Sungaria, who stormed the Debung monastery in order to capture him.

Materials for the history of Tibet during the next two hundred years, as well as much of value for the geography and ethnography of the country, will be found in two papers by Mr Rockhill in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* for 1891. The annals of the pontificate are not edifying. The method of election was not uniform; and the Grand Lama was the plaything of three parties, the hierarchy, the popular party in Tibet, and the Chinese. The decisive power always rested with the Chinese, but they were far distant. After the troubles connected with the deposition of the dissolute poet, the Chinese Emperor, K'ang Hsi, restored order and appointed the popular candidate as Grand Lama. But he also formally assumed the suzerainty of Tibet, and appointed a prime minister with temporal powers and two Chinese residents or Ambans. This was in 1720; but seven years later the

Grand Lama, supported no doubt by the people, murdered the prime minister. The Chinese interfered, imprisoned the Lama, and appointed a regent. Popular feeling was evidently not satisfied with this arrangement, and culminated in a massacre of the Chinese in 1750; but order was restored by the Emperor Ch'ien-lung. From that time until recently there have been few events in Tibet worth recording, except that at the end of the eighteenth century the Gurkhas invaded the country but were driven out by the Chinese. The Tibetan hierarchy and the Ambans combined; and the latter appointed a Tibetan regent. It was afterwards found that this official became permanent, for the Grand Lama always died on or before attaining his majority; and there can be little doubt that he was systematically put out of the way.

Recent events in Tibet appear to be ultimately due to the growing repugnance of the national party to Chinese influence and to the collusion between the hierarchy and the Ambans. When the last Grand Lama reached the usually fatal age of eighteen, his friends forestalled matters by imprisoning the regent. China tried to interfere, but was hampered by the Japanese war and the Boxer troubles, as well as by the perfidy of the resident Ambans, who were heavily bribed by the Lamas not to execute the instructions they received from Peking. The young Grand Lama successfully maintained his position, but, unfortunately for himself, fell entirely under the influence of a Buriat from Russia called Dorjief, a man of considerable education, but devoted to the political interests of Russia. He persuaded the Grand Lama to make overtures to St Petersburg and to refuse all communications with the British authorities. This policy brought about the British expedition to Lhasa in 1904, and the flight of the Grand Lama to Urga in Mongolia. He is the thirteenth holder of the office; and Colonel Waddell cites a popular saying to the effect that Avalokita will be incarnate only thirteen times.

It would appear that the government of Tibet is in reality less of a hierarchy than we have been led to believe. It is carried on by a council called Shape or Kahlon, appointed by the Chinese Amban, and consisting of four members, of whom three are laymen and only one a monk. This council sits under the presidency of the

Grand Lama or the regent, and appoints the provincial governors and district magistrates, who are laymen and mostly natives of Lhasa. There is also a national assembly, called the Tsong-du, which appears to be really representative and to have the final decision in all matters of national importance, especially foreign policy. It exists in two forms, the greater and the lesser assembly, the former being convened only for very serious matters, such as a declaration of war. The army, consisting of 6000 men, is under the orders of the Amban.

The ecclesiastical element is not unduly predominant in this scheme; but the real power of the Church must be measured, not by the officials engaged in administration, but by the number and size of the monasteries. According to some statistics, the Lamas form nearly a third of the total population. The monasteries are often little towns under the rule of an abbot, who has judicial powers; and it is said that there are more than three thousand of them. Close to Lhasa are the two great rival monasteries of Debung and Serra. The former has from eight to ten thousand monks, and is reputed a hotbed of political intrigue. About twenty-five miles distant is Gah-ldan. The abbot of this monastery is elected by all three, and exercises spiritual jurisdiction over them. Near Shigatse, lying somewhat to the west of the road from Darjiling to Lhasa, is the great monastery of Tashi-Lhunpo, or 'the heap of glory,' whose abbot is spiritually the equal of the Grand Lama, and even more revered in the religious world as being less contaminated by politics. Though these four establishments are the largest and most important, their influence was somewhat diminished by the fact that, in the days when Grand Lamas died young, the regent was taken, not from them, but from one of four other monasteries near Lhasa called 'Royal.' As a sop to the powerful monastery of Debung, its abbot was allowed to rule Lhasa during the New Year's festivities, which last four or six weeks.

These arrangements clearly show a design on the part of the Ambans or of the Grand Lamas, when they had a will of their own, to prevent power from being concentrated in the hands of any particular collection of monks. Also, the influence of the dominant hierarchy, though not of Lamaism as a whole, was diminished by the fact that

many large monasteries, such as Saskya, Mindling, and Dorje Dag, belong to old unreformed sects and not to the Ge-lug-pa. On the whole, there is no evidence that the government of Tibet is worse than that of other Asiatic states. It has incurred a great deal of criticism because one of its chief objects was to keep the country closed and exclude European travellers; and hence everybody in a position to describe it was prejudiced against it. But, making due allowance for the fact that it persistently followed a policy of isolation, quite justifiable from an Asiatic point of view, it does not seem to have been cruel or extortionate. The exactions complained of were due mostly to the Ambans; and the hatred of the Tibetans for the Chinese is recorded by all travellers from Manning to Chandra Das.

Estimates of the interest and beauty of Lhasa differ. There is the tendency of imaginative travellers to exaggerate, and the equally strong tendency of matter-of-fact travellers to say that everybody but themselves exaggerates. After looking through the descriptions and pictures of recent visitors one comes, on the whole, to the conclusion that, for appreciative eyes that can overlook incidental filth and squalor, just as the admirer of London forgets fogs, the dominant impression must be splendour and mystery, but that this is due rather to the general and external effect than to detail or beautiful interiors. The Lamas are generous colourists; they work with gold plates and large splashes of the most brilliant hue. That the effect is remarkable and not inharmonious is shown by Mr Landon's view of Lhasa (ii, 304), where the golden roofs seem aflame and melting into the yellow air; or by Colonel Waddell's picture of the great limestone cliffs, where thousands of compassionate Buddhas, brilliant in blue and yellow, look down on the pilgrims toiling up the steep road. The two most remarkable buildings are the Potala, or palace of the Grand Lama, outside the city, and the Jokhang or cathedral in the centre of it. Of the Potala, Mr Candler says that

'it is not a palace on a hill, but a hill that is also a palace. Its massive walls, its terraces and bastions, stretch upwards from the plain to the crest as if the great rock were merely a foundation-stone planted there at the divinity's nod.'

The beauty of the Jokhang seems to be concentrated in its golden roof. The entrance is by general agreement unimposing. Accounts of the interior, particularly of the celebrated effigy of Buddha which it contains, differ. Mr Landon says 'This beautiful statue is the sum and climax of Tibet, and, as one gazes, one knows it and respects the jealousy of its guardians'; whereas Colonel Waddell thinks that 'it is a repellent image, with goggle eyes and coarse sensual face, and is of very rude workmanship.'

Mr Candler appears not to have seen the image; but, as a word-picture, his description of the temple is far the best. He brings before his reader the dark halls lit by flickering golden lamps, the crowned and jewelled idols, the terrible shapes seen dimly portrayed on the walls, the priests officiating in robes of blue and gold, and the wonderful chanting:—

'The music dies away like the reverberation of cannon in the hills. The abbot begins the chant, and the monks, facing each other like singing men in a choir, repeat the litany. They have extraordinary deep, devotional voices, at once unnatural and impressive. The deepest bass of the West does not approach it, and their sense of time is perfect. The voice of the thousand monks is like the drone of some subterranean monster, musically plaintive—the wail of the Earth-God praying for release to the God of the Skies.'

The remarkable similarity between the ceremonies of Lamaism and of the Roman Catholic Church has often been noticed. The altars with lights, flowers, and images sometimes resembling the Madonna, the vestments and mitres, the chanting of the service by choirs arranged opposite one another, the use of holy water and incense, and of gestures like those employed to make the sign of the cross and give the benediction, are among the many points in common. This resemblance is no doubt largely the result of coincidence and due to the theory of public worship held by both Buddhism and Roman Catholicism, namely, that it is an edifying ceremony performed before a congregation. We are familiar with this idea in western Europe, but it is not usual in Asiatic religions. Buddhism early conceived the idea of gathering the people together in sacred buildings, influencing them by statues and pictures which, though artistic, were also moral and

instructive, and performing ceremonies designed to attract mankind rather than to please the gods. This explains the similarity between the two rituals, but it also facilitates borrowing; and, if we consider that the usages of modern Lamaism are based on the ordinances of Tsong-kha-pa, who came from a part of eastern China where Catholic missions were established, it is probable that he more or less consciously imitated what he had seen in Christian churches. The result is what one would expect from such imitation. The meaning and explanation of the ceremonies is quite different. The ritual is appropriate from the Lamaist point of view, but one does not see why, if it grew up independently, the superficial resemblances to the Roman rite are so great. For instance the ceremony called by Colonel Waddell the Eucharist of Lamaism is really the administration of magic pills and some native spirit with the view of giving long life to the recipient. Such pills and potions are common in many parts of the world, but probably they are not associated anywhere else with a ceremony externally resembling the consecration and administration of the sacramental elements. It is possible too that Lamaism may have been affected by Nestorian influences before the arrival of Roman Catholic missionaries.

A Lamaist doctrine which has a very Christian ring about it, but which has apparently been developed independently within the circle of Indian ideas, is the belief in a Saviour. It was in vain that Gotama said: 'By oneself evil is done, by oneself one suffers; by oneself evil is left undone, by oneself one is purified. The pure and the impure stand and fall by themselves; no man can purify another.' In most religions men have felt the difficulty of attaining the moral standard prescribed, and have fallen back on the idea that they might receive through the merits of another what they could never attain by their own characters or the moral laws of cause and effect. In Buddhism there is no idea of an atonement or vicarious sacrifice, for, though this conception is found in the old Brahmanical literature, it fell into disfavour on account of the repugnance to animal offerings; and the theory of the Saviour rests on a curious piece of metaphysics. Amitābha, the deity incarnate in the Tashi-Lama, vowed that he would attain Buddhahood and

felicity for himself only on condition that all who call on his name should share paradise with him. This vow is supposed to have created a 'natural law in the spiritual world,' with the result that, when Amitâbha became Buddha, any one can enter his paradise by believing in him and praying to him. The germs of this theory existed perhaps in the first century of our era, and it is expounded in the two Mahâyâna *sûtras* called Sukhâvatî Vyûha, which form the favourite religious literature of Japan. It reaches its fullest developments in the Japanese sects called Jo-do and Shin-shu, which, with some variations, reduce all religion to faith in Amitâbha and repetition of his name. A somewhat similar sect seems to have existed in Tibet since the eighth or ninth century. Colonel Waddell says that Amitâbha's paradise of Sukhâvatî, or the happy land, is the goal sought by most Tibetans, and that an entry to it is gained by worshipping his son Avalokita and repeating the prayer, 'Om mani padme hum.'

Similarly inconsistent with genuine Buddhism is the sacerdotalism of the Lamas. In most Buddhist countries the clerical class consists of monks, teachers, and ministers rather than sacrificing, mediating priests; but their position in Tibet is summed up by the native proverb, 'Without the Lama in front, God is not approachable.' This appears to be due to the influence of India, the most sacerdotal country in the world, where the Brahmans succeeded in establishing themselves as intermediaries between gods and men in virtue partly of their birth and partly of their knowledge. They had, however, little hierarchical organisation; this element, so prominent in Lamaism, is due to Buddhism, which from the beginning laid stress on discipline, and had to deal with large bodies of men living together in convents. In Tibet the management of the great monasteries necessitated a well-defined ecclesiastical organisation; and the temper of the people offered endless opportunities of increasing sacerdotal influence. Not only have the Lamas a monopoly of religious knowledge in doctrine and ritual, they are also doctors and the sole possessors of such mysterious arts as making horoscopes and devising protection against the attacks of demons, which they can foretell. They can release from hell and guide the spirits of the departed to paradise; and the ignorant but virtuous cannot trust to their own merits,

for the path to the next world is difficult, and after death it is necessary to make a funeral horoscope to ascertain what special dangers threaten the soul of the deceased and what precautions are necessary against them. An interesting example of how the Church has concentrated power in its hands is afforded by the official soothsayer, who holds a position almost similar to the oracle of Delphi in Greece. These soothsayers were a family or order of Mongol wizards, whose importance was such that the fifth Grand Lama, who has been so often referred to, attached them to the established Church and regulated their utterances.

The monastic system of Tibet is a clear instance of convergence in religious institutions with independent origins. It can be clearly traced back to India, and there is no question of European influence; yet the result is very like the medieval monasticism of Europe. The life led by Gotama himself, and set up as an ideal for early Buddhists, was the life of a wandering monk who, during the rainy season, retired into a temporary monastery. Climate rendered this wandering existence impossible in many Buddhist countries; but even in India continuous residence in monasteries early became the rule and was the recognised form of the religious life. Many causes besides superstition have contributed to foster monasticism in Tibet. One, no doubt, is the relative comfort of the life. Though the monks are theoretically ascetics, and though certain rules, such as the prohibition of intoxicants, are rigidly enforced, yet they are, on the whole, better lodged and fed than the ordinary peasantry. An even more potent cause is that the hierarchy is open to the mass of the people, who might otherwise have suffered under feudal oppression. In Tibet, with luck, one can be born a god; and, apart from that, an ordinary monk can rise to the highest offices by simple merit. The present regent is not an incarnation but an elected abbot celebrated for his learning.

It is not surprising that the monasteries have become the principal buildings in the country. Tradition directed that they should be built in remote and beautiful places; but the paucity of the population, the difficulty of obtaining food, and the severity of the weather, all favoured the erection of massive and extensive buildings, having

everything required for the support of life and even for defence. A large monastery is practically a university and a cathedral, as well as a residence for monks. Novices are admitted as boys and have to study twelve years before their ordination, the minimum age for which is twenty. During this period they have to pass several examinations and take part in public disputations. The larger monasteries are divided into colleges. In Debung, near Lhasa, for instance, there are four colleges, each under an abbot; and the monks have separate messing clubs and quarters according to the provinces from which they come. The head of a monastery is often, but not always, regarded as an incarnation. The best known though rarer form of this is when a celestial personage is supposed to be incorporate in a Lama, such as Avalokita in the Dalai-Lama, Amitâbha in the Lama of Tashi-Lhunpo, and the goddess Marîcî in the abbess of the Samding monastery on Lake Yamdok, a lady who bears the title of the 'Diamond Sow,' which is probably less strange in Tibetan than in English. But the lesser dignitaries are generally regarded merely as re-embodiments of their predecessors or of some eminent person. Thus the historian Târanâtha is supposed to be incarnate in the Grand Lama of Urga.

Under the human or divine abbot are many other officials, such as a chief professor charged with the supervision of the educational work, a precentor, a treasurer, and a steward. It is said that the accounts are well kept. Discipline is maintained by two officers corresponding to the proctors of our universities, whose methods are summary. Those who fail disgracefully in their examinations are taken out and chastised on the spot. The severest form of beating is called 'good or bad luck,' because it is a matter of luck whether the culprit survives. Some of the Lamas are hermits, but most are either monks or village priests. The latter are expected to perform service twice a day, beside any special ministrations which their parishioners may require, but otherwise are free to engage in trade or agriculture. The monastic Lamas attend five choral services in the day, the first of which begins before sunrise, besides performing ceremonies on behalf of individuals analogous to masses for the dead. As these services are very

long, tea is served once or oftener in the course of them. In the intervals of worship the Lamas study, instruct novices, or engage in such occupations as writing charms and casting horoscopes.

No doubt the silly and superstitious side of Lamaism is monstrosously developed; but, after reading the most recent accounts, one cannot help doubting if it deserves the severe criticisms which most writers pass on it, or rather one feels that the criticisms are too obvious and not only unsympathetic but utterly regardless of distinctions in thought and temperament. It is as if one were to criticise savages for wearing no clothes, and solemnly demonstrate how much more decent and respectable Europeans are. Lamaism is admittedly an extremely corrupt form of Buddhism, and, to be just, it must be compared, not with any of the great Christian sects, but with such exceptional perversions of Christianity as the Abyssinian Church or Mormonism, in which a few Christian ideas are mixed up with a mass of alien superstition and twaddle. It is not so much that Lamaism has had 'a debasing influence,' for it has clearly humanised the somewhat barbarous character of the early Tibetans, but that Buddhism has been debased by being professed by very ignorant people in an out-of-the-way corner of the world. But it is not likely that any other religion would have fared better, as witness the fate of Christianity in Abyssinia.

Both Mr Landon and Colonel Waddell were much impressed by the buried monks of Nyang-tö-kyi-phu, ascetics who immure themselves in closed caves, from which they only put forth their hands to obtain nourishment. Such practices are Indian in origin and, in these extreme forms, repugnant to early Buddhism. But they commend themselves to a large section of the human race; and the expeditionary force would probably have found the Christian monks of Mount Athos not much more reasonable than the Lamas, who do not appear to have strong proclivities to the severer kinds of asceticism. The ordinary European criticism on the performances of hermits and fakirs is that they are 'useless.' This shows what unbridgable gulfs there are between human temperaments. An Indian would probably not understand the criticism at all. He cannot conceive of religion as

something useful and subservient to life, a mere aid to good conduct. For him it is rather the one reality for which millions of lives might be sacrificed. Though he would not kill the meanest animal, he has no sense of the value and sanctity of life in the European sense. A mortal life has for him no meaning except as a link in the endless chain of existence. The buried monk is not to him a 'pathetic' spectacle, a man who is wasting his time, or even primarily a man who is acquiring merit by doing a disagreeable thing; he is simply a man who is able to put into practice the theoretical conviction of many million Hindus, that existence is a weary burden created by vain desires, and who moves on a higher level because he has succeeded in suppressing those desires.

The writers admit that there are learned, able, and cultured Lamas, particularly the present regent. He had a sufficiently liberal spirit to thank General Macdonald for sparing the temples, and, when giving him an image of Buddha as a parting present, said he would pray for his safe return to India, and hoped that when he looked at that effigy he would always think kindly of Tibet. Colonel Waddell recounts an interesting conversation in which he explained to the regent that the essence of our Christian religion was the saying, 'Love your enemies.'

'On this he exclaimed bitterly, "The English have no religion at all"; and on my enquiring why he thought so, he replied deliberately and emphatically, "Because I *know* it! Because I *see* it for myself in the faces and actions of your people. They all have hard hearts, and are specially trained to take life and fight like giants who war even against the gods."'

Put beside this Mr Candler's picture of the subaltern who watched the service in the Cathedral of Lhasa and audibly ejaculated, 'Thank God I'm not a Lama.' The contrast is worthy of the finest poems of Sir Alfred Lyall: the disgust of the subaltern at the mummeries of the priests in their stuffy temple, and the indignation of the learned Oriental at the idea that he could learn religion from this mob of fighting animals.

C. ELIOT.

Art. X.—RECENT SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM.

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 3. *Shakespearean Tragedy.* By A. C. Bradley. London: Macmillan, 1904.
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 5. *Histoire littéraire du Peuple anglais de la Renaissance à la Guerre civile.* By J. J. Jusserand. Vol. II. Paris: Firmin-Didot, 1904.
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 9. *William Shakespeare: his Family and Friends.* By C. J. Elton. London: Murray, 1904.
- And other works.

THE Germans like to tell of the *Nachleben* of Shakespeare, or that strange after-life of his in the industry of others, upon which his shade is silent. He has begotten, not only his own writings, but a vast and patient professoriate of archæologists, like those who search the buried tombs or palaces of Eastern emperors. His biographers have gathered the curt or trivial papyri that reveal a marriage date, the entry of a child's birth or burial, a legal process and its judgment, a series of sales and purchases, a bequest, an epitaph, the names of shadowy relations, a mutilated list of books; things that might pertain to any man, and tell us little more than we knew about the poems and plays of Shakespeare. His theatrical history and successes have been explored, and aid us to fix the order of his plays. All such matter has been so fairly sifted and presented of late years by Mr Sidney Lee that the outer biography of Shakespeare is perhaps in a final state. If we judge by the past, any new dis-

coveries concerning his life will throw little light upon his poetry.

Apart from this the study of Shakespeare is threefold. We may ask what his exact words were, and how to construe them; that is the question of the *letter*, and the affair of textual editing, of linguistics, and of the Shakespeare canon. Or we may ask whence his stories came and how he used them, how he seemed to his contemporaries and compares with them, how he stands to the thought and art of his age, and where his temper and morality differ from that of the greater modern spirits; that is the question of *history*, and the affair of exegesis. Or, thirdly, we may ask what we think of Shakespeare and find in him, and what, after all, he is to us; that is the question of *values*, and is the affair of pure criticism. These distinctions are not rigid; the provinces overlap and are federate. In each of them Shakespeare has had an immense 'after-life'; such are the unforeseen forms that his glory has taken.

We do not try to notice here the present state of Shakespearean erudition; the slow improvement of the text, the unprogressive debates over the doubtful plays like 'Arden of Feversham,' or that rapidly advancing study of 'early modern English' on a scientific basis which is shown in works like the 'Shakespeare-Grammatik' by Dr Franz of Tübingen, in the editions of Schmidt's 'Shakespeare-Lexicon,' and in Dr Littledale's revision of Dyce's old glossary. There is still much to be done, though much is doing, for the study of the English language from More to Milton, which, in comparison with the English of earlier and later times, has been badly neglected. Nor can we touch on the field of prosody, rigidly studied in England and Germany by many scholars, such as Goswin König, except to say that the artistic and musical side of this study has not kept pace with the scientific. Indeed, the various industries typified in the transactions of the German 'Shakespeare Year-book' would demand a separate article. From the index of learned publications furnished by the Year-book arises loudly the hum of the vast dissertation-factory that has been built above the poet's bones. It would take the whole of a man's time to read and digest what is annually printed about Shakespeare. The items in the

index, for 1903, of works that more or less concern him, number over six hundred. Many of these, no doubt, are merely of the fungous kind, like those on the Baconian theory; others contribute to the understanding of 'Elizabethan' literature at large. The next step needed is a synthesis of the huge mass of illustration and apparatus, in order to improve that understanding.

The cold-storage of facts and parallels is of no use unless it helps us to perform better what for Englishmen, surely, is the chief critical task of our time, namely, to enter into the mind of the English Renaissance. It is our chief task, because there is so much in our own time that should make it easier to accomplish. For at the Renaissance awoke both the movement of poetry and the movement of thought and science. That is what we mean by the word Renaissance. The eighteenth century did not care enough about poetry; and the early nineteenth century did not care enough, in England, about thought and science. Now, once more, these two master-interests of humanity are quickened in unison. Thought and science are active; and though we do not produce poetry of much value, we are trying to understand poetry as we have never tried before. Hence we are in a better mood than ever yet for understanding Shakespeare and his companions. There are many definite intellectual impulses now in play which seem to bring the Renaissance back. The wish to see and render beauty, disinterestedly and for its own sake, is alive as in the day of Marlowe. The sense of unexplored mystery in the world of nature and invention is alive also; and the triumph of Copernicus hardly stirs the fancy more than the discovery of some new kinds of ray. As when Montaigne and Bruno wrote, there is a tendency to revise the ethical code; and this penetrates into art. The Imperial feeling, or the passion to radiate our power and to enlarge our borders, now touches, for good or ill, the national fancy as it has not done since Raleigh. Old conceptions of personal excellence are at times revived. The ideal of the courtier, that brilliant, many-faceted, effective personage, for whom art and letters were but one accomplishment the more, this ideal that is strong in Sidney, in the delineation of Hamlet, has been revived or refurbished by the vocal if transient and pseudo-virile school of critics, of whom the

late Mr Henley was a leader. Surely, then, we have now an unrivalled chance to enter, more fully than ever yet, into the mind of the Renaissance.

One class of the monographs already named reveals the impulse to do so at work. Much has been written on the relations or contrasts between Shakespeare and other great writers. There are studies of the connexions between Shakespeare and Plutarch, Montaigne, Rabelais, Bruno, and Marlowe. Two of the valuable essays contained in Prof. Churton Collins' 'Studies in Shakespeare' deal with this kind of problem. To the paper on Montaigne we shall refer later. That on 'Sophocles and Shakespeare,' together with part of that on 'Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar,' will show what is the strength of this critic, his power of finding analogies and resemblances, compared with which his sense of difference is not so keen. The parallel between the two poets rests largely on the theorems that the plays of both are 'essentially didactic,' and that 'both began [as tragic poets, that is], not indeed by being pessimists, but by bordering on pessimism; both ended in being absolute optimists.' The terms are probably too strong. The creator of Caliban did not end as an absolute optimist; and Mr Collins appears to us to have wrought out only one side of the Shakespearean ethic when he reduces it to the sense of pervading moral law. The sense of extra-moral destiny, of injustice, even of chance, is equally sharp, as will appear presently from our account of the longer investigation by Prof. Bradley. Mr Collins himself phrases this point very well when he speaks of 'the suffering which, befalling the guiltless, cannot be penal, and which, as it involves their extinction, cannot be purgative.' This process he describes by saying that it is a law that, 'if the innocent be associated with the guilty, both perish together.' But that, if a law, is not a moral law save in some desperate sense. This essay is, however, one of the most instructive that exists on the subject, and is inspired by an effort to find the essence of religion in poetry, and religion in the essence of poetry, to which we cannot subscribe, but whose loftiness must be recognised.

Many useful accessory works are also now appearing that make the historical bases firmer. The social conditions and setting of letters are set forth in nearly a

thousand pages by M. Jusserand. There is now a translation of the second volume of his rather external, but precisely-informed and lively work the '*Histoire littéraire du Peuple anglais*.' Like most books of the sort, it is half a social history and half a literary sketch; and the author leaves to others the really important problem of discriminating between the two spheres, for many of his facts and social data have no bearing upon literary art at all. He saves us, on the other hand, from the risk of treating poetry in a barren, abstract way, apart from time or place, as if we could understand an extinct creature without knowing its date and habitat.

On the biographical side, there are Mr Sidney Lee's lectures, given in America and published under the title of '*Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*.' His work, as ever, is strong in that skilled sifting of positive evidence and dismissal of legend which must be the prelude to all criticism. His pictures of More and Raleigh, the best in presentment, rest on concealed labour of this kind. The handling of Bacon is severe; and Mr Lee makes his life furnish a dubious moral when he says that

'his mighty fall teaches the useful lesson that intellectual genius, however commanding, never justifies breaches of those eternal moral laws which are binding on men of great mental endowments equally with men of moderate or small intellectual capacities' (p. 238).

Not only shall we hardly enter into the ethics of the Renaissance thus, but it is not safe to stake such a 'useful lesson' upon the chance that those who violate it may suffer a 'mighty fall,' which greater criminals than Bacon have certainly escaped. Mr Lee adds a clear and pleasing account of Bacon's intellectual importance and aims, and a still better analysis of the limitations of Bacon's practical sagacity. In a collection of essays, posthumously published, the late Mr C. J. Elton, a true scholar and a man of fine taste, has collected much interesting lore touching the early life of Shakespeare, his family and friends; and has ingeniously illustrated his works from various minor writers of the seventeenth century. All such studies help us to understand the period, and to ask more pertinently the right questions about Shakespeare.

We thus know something of the life around Shake-
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speare. A picture of the time has been pieced together by historians: of its wars, its legislation, its *dramatis personæ*; of its manners, its ruling ideas, its moral sentiments, and its favoured books. We also know much of the external life of Shakespeare. Thirdly, we have his mind revealed in plastic form throughout the dramas, and in confessional utterance throughout the sonnets. The problem is to choose out of the general history, and out of Shakespeare's biography, those elements that may serve to interpret his mind, and to discard carefully those which do not. The task of historical divination is to draw such lines between the life around him, his own life, and his works, as may aid us, in some measure, and with the least hazard, to form an idea of his life as an artist.

No one has been more resolute on this large adventure and, on the whole, no one has found better fortune, than Dr Georg Brandes, whose work, 'William Shakespeare,' began to appear in Danish ten years ago, and is now in its second English edition (1902). The method of Brandes is the comparatively modern method, undreamed of a century ago. It is historical and also psychological. To this method the secretive and manifold Shakespeare throws down a great challenge, and Brandes takes up that challenge. He has made his mark already as a discoverer and explorer of other minds. He has disclosed, in their national or racial importance, the chief Dano-Norwegian writers, Holberg, Ibsen, Jacobsen. He has written with intimacy on two of the figures in English history, Byron and Disraeli, who, in force and salience, remind us most of Shakespeare. He has studied the history of Romanticism in England and elsewhere; and the English volume of his 'Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature' has just been translated. In that work Brandes was too much biassed by modern liberal conceptions, and too indifferent to style and art, to be a satisfactory critic of poetry, though his criticism of the ideas pervading poetry is excellent. His book on Shakespeare is more scientific and impartial, and, while he expresses the diffidence of a foreigner on matters of style, he has become sensitive to greatness and truth of poetical form in another tongue. The cosmopolitan texture of his brain, the sanguine richness of his temperament, help him to understand the spring-tides of mental life

in the sixteenth century. The optimism, too, that survives his keen apprehension of suffering and tragedy is a credential in approaching Shakespeare. Brandes, therefore, has done something to discover Shakespeare; and his other writings may fairly be called a discipline for this his largest task.

Brandes is so full of life that he can afford his faults, some of which are serious. They affect, indeed, not only detail but the method itself. He is not primed with a one-sided doctrine, like the gifted Latin note-taker, Taine. But his conception of the *milieu* or environment that actually shapes poetry is sometimes misty, lax, and untrue. He writes whole chapters on political or social matters that cannot be shown to have affected Shakespeare at all. Falstaff's love of sack inspires a page on the many fermented drinks of the Elizabethans. The character of James I is analysed at length because Shakespeare is (most unwarrantably) guessed to have alluded to his dislike of crowds in 'Measure for Measure,' and to his learning and other qualities in 'The Tempest.' The whole history of Essex and Southampton is told because Southampton may have formed a personal link between Shakespeare and Essex. The coincidence between the misfortunes of Essex and the change of the poet's interest from comedy and history to conspiracies with a tragic ending, has always been noticed; but to hear the whole story only makes us see how fragile is any inference.

This kind of error leads Brandes into his most serious critical offence, that of occasionally rash and dogmatic reconstruction. He has read widely, but sometimes fails in scholarship, or tries, by means of baseless hypothesis, to pierce too far. Two instances may be taken out of a number. Ever since an article by Halpin in 1842, it has been known that Oberon's speech about the 'fair vestal throned in the west' contains some allusions to Lyly's 'Endimion' that are too close to be accidental. The 'little western flower,' on which the bolt of Cupid fell, is very like Lyly's *Floscula*; and the parallel between his Tellus and Luna and Shakespeare's 'cold moon and the earth' drives the identification home. Now the names in 'Endimion' mask real persons of the time; and Halpin, modestly enough, put forward his theory that

'Floscula' probably signifies Lady Lettice Knollys, first Countess of Essex, and then of Leicester. The learned editor of Lyly, Mr Warwick Bond, is not disinclined to this view, though his cast for the masque differs from Halpin's. The whole ground is treacherous, and Brandes sinks into it. He accepts without question Halpin's guess; he assumes that the 'western flower' is certainly Lady Essex; he thence infers that 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was written in the year 1590, 'after the private marriage of Essex [i.e. her son] with the widow of Sir Philip Sidney.' He does not see that such reasons are slender for dislocating the whole chronology of Shakespeare's early plays. Hardly any other writer believes that the 'Dream' was written sooner than 1594 or 1595. Were Brandes right, either the 'Dream' would come before plays of the type of the 'Two Gentlemen,' or else the whole dramatic *Lehrjahre* of the poet must be shifted some four years back.

Another instance of his haste is found in the chapter on 'Troilus and Cressida.' Brandes holds, like many others, that Chapman was the 'rival poet' of Shakespeare's Sonnets. But he sees even less than Dryden saw in the poetry of Chapman, and remarks with surprise that Mr Swinburne 'loves' Chapman; although, if his theory be true, Shakespeare referred to the 'proud full sail' of Chapman's 'great verse.' That, however, is an affair of taste. Shakespeare treats the Greek heroes with a strange contempt in parts of 'Troilus and Cressida,' as every one has noticed; and why? Because, says Brandes, he did not like Chapman or the style of his 'Homer.'

'In all probability it was the grief Shakespeare felt at seeing Chapman selected by Pembroke, added to the ill-humour caused by the elder poet's arrogance and clumsy pedantry, which goaded him into wanton opposition to the inevitable enthusiasm for the Homeric world and its heroes. And so he gave his bitter mood full play.' (Eng. Tr. p. 514.)

This is a house of cards; it rests on the idea that Shakespeare would throw mud at Achilles because he was jealous of Chapman, from whose work he was actually borrowing. In such passages Brandes is acuter at seeing the problem than at solving it. But his book has a quality of greatness and a perceptiveness that may

cause more than one generation to return to it. Brandes has the freest kind of German vision, comprehensive and pertinacious, without German peddling or dry-baked pedantry, and without the sentimental roar into which the German voice often lapses. He has tried to measure himself against the whole subject; he has wrestled as stubbornly as the patriarch Jacob for a blessing. His lines are broad; his is fresco-work rather than miniature, and it is all the better for that. His opening leads us at once into the wide and fresh atmosphere of the Renaissance, where we move throughout the book, with its enduring lights above our heads. He links the genius of the English poet with that of Michael Angelo, his immediate forerunner, and that of Cervantes his contemporary.

'Michael Angelo has depicted mighty and suffering demigods in solitary grandeur. No Italian has rivalled him in sombre lyricism or tragic sublimity. The finest creations of Cervantes stand as monuments of a humour so exalted that it marks an epoch in the literature of the world. No Spaniard has rivalled him in type-creating comic force. Shakespeare stands co-equal with Michael Angelo in pathos, and with Cervantes in humour. This of itself gives us a certain standard for measuring the height and range of his powers' (p. 1).

Later pages are impressed with the same power of seeing Shakespeare in something like true focus amongst his only mental companions in his own century. Here Brandes, so far from being given to hasty constructions, is judicial. Following the sane enquiries of Beyersdorff, and rejecting the fantasies of Tschischwitz and others, he shows how Shakespeare's relation to Giordano Bruno is almost one of mutual exclusiveness. He holds aloof from the fanatics who come to Shakespeare resolved to read Montaigne into him right and left, but he does justice to the real and strange coincidence of temper between the two. He would have pressed closer into this matter had he been able to read the recent investigation of Mr Churton Collins, who gives good reason for believing that the changes in the second quarto of 'Hamlet' are not unaffected by the recent appearance of Florio's translation. But everywhere Brandes draws, from a large and vital reading, parallels full of light. The quotation of Spinoza's definition of jealousy in the 'Ethics,' as an exact

description of Othello's imaginings before he falls in his trance, is an instance (p. 446). Yet his distinction between jealousy proper and the affection of Othello, which is less jealousy than 'credulity poisoned by malignity,' corrects anything in such a quotation that might mislead. He also defines well (p. 449) the true impression left by 'Othello'—the impression which makes us wish to shake ourselves free from its overpowering force, and to turn to Shakespeare himself for the antidote.

'A great work "Othello" undoubtedly is, but it is a monograph. It lacks the breadth which Shakespeare's plays as a rule possess. It is a sharply limited study of a single and very special form of passion, the growth of suspicion in the mind of a lover with African blood and temperament—a great example of the power of wickedness over unsuspecting nobility. Taken all in all, this is a restricted subject, which becomes monumental only by the grandeur of its treatment.'

On the whole Brandes shows less sureness of line in his studies of history and environment than in his psychological scrutiny of Shakespeare and Shakespeare's personages. He can speak freshly about the great enigmatic characters, Hamlet, Iago, Macbeth, though he does not press so closely into their mazes as Professor Bradley. On Hamlet he discourses from the original standpoint of a fellow-Dane. Hamlet, he says to his countrymen, is

'of all Danish men, the only one who can be called famous on the largest scale; the only one with whom the thoughts of men are for ever busied in Europe, America, Australia, aye, even in Asia and Africa, wherever European culture has made its way; and this one never existed, at any rate in the form in which he has become known to the world' (p. 341).

And why is this? The critic himself betrays the unique power of Hamlet, amongst all creatures of fiction, to call out a personal sympathy, a sympathy which is really self-pity and self-scrutiny.

'We love thee like a brother. Thy melancholy is ours, thy wrath is ours, thy contemptuous wit avenges us on those who fill the earth with their empty noise and are its masters. We know the depth of thy suffering when wrong and hypocrisy triumph, and oh! thy still deeper suffering on feeling that that nerve in thee is severed, which should lead from thought to victorious action' (p. 382).

The history of criticism from Hazlitt onwards shows this power of Hamlet to mirror all angry and noble souls to themselves, whenever they are filled with that self-doubt which is the tragic reflex and consequence of their disgust with the world about them. Hamlet, behind it all, keeps his secret still, and so Shakespeare may have desired; he has all 'the untranspicuousness and complexity of a real soul.' There is not only obscurity of presentment, but the presentment of obscurity.

Brandes is strong, like Sainte-Beuve, in portraying secondary characters; and this is the best trial of a critic's elasticity. Emilia is 'good-hearted, honest, and not exactly light, but still sufficiently the daughter of Eve to be unable to understand Desdemona's naïve and innocent chastity.' The description of Friar Laurence, one of the poet's best embodiments of reason, is perfect.

'Shakespeare knows and understands passionlessness; but he always places it on the second plane. . . . Friar Laurence is full of goodness and natural piety, a monk such as Spinoza or Goethe would have loved, an undogmatic sage, with the astuteness and benevolent Jesuitism of an old confessor, brought up on the milk and bread of philosophy, not on the fiery liquors of religious fanaticism' (p. 78).

The man who wrote that can never be put aside as a critic who is at root a politician, blinded with liberal formulæ. His voice has true liberating power, and leaves us quit of formulæ. He has learnt one of the best things that Shakespeare has to teach, namely, to respect all natural healthy types of character and calling, even when our beliefs cannot be the same as theirs. This kind of respect comes easily to those who accept society as it is, but it comes too easily to do them credit. When a reforming and unquiet spirit attains to it, he has made a conquest. Brandes can also word the particular mood or *Stimmung* that lies behind a work of art; and this can only be felt, especially if the work be dramatic, by a kind of antenna-sense, unknown to the criticism of rule and canon. Even the errors risked by the intuitive critic tell us more than the truths of the mechanical critic. What could be more happily touched than the divinations of the frame of mind of Shakespeare at the ages of about thirty and thirty-five?

'No less sensitive and devoted to music than the Duke in "Twelfth Night" or Lorenzo in "The Merchant of Venice" must their creator himself have been in the short and happy interval in which, as yet unmastered by the melancholy latent in his as in all deep natures, he felt his talents strengthening and unfolding, his life every day growing fuller and more significant, his inmost soul quickening with creative impulse and instinct with harmony. . . . In the Republican Calendar one of the month: was named Floréal. There is such a flower-month in almost every human life; and this is Shakespeare's. . . . In spite of his latent melancholy he is now highly favoured and happy, this young man of thirty-five; the sun of his career is in the sign of the Lion; he feels himself strong enough to sport with the powers of life, and he now writes nothing but comedies' (pp. 171, 218, 215).

The leading gift, however, of Brandes is doubtless the clearness of his moral and human judgments. In his 'Shakespeare' he gets at these judgments, not through his social and political doctrine, nor through abstract philosophy, but through the richness of his artistic perceptions; and this is the only safe path for a literary critic. He does not see Shakespeare through the warping chromatic glasses of liberalism, or of Hegel's philosophy; yet he does not fall into the usual error of making him an almost pure feudalist like Spenser. He sees the poet's morality in its real and only legitimate light, as a series of motives or themes, recurring and intertwined and modulating one another, and seldom issuing, for the poet, into the code or canon to which our dubious instinct is tempted to reduce them. The result is an impregnable spiritual grace and elevation in the poetry, which merely presents, but never argues, and so cannot be refuted. And this grace and elevation transfuse themselves into the right kind of critic, as in the following description of 'The Winter's Tale' (p. 639).

'Looked at from a purely abstract point of view, as though it were a musical composition, the play might be considered in the light of a soul's history. Beginning with powerful emotions, suspense and dread; with terrible mistakes entailing deserved and undeserved suffering, it leads to a despair which in turn gradually yields to forgetfulness and levity; but not lastingly. Once alone with its helpless grief and hopeless repentance, the heart still finds in its innermost sanctuary

the memory which, death-doomed and petrified, has yet been faithfully guarded and cherished unscathed, until, ransomed by tears, it consents to live once more. The play has its meaning and moral just as a symphony may have, neither more nor less. It would be absurd to seek for a psychological reason for Hermione's prolonged concealment. She reappears at the end because her presence is required, as the final chord is needed in music or the completing arabesque in a drawing.'

What we have written earlier shows how little we incline to paying Dr Brandes mere compliment; indeed we are rather thinking (as he would doubtless prefer) of the readers he has yet to find than of himself. But in Brandes we have passed over from the field of historical reconstruction and interpretation to that of pure criticism. It is right to notice now the latest signal effort made by an Englishman, in whom the historical sense is relatively faint, and the religious and hortatory instinct relatively strong, to appreciate the four tragedies into which Shakespeare flung his utmost powers—flung them sometimes with a serene and royal classicality of form, but often with a vehemence, a strain, an Etna-like convulsiveness of language, of which we forget the formal imperfections, because it must be the reflex of some for ever unknown and powerful agitation in himself. From the lay humanity, the deep if less piercing tones of Dr Brandes, we turn to Mr Bradley's book on 'Shakespearean Tragedy.'

This volume revives the strictly philosophical criticism of Shakespeare, which has lapsed, since the time of Coleridge, in this country. Coleridge was first of all a creator; but, even while his imaginative powers were at work, or he was looking back on the powers he had spoiled with a sadness that could revive the sense of them but not their energy, he had within him a second principle, a watching familiar that told him the path his mind had taken; and this was the philosophic, analytic principle that drove him, as the pure artist is never driven, to consider the artistic process, not from the side of its effectiveness for beauty, but from that of its ground in reason and its psychological impulse. The same power made him a critic—as great in this field as the world has known—of the poetry, when it was at all congenial, of others; the poetry of Shakespeare, of Wordsworth. This

co-equal warmth of the philosophic and artistic processes in Coleridge, interpenetrating and illuminating each other, is unique; it is not greater even in Goethe, because Coleridge applied his judging intellect not only to the thought and stuff of poetry, like Goethe and most of the Germans, but to style, expression, rhythm and music. Since his day some few gifted English writers have tried to follow in his wake. Professor Dowden has a speculative outlook of his own; and, if modern morals and liberal sentiment are apt to come between him and Shakespeare, he has none of the ponderosity and heavy-footedness of the Germans. But the best of our critics have not had systematic minds; they have followed on the lines, not of Coleridge, but of Lamb and Hazlitt, treating the works of Shakespeare on the side of humanity and of style, not on the side of their philosophic import. Of poets, Mr Swinburne has said what is best worth hearing in his studies of the older dramatists and of their greatest spirit. Among keen and scholarly minds, Walter Bagehot, in his 'Literary Studies,' and Dr Furnivall, in his preface to the so called 'Leopold Shakespeare,' stand out for buoyancy. In his prefaces to the 'Eversley Shakespeare,' Professor Herford shows a mastery of learning and apparatus which fortifies and does not chill his power to interpret. Mr Bradley, giving a whole book to the four major tragedies, may well feel that his long delay before printing any original work of length has been rewarded.

Mr Bradley, if he moves most easily and freshly in the abstract region, writes with a strength of human feeling not always seen in metaphysicians. His manner is a curious mixture of preaching at high pressure with a nervous, guarded, Oxford accuracy of analysis. His style, if a little what artists call 'tight,' has the rare gift of being entirely lucid in the expression of subtleties. But the sense of mental ease and fundamentally tranquil power which we receive from the most highly-wrought of the tragedies (perhaps excepting 'Othello') disappears when we read the close and searching expositions of the critic. The tension is of a different kind, and sometimes destroys the pleasure proper to tragedy. This, however, does not affect the substance of his criticism. The book strikes us, for good more than for ill, as that of a man who has gone his own way, troubling not much about

other critics, caring more for the soul, ethics, and characters in a play than for its historic setting or its style, and not minding if he makes rediscoveries. Hence the result is personal and arresting. We shall speak mainly of Mr Bradley's philosophy and then of some details of interpretation. And first of his poetic on its moral side. We take leave to use our own figures and parables; but the theory runs somewhat as follows.

The foremost person or hero in these tragedies of Shakespeare's prime is a man eminent both in nature and in public rank. He errs, suffers, hurts others, and at last has to die. It was his own action, of his own choosing, that started the fatal train of events. He is immeshed in just the one situation, among just the persons, that touch the dangerous point in his nature. Hegel says in his '*Æsthetik*' that Shakespeare's subject is often the rise and growth in a great soul of a passion that leads it into a self-destructive conflict with circumstance. This outer conflict is also mirrored in the strife within his own soul of blood and judgment, or of ambition and loyalty. Sometimes, adds Hegel, Shakespeare shows almost perfectly firm and consequent natures, like Coriolanus, who, by that very quality, or through forgetting the spot of fatal tenderness in themselves, fail of their end and perish. Hegel's theory is the most suggestive contribution since Aristotle to the metaphysic of the drama, but in various ways it is very one-sided, for Hegel's portentous optimism leads him to underestimate the whole element of visible injustice, unreason, and immoral-seeming fate in Shakespeare's tragic world. Mr Bradley's theory* modifies that of Hegel by freely admitting the presence of this element. In any case it is clear that Shakespeare does not found a tragedy merely on intrigue and incident, nor yet on mere psychology without incident. Nor does he suffer the fatality to spring from causes that lie quite without our voluntary choice, such as pure madness, or other abnormal states, or supernatural compulsion (a point worked out in the lectures on '*Macbeth*'). Accident, says Mr Bradley dis-

* See his paper on the subject in the '*Hibbert Journal*' for July 1904. Hegel's work is full of large sayings: 'Death is from the first in the background of Hamlet's mind; the sandbank of the finite is not enough for him.' But Hegel starts with Greek tragedy as the perfect type, and does not give romantic tragedy its full rights.

cerningly, only appears, if at all, quite late in the series of tragic events, when our sense of cause and effect cannot be shaken; and, we may add, it is deftly concealed or passed lightly over in the theatre. If, then, such is the course of tragedy, what is the impression made by the tragic world upon a philosophical and sensitive witness?

Mr Bradley tracks down this impression to the sense of a contradiction in things, or 'antinomy.' We are left with two sets of feelings that cannot be expelled, or separated, or reconciled. The Christian doctrines, however much, in a sense, Shakespeare accepted them, were not before his mind in the sense of affording a solution to this 'antinomy.' One side of it leads to disheartenment. We are filled for part of the time with the sense of waste, of injustice, or rather of blind chance, at any rate of unreason, in the world represented. It is a scene of great souls cruelly overtaxed in their weakness, of large minds whose plans run counter to their best hopes, and of guile at least partially triumphant. Pessimism, a philosophy not formulated in Shakespeare's day, would say that such a world had better not have been, or has a necessary overplus of pain and unreason. Yet this is not, in fact, the impression left on us by the noble close of 'Hamlet'; and the other face of the contradiction is slowly turned toward us. Here we mysteriously feel that there is, after all, some kind of pacification, some cancelling of bonds, some settlement not made in terms of the justice that we know. We are left in 'calm of mind, all passion spent.' And this feeling is incompatible with a mere sense of waste and chaos. Mr Bradley then turns from the psychological to the external or objective statement of the problem, and asks, What, then, is the presiding power in such a tragic universe?

The contradiction only defines itself the more. The presence of moral law somewhere, of orderly cause and effect, of Nemesis, is irremovable. The tragic trouble springs from the hero's voluntary act; Brutus has to pay for blindness and Macbeth for guilt. People are punished, not merely sacrificed—often overpunished, but still punished—by some principle in the nature of things. The bad are always punished in Shakespeare's tragedies. The merely faulty are punished. The 'innocent who belong to the guilty' (as Dr Furnivall puts it) are punished

because they do belong to the guilty. Such a world is not mere disorder. On the other hand, the conception of some power working, if not blindly, yet regardless of individual desert, is equally unavoidable as we read. It is no crude form of predestination; for Shakespeare's view, on the whole, is Helena's, that 'the fated sky gives us free scope.' No: the tragic fate suggests a great impersonal system of some kind cutting across our aims and hopes, working without reference to them, and grinding them up in its relentless march. We cannot get rid of this idea. Here, then, stated in terms of the pre-siding power, are the two aspects of the contradiction.

The most original part of the theory follows. Where, in such a scene, is there a place for the conceptions of good and evil, for what we now term 'values'? Drama does not profess to solve the riddle, but asks it in the most pointed way. Mr Bradley works in metaphors, as we all must do; we will indicate his own, and may then suggest an alternative metaphor. Evil, such as that embodied in Iago and Goneril, produces a convulsion in the society it invades; it acts as a poison, and therefore there must be a healthy body, a living body, to poison. You cannot poison a corpse or a stone. There must, then, be some impulse or principle we call good which animates the condition of normal health. Evil is that which produces a violent reaction in the healthy body, which desires to cast evil out. But we have not even yet arrived at the essential point of tragedy. There is nothing necessarily tragic in the mere conflict of good and evil and the victory of evil. Mr Bradley does not put the matter in so startling a way, but it seems to follow from his theory, and we believe it to be true. Tragedy only comes in, or is only complete, when the struggle to cast out evil involves evil of a fresh order; when the faulty hero of mighty make cannot be purged of his fault without being overpunished, and perishing; nay, without wrecking others, good and evil, together. Tragedy culminates, not when Goneril is triumphant, or when Lear is vexed, but when the two meet, and Cordelia is destroyed between the millstones of their crime and their blindness. The good principle, or Ormuzd, cannot defeat the bad, or Ahriman, without 'self-torture and self-waste.' Thus a Shakespearean tragedy ends with a faint, weary,

and featureless convalescence of the tragic world, with a few secondary figures standing round a heap of bodies. Life will go on, but this play is over. The houses strike up a shamefaced peace; but that is nothing to Romeo and Juliet, and little more to us. At the end of 'Lear' the earth has purged itself of several reptiles at a portentous cost. It is like a body that almost dies, and actually forfeits all grace and beauty for awhile, in the effort to cast out a poison. We are thus faced by the contradiction in an acuter form than ever. If the world is not in principle good, why should it try to save itself by expelling evil? But if it is good, why should it have evil? Above all, why should the effort to be rid of evil bring in more evil still as the condition of success? On this problem the drama, far from solving it, puts a finer edge. Yet the result is calming and elevating. The mystery without is reflected in the mystery of our feelings towards it.

We have been less than just to some of Mr Bradley's distinctions, and have used our own words. His theory is a thoroughgoing and substantially original effort to re-state the difficulty of evil in the world as represented in four tragedies. It asks how Shakespeare would have put the riddle of life had his mind been methodical and not artistic, and had he had the privilege of reading Hegel. One obvious comment is that life is larger than the stage. Many situations which the philosopher must face the dramatist may not face. Some disasters, such as mere physical accidents, are not tragic at all. Villains like Bunyan's Mr Badman, prosperous on earth to the last, and good men, too unlike ourselves, who are brought low without any fault, are not for the drama, or at least must not be in its forefront. Yet the theologian or philosopher must place them in his system somewhere. And, as Mr Bradley carefully implies, within the drama itself tragedy is not everything, for the side of life shown in philosophic comedy and romantic play has to be counted with. Further, even within the sphere of tragedy, it is wrong to lay too much stress upon the mere upshot, which is largely dictated, not by ethical theory, but by the amount of imaginative pain that the average spectator will tolerate. For the fate of Desdemona he must be indemnified, if only a little, by that of Iago, and for the fall of Hamlet by that of Claudius. These bad men might

very well, in the real world, escape and prosper, as the philosopher must remember. In Shakespeare's plays they may not. This is only to the praise of Shakespeare. He felt, being a theatrical artist, just how far he might take his hearers, who were not philosophers. In real life, again, comedy often has a death in it, but not so upon the stage. We, therefore, must not slip into thinking that the themes of the highest tragic art exhaust our types of evil in the world.

Mr Bradley's exposition perhaps attends at this point somewhat exclusively to the administrative side, so to call it, of tragedy. He is, so far as we understand him, the first to grant that the poet is equally, or more, concerned with character; not only with what men do and deserve and suffer, deservedly or otherwise, but with what, through these experiences, they are. There are complex natures, of which Hamlet is the chief; but, with his eye on the audience, Shakespeare usually tells it plainly where its sympathies, personal as distinct from dramatic, are to lie. There is no doubt that Lear is, on the whole, a healthy member of the world despite his error, and Macbeth a poisonous intruder despite his grandeur. There are indeed cases where the dramatic sympathy is so great that it almost carries the favour of the spectator with it. In 'Macbeth' we begin to feel that his enemies are on the other side; and we find it hard to feel the due pity for Duncan and Banquo, because their slayer is more interesting. Shakespeare has to burden Macbeth with the stupid and pointless murder of Macduff's family, lest Macduff should, like Richmond in 'Richard III,' be a dull and perfunctory justicer.

If we are to seek an ethical point of view in these tragedies, they cry with a thousand voices that it matters (as Mr Bradley well says of Cordelia) what we are, and that it does not matter what happens to us. Sometimes, although good, men triumph; sometimes their error is punished too much, sometimes too little; sometimes their end seems to be proof of moral order, sometimes of blind chance or of impersonal fate. And, to speak in myth, the tragedies tempt us to separate the creative from the administrative powers of the universe. It is as though the labour of making men and women had fallen to a band of supernatural artists of varying

skill and bent. Some of them mould creatures that are almost perfect, others mould creatures exquisitely and immutably fitted for hateful ends. The average products, however, of the workshop are the soft instruments of circumstance; and what they will be at last is only clear when they have clashed blindly together. But the web of actual happenings in which they are trapped might seem the work of a wholly different set of powers, who administer and do not create. These are rarely good fairies, sometimes blind furies, oftener half-intelligent fates. Or, if we are to resume them into some single executive power, it would resemble in many ways King Lear, a blind judge, with a raw, angry sense of discipline and justice, who can hear the voices of men but cannot see to aim his bolts rightly. They often glance on the innocent, even if they are sent in the right direction; and they are sure to scatter on good and evil, like bombs, rather than to pierce one victim only, like arrows. Earthly justice resembles the faltering efforts of this blind and petulant but listening Minos. To suppose there is some ulterior and sovereign reason behind his chair is only a pretence of the human heart, that cannot bear the truth. Such a myth as this, of course, falsely separates character from circumstance, half ignores the intrinsic value of character, and is too polytheistic. But Mr Bradley himself ends in a dualism which only transfers the problem from the hands of the poet to those of the philosopher. Perhaps the philosopher may himself come to think that the poet's statement of the problem is worth more than his own. Perhaps, owing to the very make of our minds, the question of the worth of life, as shown in tragedy, is as illegitimate as that of the infinity of space according to Kant—a question that we must ask and may not answer, and that is therefore outside the sphere of knowledge. The artist is the best person to intimate its existence.

We pass by Mr Bradley's chapter on the structure of the plays, which confesses some debt to that too little known if scholastic book, Gustav Freytag's '*Technik des Dramas*.' It is a good example of his introspective method, as he sits in the boxes, with a philosophic finger on his own pulse, watching the ebb and flow of his sympathies. Most of his book is given to interpreting the

four great tragedies. With all his metaphysical turn, Mr Bradley does not ride away from the text or remain abstract in treatment; he even grapples the text with too much rigour. His spirit is that of a scientific theologian who is also deeply religious. Even when we think that he is wrong, or that his view is less novel than he supposes, it is clear that he has come to Shakespeare with fresh eyes, and that the work has formed part of his life. Such a man, the Germans would say, has *erlebt* or lived through the tragedies of Shakespeare. His close and serried exposition is varied with passages of devout eloquence. Intensity is the mark of his style. A happy instance of Mr Bradley's exactitude of method is his account of the atmosphere of 'Macbeth.'

'The atmosphere of "Macbeth"' (he says) 'is not that of unrelieved blackness. On the contrary, as compared with "King Lear" and its cold dim gloom, "Macbeth" leaves a decided impression of colour; it is really the impression of a black night broken by flashes of light and colour, sometimes vivid and even glaring. They are the lights and colours of the thunderstorm in the first scene; of the dagger hanging before Macbeth's eyes and glittering alone in the midnight air; of the torch borne by the servant when he and his lord come upon Banquo crossing the castle-court to his room; of the torch, again, which Fleance carried to light his father to death, and which was dashed out by one of the murderers; of the torches that flared in the hall on the face of the Ghost and the blanched cheeks of Macbeth; of the flames beneath the boiling caldron from which the apparitions in the cavern rose; of the taper which showed to the Doctor and the Gentlewoman the wasted face and blank eyes of Lady Macbeth. And, above all, the colour is the colour of blood' (pp. 334-5).

The play of these dramas upon the nerves and senses of the imaginative reader, as well as upon his heart and intelligence, is well kept in view. And as we have treated Mr Bradley so much as a philosopher, let us quote a passage that shows how little he drags in metaphysics where they have no place (pp. 346, 349). He is not seduced, as Milton's demons might have been, by the question whether the foreknowledge of the witches interferes with the moral 'freedom' of Macbeth.

"Macbeth" was not written for students of metaphysics or theology, but for people at large; and, however it may be

with prophecies of actions, prophecies of mere events do not suggest to people at large any sort of difficulty about responsibility. Many people, perhaps most, habitually think of their "future" as something fixed, but of themselves as "free." The Witches nowadays take a room in Bond Street and charge a guinea; and when the victim enters they hail him the possessor of 1000% a year, or prophesy to him of journeys, wives and children. But though he is struck dumb by their prescience, it does not occur to him that he is going to lose his glorious "freedom"—not though journeys and marriages imply much more agency on his part than anything foretold to Macbeth. This whole difficulty is undramatic; and I may add that Shakespeare nowhere shows, like Chaucer, any interest in problems concerning foreknowledge, predestination, and freedom. . . . The words of the Witches are fatal to the hero only because there is in him something which leaps into light at the sound of them; but they are at the same time the witness of forces which never cease to work in the world around him, and, on the instant of his surrender to them, entangle him inextricably in the web of Fate.'

This is a good instance of philosophy saving us from herself. The witches, however, have another dramatic effect, for they give a lead to the audience. Though they do not advise Macbeth, they show what is coming, and this result is remembered all through Macbeth's struggle; otherwise their words would be grotesque. Somehow and some time—and it is very soon clear how and when—Macbeth, the greatest man in Scotland, will get the crown and show himself also the worst. We feel at once that Macbeth is free, in the common sense of the term, but we do not doubt how he will use his freedom. If goodness ever threatened to be too strong in Macbeth, the interest would quickly slacken.

Sometimes, we think, Mr Bradley has wrung the text too hard. He manages to read a deep moral lesson into the story of Banquo, who is made out to be a kind of accomplice after the fact in the murder, so that 'his punishment comes swiftly, much more swiftly than Macbeth's, and saves him from any further fall.' But, in truth, there is only one speech of Banquo in point, namely, that beginning,

'Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised.'

And few will say that Shakespeare bears as hard as Mr Bradley upon Banquo. Not knowing but only suspecting the murder (for the witches had foretold no murder, only kingship), Banquo merely says, 'Perhaps their prophecy about my race will be true also.' What is he to do, and what wrong has he done? He had to acquiesce in the authority of his friend, about whom he only had certain misgivings. 'Doubtless,' says Mr Bradley, 'he was present at Scone to see the new king invested.' Doubtless! And Banquo is to be punished for this 'doubtless'! If we once go behind what Shakespeare tells us concerning his creatures, it would doubtless often be a hanging matter. This odd habit of treating them as if they were real, and guessing what would in that case be likely, is a tribute to the poet's illusive gift; and few other writers have received it, though we sometimes hear in the pulpit edifying fancy lives of Judas Iscariot from his childhood upwards. Even if Banquo is not wholly heroic, he is an innocent victim. Macbeth distrusts his 'royalty of nature,' and puts him out of the way.

Mr Bradley is at his best when describing Hamlet's melancholy, which is put forward as the key of his character. This is expounded with eloquent ingenuity and strong feeling as a correction of the 'Schlegel-Coleridge theory,' according to which Hamlet suffered from a combination of over-thinking and palsied will. Melancholy, in Burton's sense, well covers that seventh sin of the Church, 'accidia,' or listless desperation, which so buried the sinners in Dante's mire that their breath only bubbled to the surface. Hamlet, we would ourselves say, is rather touched than constituted by this mood; touched only at intervals, and chiefly in the fourth act, when he feels himself the prey of 'bestial oblivion.' We can hardly impute this frame of mind to him throughout the play; we must remember that he is in a state of sick revulsion after killing Polonius and indecently blustering at his own mother. We should also like to cite Mr Bradley's analysis of Hamlet's tricks of thought and phrase, his enquiry into Hamlet's bearing to Ophelia, which ends in a well warranted suspense of judgment, and his opinion that the play of Gonzago is unintentional bombast. This conclusion is somewhat harsh. To quote bits of rant

from other plays of Shakespeare is not enough. We rather feel that he consciously used a style of mingled bombast and power that was still within playgoers' memory, and that perhaps had once been his own style; archaising thus, perceptibly, in order to distinguish the diction of the strollers from that of the main play.

Here and there Mr Bradley may have forced the text of 'Hamlet.' He thinks, with some other critics, that the Queen was unfaithful to her husband while he lived, seeing that the Ghost speaks first of Claudius as 'winning her will by gifts,' and next of the murder. The Ghost and Hamlet also call the offence incest. But the term would apply, in the sentiment of the time, to marriage with a dead husband's brother; and the Ghost is speaking of events, not in the order of time, but in the order of his indignant emotions. Gertrude's lapse was bad enough. The notion of her previous adultery is needless to the dramatic idea, and is not in the old tale. Mr Bradley also thinks that Hamlet's action in sparing Claudius while he prays is a piece of self-deception to excuse delay. Tragic self-deception of such a kind is hard to exhibit, though Shakespeare probably does exhibit it in Iago. But the dramatist would thus place himself in the curious position of providing one meaning for the audience, who certainly think Hamlet in earnest, and for the initiated a further meaning, which is not only a subtler one, but exactly opposite to the public meaning. Mr Bradley, by one of his odd refinements, grants that the hatred felt by Hamlet is genuine, but refuses to accept it as the cause of his forbearance, because we can see that 'his reluctance to act is due to other causes.' But the cause alleged, namely, the desire to kill the king at some sinful moment that would send him straight to hell, is a very adequate cause. Hamlet's wish not to 'meet his dearest foe in heaven,' but to send him elsewhere, is quite in keeping with that barbaric, saga-like side of his nature which Goethe ignored.

To say that a critic can speak with some adequacy of 'King Lear' is to say much. The most firmly and masculinely written of Mr Bradley's chapters are those on 'Macbeth'; those on 'Lear' best show all his gifts. He is surely right when he says that 'Lear' is too huge for the stage, and is not Shakespeare's 'best play.' There are incongruities in the detail, breaks in the line, clots in

the colour, cloudiness in the grouping. It could not be otherwise in this gigantic design, which a wild fancy might think of as outlined large within the dome of the lowering sky. It is on 'Lear' that the philosophic theory of the critic is most fully tested. He shows how the personages fall, more clearly than elsewhere, into two camps or groups, good and evil severally.

'Almost as if Shakespeare, like Empedocles, were regarding Love and Hate as the two ultimate forces of the universe. . . . While it would be going too far to suggest that he was employing conscious symbolism or allegory in "King Lear," it does appear to disclose a mode of imagination not so very far removed from the mode with which, we must remember, Shakespeare was perfectly familiar in Morality plays and in the "Fairy Queen"' (pp. 263, 265).

Here, as elsewhere, Mr Bradley shows less heed for poetry, in the sense of a transporting power of language, of metrical music, than for character and structure and philosophy. To the last of these, his master-interest, he returns with the question, why does Cordelia die? The speculative discussion of this problem is a favourable example of the exalted, humane, and intensely-pitched writing of Mr Bradley at its best; and so is what follows:

'The whole story beats this indictment of prosperity into the brain. Lear's great speeches in his madness proclaim it like the curses of Timon on life and man. But here, as in 'Timon,' the poor and humble are, almost without exception, sound and sweet at heart, faithful and pitiful. And here adversity, to the blessed in spirit, is blessed. It wins fragrance from the crushed flower. It melts in aged hearts sympathies which prosperity had frozen. It purges the soul's sight by blinding that of the eyes. Throughout that stupendous Third Act the good are seen growing better through suffering, and the bad worse through success. The warm castle is a room in hell, the storm-swept heath a sanctuary. The judgment of this world is a lie; its goods, which we covet, corrupt us; its ills, which break our bodies, set our souls free;

"Our means secure us, and our mere defects
Prove our commodities."

Let us renounce the world, hate it, and lose it gladly. The only real thing in it is the soul, with its courage, patience, devotion. And nothing outward can touch that' (pp. 326-7).

OLIVER ELTON.

Art. XI.—THE RIFLE AND ITS USE.

1. *Text-book of Small Arms*. New edition. London : His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1904.
2. *The Book of the Rifle*. By the Hon. T. F. Fremantle, Major 1st Bucks V.R.C. London : Longmans, 1901.
3. *The National Rifle Association*. Annual Reports, 1860 to 1904. National Rifle Association : Bisley.
4. *The Army Rifle Association*. Annual Reports, 1893 to 1904. London : McCorquodale and Co.

OF the books named in our list, the first is a very exhaustive treatise on the subject with which it deals. For ten years the previous edition had been deemed sufficient. During those ten years all the European Powers, with the exception of France, either adopted new rifles or made improvements upon their former patterns; and the South African war inculcated many lessons concerning 'the tactical and wounding effects of the modern small-bore rifle.' Some advance also was made in the evolution of automatic rifles, and still more in the development of automatic pistols. It was certainly expedient, since musketry is now cultivated with far more attention by the regular army than in days gone by, that there should exist an authoritative text-book containing all the ascertainable facts concerning the infantry arm; and such the 'Text-book of Small Arms' may fairly claim to be. Major Fremantle's volume appeals with equal force to the beginner and to the advanced student of rifles and rifle-shooting. Possessed of a clear style and of knowledge derived both from patient study of theory and from intelligent practice at the butts, the author tells the story of the rifle from the earliest times and explains its modern developments in a plain and interesting manner.

The National Rifle Association and the Army Rifle Association, the former a powerful body of long standing, the latter vigorous and young, have done more to encourage the use of the rifle than all the Governments that have ruled in this country since rifles took a practical form. To the N.R.A. we owe much of the development of skill in the use of the rifle among volunteers and civilians, and a large proportion of the improvements that have been made in the infantry weapon. In its

early days the Association habitually held trials for rifles, primarily with the object of discovering a weapon fit for use at the long ranges in the Queen's Prize, ranges which were far beyond the accurate reach of the service weapon of the day; for years too, by offering prizes for 'military breech-loaders,' it held forth an inducement to inventive and enterprising gunmakers; and, so lately as last year, it offered handsome prizes to the inventors of automatic rifles, on condition that the prizes might be denied if, upon exhaustive trial, none of those submitted should be found to conform to the practical conditions of service. The prizes were withheld, but awards by way of consolation were made. The Association has also taken up warmly that rifle-club movement, springing out of the South African war, which has done much, and will do more in the future, for national defence. Its reports and prize-lists are at once an epitome of the modern history of the British rifle and the honourable roll of those who, at Wimbledon, at Bisley, and sometimes overseas, have proved their skill in noteworthy fashion.

With regard to the Army Rifle Association, the world at large is hardly aware of the heavy debt of gratitude owed to the officers who, in little more than a decade, have brought about a change, amounting almost to a revolution, in the shooting powers, and therefore in the efficiency, of a large number of regiments. The A.R.A. may, in one respect at any rate, be said to be the offspring of the N.R.A. In 1861 the Ashburton Challenge Shield was first offered for competition among teams of volunteer cadets from the public schools. Many lads who shot for the shield became in due course officers of the regular army, where they found, in respect of rifle-practice at least, a thoroughly unhealthy state of affairs.

'In the regular army, from the limited amount of ammunition allowed and the almost entire want of rewards for good shooting, there was no scope for emulation; and rifle-practice and instruction were looked upon as the most uninteresting and tedious parts of the year's work.'

So wrote the late Mr J. R. Macdonnell of the year 1866; and his words remained true for many years. Officers entering the service imbued with the love of rifle-shooting found musketry training neglected, and had to face the

frowns of colonels in command who frankly confessed, as indeed volunteer colonels have been heard to confess in the past, that they hated the sight of 'a shooting man.' But, in the course of time, the young officers who had competed for the Ashburton, and their friends, grew into a considerable body. In 1875, when the inter-service competition began, the regular army team beat the volunteers; and the victory was repeated in 1876, 1877, and 1879. Beaten during the next twelve years, the army won again in 1892, using the Lee-Netford .303, a far more accurate rifle than the Martini-Henry carried by the volunteers. Since 1895, when the inequality of weapons was removed, the regular army has won the greater number of victories, so that it is just to say that, at the present time, the best shots of the regular army are at least equal to the best shots in the volunteer force. This result is largely due to the influence of the A.R.A. in fostering a taste for rifle-shooting in the army. The Association, in 1904, had 2182 individual subscribers and 188 subscribing regiments of cavalry and battalions of infantry; it gives numerous prizes for the encouragement of rifle-shooting in the army at home and abroad; and it holds shooting meetings annually on a scale hardly inferior to that of the N.R.A. It has done wonders in a very short time; and its reports, briefly as they sum up its history, are well worthy of study.

So much for the chief authorities bearing on our subject. By common consent the present situation in regard to rifles and to rifle-shooting is highly critical. In a letter to the 'Times' of June 12, 1905, Lord Roberts made an appeal for funds for 'the encouragement of rifle-shooting as a national pursuit, and the establishment of a system of obligatory physical training.' Let us condense the principal arguments of the field-marshal without wasting words in emphasising the respect that is obviously due to his opinions. He has always believed in the paramount value of rifle-shooting; and his recent visit to South Africa, when he inspected the battlefields of the two last wars, has convinced him that, if the shooting of our soldiers had been better, 'most of the unfortunate incidents which have to be deplored in connexion with both these campaigns would never have occurred.' He has himself established a rifle association in India, has

visited rifle-meetings there and in Ireland, and, when at the War Office, made it his business annually to attend the Bisley meeting. But Lord Roberts believes that these meetings entirely fail to interest the ordinary soldier, unless he happens to be a 'crack shot'; still less do they appeal to the ordinary citizen.

Lord Roberts next advances the opinion that the ordinary citizen ought to know, and should, if necessary, be compelled to know, how to handle and aim a rifle. Crecy, Agincourt, and other familiar victories were won because English archers shot further and straighter than their opponents; and they did so because every village had its butts, and practice with the long-bow was universal and compulsory. In later times 'Brown Bess' was so inaccurate that marksmanship became of minor importance in comparison with drill, discipline, and courage; but these qualities are of little value now, unless our troops can shoot at least as well as their opponents. The soldier, therefore, must be taught to shoot better. But this is not all, or nearly all.

'The true lesson of the war, in our opinion, is that no military system will be satisfactory which does not contain powers of expansion outside the limit of the regular forces of the Crown, whatever that limit may be. If the war teaches us anything, it is this, that throughout the Empire, in the United Kingdom, its colonies and dependencies, there is a reserve of military strength which for many reasons we cannot, and do not wish to, convert into a vast standing army, but to which we may be glad to turn again in our hour of need, as we did in 1899.' (Cd. 1789, p. 83.)

Such are the words of the Royal Commission on the South African war; and Lord Roberts endorses them in every particular. Though conscription is unpopular, everybody who is at the pains to think must at least admit it to be desirable that, in time of emergency, the manhood of the Empire should be available at short notice for the defence of the Empire, and available in a useful shape. Now in 1899 and later a considerable proportion of the manhood of the Empire was available, but not in a useful shape. Of the thousands who volunteered for foreign service a distressingly large proportion were physically unfit; but this is a subject outside our present

scope. Of those who were physically capable, the vast majority knew neither how to handle a rifle nor how to aim it. Before they could be of any value as soldiers, before, indeed, they could be anything better than an incumbrance, they had to learn to shoot a little, and, at best, they had no time to become proficient.

Any man whose eyes are not defective can be taught to shoot fairly well, although of course some men have better eyes than others; but the process of learning must in all cases take some time, and there is no end to the niceties of judgment that may be learned by long practice. Even the rudiments—how to charge and hold the rifle, how to take aim and press the trigger, how to clean the rifle and take care of it—are not acquired by nature or at one lesson. Of judgment of distance—a very difficult task in a strange country—of allowance for the force exercised by wind upon the flying bullet, or for the influence of atmospheric conditions upon elevation, this is not, perhaps, the moment at which to speak, save to say that it would be hopeless to expect our men as a body to be proficient in these respects. On the other hand, the rudimentary lessons described above can easily be imparted, given time and opportunity, abundant time, which is at our disposal in peace, and reasonable opportunity, which can be made; and, if these rudimentary lessons be not imparted then, the manhood of the nation will be found, when the time of emergency comes, to be, as they were in 1890, and as, in spite of the development of rifle-clubs, they are for the most part still, all but useless.

It is impossible to obtain in the United Kingdom a sufficiency of accessible ranges to enable the bulk of the nation to practise at full ranges, or with full charges, with the service-rifle. Practice on miniature ranges, whether with service-rifles 'adapted' or with miniature rifles, can never make a perfect marksman, especially in the matter of judgment of wind. Still it has been repeatedly demonstrated that men trained on miniature ranges, and possessed of no other experience in rifle-shooting, can make creditable scores at their first trial on an open range, with regulation cartridge and full distances. It is not necessary to labour this point. There were doubts about it at one time, particularly when the service-rifle, the Martini-Henry, had a violent recoil; but the recoil of

the .303 is insignificant, and the doubts have disappeared. So, says Lord Roberts in effect, let us by all means in our power foster the use of service-rifles 'adapted' or of miniature rifles, so that the whole of the male population may be familiar with the science of handling rifles; and to this end he would amalgamate the National Rifle Association with the Society of Miniature Rifle-clubs.

This last suggestion, introduced casually at a late point in the letter, is not supported by any train of reasoning, is not vital to the main argument, and is of doubtful value. When the rifle-club movement was started, and the value of shooting with reduced charges at short distances became generally acknowledged, Lord Roberts was eager to insist upon the special value of practice with the service-rifle 'adapted,' rather than with miniature rifles of other action and pattern. This was sound doctrine. Almost every middle-aged man who has shot game has had experience of many 'actions' in fowling-pieces; and most such men can recall the memory of some occasion when, long after this or that new action had become familiar, their hands groped in vain after the accustomed action of days gone by, feeling for an under-lever perhaps, when a catch at the side should have been touched with the thumb, or seeking to draw back, before opening the breech, hammers which either were non-existent or had rebounded automatically. Such almost certainly would be the experience in the field of men trained to handle any of the numerous 'actions' differing from that of the Lee-Enfield. Now loading ought to be almost an instinctive act; and there is little doubt that practice with the service-rifle 'adapted' tends to produce the instinct desired, while training with other actions tends to produce the wrong instinct. In this important respect therefore, and in accustoming men to the weight and balance of the service-rifle, training with a miniature rifle, although it is much better than no training at all, is considerably inferior to training with the rifle they would have to use in a real emergency.

It is, however, only fair to recognise the value of the work done, in encouraging the formation of rifle-clubs for miniature ranges, where full ranges are not available, by the N.R.A. and by private individuals. The N.R.A. could claim, early this year, six hundred such clubs with

a membership of forty thousand. Of course there ought to be six thousand clubs with four hundred thousand members; but even forty thousand men instructed in the rudiments of bearing arms are worthy of attention. For these there is an annual 'miniature Bisley'—it was held this year at Exeter; and it would have done Lord Roberts' heart good to see the keenness of the competition and the excellent shooting made by railway porters, gardeners, grooms, clerks, and small farmers, the very men whom it is desired to attract. Private individuals, such, for example, as Major Seely and Sir A. Conan Doyle, have done much in this direction; and the latter has recently contributed valuable correspondence, based upon his experience, to the discussion of the subject. He has found it easier to start rifle-clubs than to maintain interest in them, mainly because, when men have but half a day of spare time in the week outside Sunday, and no spare money at all, they are unwilling, after the novelty has worn off and they can shoot a little, to devote that half-day to shooting and to provide their own ammunition. He would have the ammunition, which costs very little, provided by the State; and he would restore the ancient practice of shooting on Sundays, which, as he says, is a more healthy way of spending spare hours than loafing. Moreover, he would be making no extravagant demand if, having regard to the rapidity with which a .303 barrel becomes too inaccurate for service use, although it would still be efficient when 'adapted' for practice at miniature ranges, he asked that the State should provide rifles also.

All this, however, is in some measure only the fringe of the subject. Passing by Mr Balfour's dangerously optimistic view that the danger of an invasion of Great Britain or Ireland is so remote as to be negligible—a view endorsed by very few other thoughtful men, and deplored by many as tending to thwart the efforts of those who desire to secure peace by making Great Britain formidable in war—let us endeavour to realise the situation. It amounts to this, that if we desire to keep our place among the nations, and to avoid universal military service, we must introduce universal military training. The enterprise is neither so difficult nor so costly as might appear at first sight; and it is carried out successfully in several of our colonies, notably in Canada,

Natal, and Australia. In the last-named all the schools are public schools; and all the male pupils in all the public schools are cadets, who are duly trained in drill and in the use of the rifle. It hardly needs to be added that the discipline and the exercise are highly beneficial in a moral and physical way. Except some sentimental claptrap about encouraging militarism, there is no reason why this system should not be adopted in this country at once, and there are a great many reasons why its adoption would be indirectly as well as directly beneficial. It might save us from the necessity of universal military service; it would certainly render us so formidable that few would dream of attacking us; and it would equally certainly arrest that physical degeneration which is the most real danger before our race. Of the many Englishmen who followed the Prince of Wales on his Imperial tour, there was probably not one who, after seeing the cadets of Australia, Natal, and Canada, was not as fully convinced as the Prince of Wales himself was and is, to judge from a recent utterance, that the cadet system of the Colonies, which practically means compulsory and universal military training, if only of an elementary kind, is of priceless value.

We pass on to another point. Our service-rifle, whether it be designed for the use of the many or of the few, ought to be the very best and most effective rifle attainable at anything approaching to a moderate cost. On December 9, 1904, a report issued by Sir Edward Ward, as secretary of the Army Council, announced that the manufacture of the new short rifle would be commenced without delay, and proclaimed the alleged superiority of that rifle to the existing service-rifle, commonly known now as the 'long Lee-Enfield.' The appearance of the document gave rise to much thoughtful and destructive criticism, to which hardly any serious answer has been attempted. Repeated interrogation of ministers in both Houses of Parliament produced answers not of a very satisfactory character, and promises of more extended tests, of the results of which, if they have been made, no information has been vouchsafed to the public. Trials of the short rifle against the long rifle, in which the short rifle had the advantage of the admitted improvements in sighting apparatus appertaining to it—

although of course these improvements were capable of application to the long rifle—have been made privately by competent shots, who are also trustworthy and disinterested gentlemen, with the result that the short rifle has cut a very poor figure. The conviction grows that this short rifle, contrary as its design is to everything that is known of the not very mysterious science of ballistics, opposed as it is by almost every man, soldier, volunteer, or civilian, who is keenly interested in accurate rifle-shooting, is a colossal mistake. But public memory is short. The authorities appear to have resolved upon a policy of silence, a policy likely to serve their purpose, from the narrow and official point of view, very effectually; and the need is urgent for raising afresh the question whether the short rifle is not a grievous blunder which should be repaired at once at no matter what cost.

In discussing a question of this gravity, apology for plain speaking is in no wise necessary. It is matter of common knowledge among those who are interested in the subject that Lord Roberts, a great general, to whom his fellow-countrymen owe more gratitude and respect than they can hope to pay, is the originator of the short rifle policy, and that he is a thorough believer in it. This fact alone almost suffices to convince men not possessed of special knowledge that the policy of introducing a short rifle universally must be right. Further, the manner in which the introduction of the short rifle was announced to the public was such as to mislead, doubtless unintentionally, those who had not followed with scrupulous care the preliminary stages of the movement. It appeared as the child of a committee of experts, without mention of the name of Lord Roberts; and the public naturally concluded that it represented the best rifle that those experts could suggest for service use. That conclusion was erroneous; and it is advisable to explain the genesis of the short rifle with sufficient detail to prove that, as the embodiment of a policy, it is the child of Lord Roberts only, and most emphatically not representative of the best thoughts of the committee of experts. Lord Roberts was in South Africa in January 1900, when, according to the 'Text-book of Small Arms,' a committee was appointed 'to report upon matters connected with small arms'; and

he did not become Commander-in-chief until October 1901, the year in which—the exact date is not specified—

‘the committee recommended that one thousand experimental short L.E. rifles should be issued to the troops for trial. These rifles were issued in June 1902; they were five inches shorter than the L.E. rifle, and were suitable for use by both cavalry and infantry; thus the accuracy of the fire of the former, when employed dismounted, should be equal to that of the latter.’ (Cd. 2264, p. 29.)

This last clause would be entertaining if it were not so sadly inept, for it ignores the vital question whether the sacrifice of length in the infantry rifle must not necessarily involve a loss of accuracy or of power; and it would have been quite as logical and accurate to write simply, ‘thus the accuracy of the infantry fire should be levelled down by supplying them with an inferior rifle similar to that used by cavalry when dismounted.’ Although the ‘Text-book of Small Arms’ does not, so far as we know, contain any inaccurate statements, it fails to tell the whole story; and this failure renders it necessary to narrate that story here. It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt by careful enquiry, and is well known in expert circles, that the policy of a short rifle is the policy of Lord Roberts; that, in deference to his reports when he was in South Africa, the committee was ordered ‘to report upon matters connected with small arms,’ but ordered also to confine its enquiries to the evolution of a short rifle, retaining the Lee-Enfield bolt; and that commands to that effect became more imperative than before when Lord Roberts, having returned from South Africa, was appointed Commander-in-chief. It is doubtful whether the majority of that committee approved then, or approves now, the policy of a short rifle; and it is quite certain that several members of the committee are earnestly opposed to that policy. They cannot fail to perceive that it is based upon a good principle carried to absurd lengths. That the ammunition of infantry and cavalry should be identical is almost essential, certainly most desirable, and for obvious reasons; but, apart from ammunition, the problems of the infantry and cavalry rifles are totally distinct unless the necessity arises for converting infantry into mounted infantry.

Then the infantry rifle should be capable of being carried by a mounted man; and that the existing long rifle can be so carried was proved repeatedly in South Africa, where cavalry troopers omitted no opportunity of discarding their carbines for infantry rifles.

The committee, whether convinced supporters of the short rifle or not, perceiving that the mind of Lord Roberts was fixed upon it, determined to apply all their intelligence and knowledge to make that inevitable short rifle as perfect a weapon as its brevity permitted. To the Lee-Enfield bolt, of which the best thing that can be said is that it stands the wear and tear of service better than could be theoretically expected, they were committed. In the '303 barrel they had, as they knew from the shooting of the British team in the last Palma competition (when all the men 'shot through without a miss' at 800, 900, and 1000 yards, with open sights, a feat never accomplished in the Elcho with match-sights), a barrel which, at its proper length, was as good as any in existence.* The curtailment of the barrel must, it was known to the committee, impair the muzzle-velocity and accuracy of the bullet; and they devoted themselves in vain to experiments in increasing spirals and in tinkering with the 'lead' (the funnel leading the bullet into the rifling) with a view to counteract this loss of power. They failed because they were attempting an impossibility. In other respects they introduced material amendments making for accuracy. Passing over the magazine action as foreign to our present subject, because, after barrel, sights, and breech action have been decided upon, the field for selection among magazine actions still remains open, let us observe that the new back-sight and fore-sight unquestionably represent a substantial improvement upon those on the long rifle. An immense improvement too is the wind-gauge, mentioned laconically in Sir E. Ward's announcement quoted above; and it may be worth while to add that this wind-gauge was only extorted as a concession from the authorities by the

* Before the Palma competition match-riflemen had shown a tendency to prefer the Mannlicher to the '303, because ammunition of a trustworthy and regular character was not to be obtained for the '303; but after it had been shown in the Palma that King's Norton ammunition was trustworthy, there was a general return to the '303 in preference to the Mannlicher.

committee, or some of them, after the American shooting for the Palma trophy had shown that the use of a wind-gauge was not only a great help to accuracy, but also entirely consistent with rapid fire. A strong and accurately marked wind-gauge, such as the short rifle possesses, is obviously desirable; but it was strongly opposed by that conservatism and blind adherence to tradition, deplored by Lord Roberts, which prevails in the highest as well as in the lowest ranks of the British Army. 'The soldier will never remember his wind-gauge,' is a fair epitome of the views of retired colonels. Even so he cannot miss in a wind more consistently than he must miss without a wind-gauge at all; and it may be added that it is possible to exaggerate the stupidity of the private soldier; that the schoolmaster has been abroad to some purpose; and that the very times when the soldier must use his wind-gauge, if he has one, or use a make-shift, or miss, are those at which he has plenty of time to think. It is when a man is lying prone at 1000 yards or more under fire, as our brave fellows often lay for hours in South Africa, that he needs to use his wind-gauge if he is to fire at all; and evidence tends to show that on these occasions the soldier was not so often flurried as disposed to go to sleep. In any case the sure way to make him stupid is to treat him as if he were so.

A wooden casing to the barrel, to save the rifleman's hands from being burned, is the last improvement in the short rifle; but it may be passed over here because, like the magazine action, it is equally applicable to the long and to the short rifle. The point at which we have arrived is that the short rifle is equipped with a number of appliances, all of them embodying substantial improvements, and all of them obviously capable of application to the long rifle; and the bearing of this point upon the question of the long rifle *versus* the short rifle is that the long rifle, with these advantages, would, if tried fairly, possess even greater superiority in point of accuracy than it has been shown to possess in its present state.

The truth of the matter is that no fair and scientific comparison for accuracy has ever been made between the two barrels; and barrels are the vital point in the comparison of the two rifles. Scientific trial has even been proposed and refused. The statistics as to 'figure of merit,' given

in Sir E. Ward's Report, are generally distrusted, for they are in direct contradiction to the accepted belief, founded upon both theory and practice, that, *ceteris paribus*, a long barrel will always shoot better than a short. The best trial that has been attempted by private enterprise was that recorded in the 'Times' by Captain Johnson of the London Rifle Brigade; and that showed the long rifle with the old sights to be superior in accuracy to the short rifle with the new and unquestionably better sights. The gentlemen who made that trial expressed the further opinion that in handiness, and in 'coming up' for quick snapshooting, the long rifle was better than the short. This, however, is matter of opinion; and it is only fair to say of the short rifle that the troops which have been supplied with it are stated to report favourably of it in the matter of handiness.

Let us escape from matters of opinion to those concerning which there can be no dispute. Table iv in the appendix of the Text-book is at once informing and disconcerting. It gives, *inter alia*, the following statistics concerning sundry foreign rifles and our own:—

Rifle.	Weight without Bayonet.		Length of Barrel.
	lbs.	oz.	ins.
Austrian Mannlicher	8	5½	30·12
Belgian Mauser	8	9½	30·67
Danish Krag Jorgensen	9	11½	32·9
French Lebel	8	3½	31·496
German Mauser	9	0	29·05
Dutch Mannlicher	9	11	31·125
Italian Mannlicher	8	6½	30·75
Japanese 'year '30'	8	9½	31·0625
Russian '3-line Nagant'	8	15½	32·25
U.S. Krag Jorgensen	9	1	30
British L.E. (long)	9	4	30·19
British L.E. (short)	8	2½	25·19

The last figures in the last column, when compared with those above them, cannot be described as other than startling. Possessed already of a rifle the weight of which has not been the subject of general complaint, although but two heavier are carried by civilised infantry, and having a barrel already slightly shorter than the average, we are asked, in order to save a little more than a pound of weight, to curtail that barrel by one sixth of

its entire length. When the committee was instructed to report on the best short rifle, it was directed to recommend a barrel which, in point of accuracy and velocity, must as certainly fall short of a 30-inch barrel, made in similar fashion, as a single scull in the hands of a practised oarsman must fall short, in point of impetus given to a boat, of an oar of full length. Infected by the idea that cavalry and infantry should carry the same weapon, an idea in which, as has been demonstrated, there is no value so long as both can use the same ammunition, Lord Roberts would reduce the length of the infantry rifle by so much that the full force of the gases cannot be imparted to the bullet before it leaves the barrel, so that an available part of the propelling force is inevitably lost.

The merits which the short rifle possesses, apart from its lightness, are in no sense connected with its brevity; and a rifle of full length might easily be endowed with them. Its demerits consist in an inevitable and unnecessary loss of accuracy, due to its brevity, and possibly, or even probably, in a loss of effective bayonet power, due to shortening the reach of rifle and bayonet. This point there is no desire to press here, for two reasons. First, though important, it is a minor matter compared with shooting power; secondly, opinions differ with regard to it. There are those who say that a man can fight as well with rifle and bayonet of a combined length of 4 feet 8·7 inches as with a combined length of 5 feet 1·5 inch. Others of equally high authority maintain that this is not the case, and that the moral effect of the loss of reach would be disastrous. Apart from this, the essential thing is that not all the regard we have for Lord Roberts should induce us to take a false step in a matter of life and death.

In the circumstances, then, what is to be done? Before all things we must be practical; and the practical thing to do is to make the best use possible of the short rifles already made, and of the machinery assembled for their manufacture. Happily that is not difficult. Lord Kitchener's somewhat reserved commendation of the short rifle was that it was an excellent weapon for hill-fighting; and for cavalry there is no doubt that it is an immense improvement on the carbine, while it is easily carried on horseback. It is an improvement on the carbine, apart from its better sighting apparatus, and from the accurate

attachment of that apparatus—a detail to which attention has been devoted only recently at Enfield—because it is longer than the carbine. By all means, therefore, let the manufacture of the short rifle for the use of cavalry be continued until something better shall be discovered, or until some satisfactory device shall be invented for enabling cavalry to carry a rifle with a barrel about 30 inches long. By all means also, until our infantry generally can be furnished with a better weapon, let the improved apparatus invented for the short rifle be applied to .303 barrels of ordinary length. If that were done, we should have, apart from questions of action, the most perfect rifle in the world. If proof be needed of this statement it is to be found in the scores made by the English Palma team in 1903, with open sights; and in the fact that the match-riflemen who meet at Bisley, being for the most part men of means, and all of them at liberty to use any form of barrel of sufficiently small calibre, deserted all other barrels for the .303.

But, in our judgment, it would be an error to rest contented at this point, for automatic rifles are hardly beyond the experimental stage, certainly not within measurable distance of general or partial adoption. In the meanwhile it must be remembered that every rifle is an assembly of parts, and that, within limits, there is no reason against combining all the best parts of all the best rifles. We possess in the ordinary .303 of thirty inches a barrel of approved excellence; and in the sighting and magazine apparatus, invented for the short rifle, improvements which might be made at once in the long rifle or ordinary .303. But the action, although, as has been stated, it has stood wear better than was expected, is faulty in practice no less than in theory. The bolt is rear-locking instead of front-locking, which is manifestly wrong since it involves unnecessary weight in the bolt. Moreover, the operation necessary for opening and closing the breech is double, which is needless; and the bolt-handle, projecting a good deal, is apt to catch on all sorts of things, thus causing the breech to be opened inadvertently, especially when it is carried on horseback. The awkward handle, too, and the position of the magazine, cause much inconvenience on the march. In short, we have an action which, while it in no way impairs the

shooting powers of the barrel, so long as it is in order, is obviously capable of material amendment; and, if this be so, improvement ought to be made. The particular improvement we would suggest would be the adoption of the strong and simple front-locking straight-pull action invented by Sir Charles Ross of Balnagowan, which has already been adopted by the Canadian Government after exhaustive trials. We have ourselves handled this rifle, and are convinced that, as a straight pull is of obvious advantage where the strength of the locking apparatus is beyond suspicion, the Ross rifle excels any other known to us in this important particular, and is capable of resisting far greater pressures than those at present in use.

We have neither right nor desire to dictate in these grave matters. The attitude of mind in which these words have been written is that of earnest entreaty to the authorities that they should pause before it is too late, and to the public that it should, in the last resort, compel the authorities to hold their hands. A practical and cheap way of escape from a grave mistake has been pointed out. It remains only to hope that, after that method has been adopted, the authorities may see fit to make use of the remarkable array of skilled advice always at their disposal by appointing a committee to recommend, not a rifle short or long, not a rifle light or heavy, not a rifle of any particular calibre, sighting, or action, but the best military rifle that they can devise. There would be no difficulty at all in finding such a committee; and there would be no sense in asking them to give their advice without allowing them an entirely free hand. To appoint a committee of experts and to prescribe the lines which they must follow in regard to an essential principle of construction was to court failure; not, perhaps, failure all round, but failure in a feature of vital importance. When a wise man summons his medical man to his bedside he does not at the same time order that his prescription shall contain this or that particular drug.

Art. XII.—SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

1. *Sveriges Grundlagar samt Norges Grundlov*. Ed. Thurgren. Stockholm : Norman, 1864.
2. *Unionen og egen udenrigsminister*. By M. Ræder. Christiania, 1893.
3. *Norges Selvstændighedskamp*. By A. Garborg. Fagerstrand : Sörensen, 1894.
4. *Sveriges och Norges utrikesstyrelse*. By J. Flodström. Stockholm : Ljus, 1903.
5. *Scandinavia*. By R. Nisbet Bain. Cambridge Historical Series. Cambridge : University Press, 1905.
6. *Konsulat-förhandlingarna granskade ur svensk synpunkt*. Stockholm : Carlson, 1904.
7. *Danmark's Riges Historie*. Vol. VII. 1814–1864. Copenhagen : Det nordiske Forlag, 1903–4.
8. *Norway and the Union with Sweden*. By Fridtjof Nansen. London : Macmillan, 1905.

THE long quarrel between Sweden and Norway, now, at last, in process of settlement by the dissolution of a partnership of ninety years, which had long ceased to be a bond of union, and was rapidly becoming a galling fetter, is really, at bottom, a very simple matter. Removed from the arena of controversial dust and clamour, divested, so far as possible, of its technicalities, and steadily regarded from an historical point of view, the whole thing resolves itself into this : the invincible determination of a young, sensitive, ultra-democratic state to break away, at any cost, from a semi-aristocratic monarchy with which it was originally united much against its will, though greatly to its advantage.

On January 14, 1814, by the Peace of Kiel, the great Powers punished King Frederick VI of Denmark for his obstinate attachment to Napoleon by compelling him to surrender Norway to the crown of Sweden as represented by the Swedish Crown-prince, Charles John Bernadotte. For this decision there were some good political reasons ; but Norway was not consulted in the matter. For the last 278 years she had, for all practical purposes, been as much a Danish province as Jutland or Zealand. In theory, no doubt, Norway was a separate, independent kingdom ; but this theory originated in the desire of the princes of

the reigning Danish House of Oldenburg to possess an hereditary title to Norway at a time when they had to submit to election in other portions of their realm. Norway still retained her own laws and her own judicial administration; in all state documents she was referred to as a kingdom apart; but the fact remains that from 1636 to 1814 she was an integral part of the Danish monarchy, with no separate control over either her foreign or her domestic affairs; and her provinces were ceded to foreign Powers like any other portion of Danish territory. Copenhagen was the headquarters of the Norwegian administration; the kingdoms had common departments of state; and the common chancellery continued to be called the Danish chancellery. Norway did not even obtain a university of her own till 1811.

It is necessary to insist upon this, because Norwegian controversialists habitually obscure the point at issue by introducing into their arguments the fiction of a pre-unional independent kingdom of Norway. Dr Nansen is insistent on this head, and extremely indignant with Dr Sven Hedin for being 'ignorant of the fact that Norway was a kingdom.' But Dr Hedin did not say that Norway was never a kingdom. What he said was this: 'At the time when the victors of Lützen and Narva were arousing the admiration of the whole world, Norway was a Danish province; and she continued to be so till the year 1814.' This may not be very flattering, but it is an historical fact. Proceeding from generals to particulars, Dr Nansen is at pains to demonstrate, not only the independence of Norway before the Union, but her magnanimity towards 'hapless Sweden' in 1809. At that date, he says, 'our Commander-in-chief, Prince Christian Augustus, . . . agreed to a truce with the Swedish army,' because 'a weakening of Sweden's powers of resistance . . . would have threatened great danger to the future of the Scandinavian countries.' What are the facts? Prince Christian Augustus, in the hope, afterwards justified, of being declared Crown-prince of Sweden on the deposition of Gustavus IV, so far forgot his duty to his own sovereign as to disobey express orders from Copenhagen and remain inactive on the Swedish frontier, to enable the Swedish army (whose officers had previously bribed him with the offer of a prospective crown) to proceed to

Stockholm and carry out the revolution of 1809. Thus 'the magnanimous attitude of our Commander-in-chief' resolves itself into a shabby intrigue on the part of the Danish pretender to the Swedish throne, with which Norway had nothing whatever to do.

It was only when the Powers resolved to separate her from Denmark in 1814 that the national spirit of Norway awoke, and a popular agitation for a free and independent national existence began. The focus of this agitation was the Danish Prince Christian Frederick (afterwards Christian VIII of Denmark), who, since May 1813, had occupied the post of Stadtholder of Norway. Christian Frederick, an intelligent and amiable prince, speedily won the hearts of the party of independence by repudiating the Peace of Kiel, acknowledging the principle of the sovereignty of the people, and placing himself at the head of the national movement. On April 10, 1814, the representatives of the Norwegian people met at Eidsvold, and drew up an ultra-liberal constitution on the basis of the French constitution of 1791; and on May 17 Christian Frederick was elected King of Norway. His reign lasted but 143 days. The Crown-prince of Sweden, Charles John, intervened; and, as the Norwegians rejected the mediation of the great Powers and mobilised their army, he invaded Norway forthwith. The brief struggle, *pace* Herr Garborg, was never for one moment doubtful. Despite some trifling successes of the valiant Norwegian, Colonel Krebs, at Matrard and Lier, the veteran ex-Marshal of France soon held the little Norwegian army in the hollow of his hand; but he very shrewdly resolved not to exasperate a nation whom he meant to rule. The result of his moderation was the Convention of Moss (August 14, 1814), which provided for the suspension of hostilities and the summoning of a National Assembly, or Storting, Charles John engaging to recognise the Eidsvold constitution with such modifications as the union of the two kingdoms rendered necessary. When the Storting assembled at Christiania on October 7, Christian Frederick abdicated; and negotiations were entered into with Sweden for a constitutional union. On October 20, convinced of the futility of further resistance, the Norwegian delegates voted the union by seventy-two votes against five; and on November 4 the new constitu-

tion, declaring Norway an independent kingdom united to Sweden under a common king, was promulgated.

It is to be regretted that the 'Storsvensk' or Great-Swedish party should so often have tried to make capital out of the 'magnanimity' of Sweden in 1814. There can be no such thing as magnanimity in any sort of business prudently conducted, political business included; and Charles John, in his negotiations with the Norwegians, was influenced entirely by personal considerations. He was terribly anxious lest Norway, for which he had fished so long in troubled waters, should slip through his grasping fingers after all, so he prudently outbid every other contingent competitor by giving her practically her own terms. But, whatever of dignity and glory Bernadotte and his dynasty may have hoped to win by the transaction, it was Norway, and Norway alone, that gained all the solid advantages of the compact. Not only had she got all she wanted, but she had got it, so to speak, a whole generation in advance. For, if one thing is more certain than another, it is this: had she remained 'a free and independent kingdom,' united, as heretofore, with Denmark instead of with Sweden, she would have had to wait till 1848 for any constitution at all; and it is more than doubtful whether she would have obtained half as much from the King of Denmark in 1848 as she obtained from the King of Sweden in 1814. For Norway, then, the Peace of Kiel was distinctly a blessing in disguise.

The Norwegian constitution, in fact, was as democratic as the most exacting democracy in 1814 could possibly desire. The executive authority was invested in the King assisted by a responsible Statsraad, or Council of State. The nation was to be represented in the Storting, an unicameral parliament, elected triennially and assembling every year at Christiania. The Storting alone had the right to levy taxes. The legislative authority was to be exercised by the King and the Storting conjointly; but the King was to have only a suspensive veto, except in the case of a proposed amendment of any paragraph of the constitution; and even this absolute veto could ultimately be overruled when the proposed constitutional amendment, in its original terms, had been voted by a two-thirds majority in three successive Storthings. Unfortunately, the paragraphs relating to the royal veto

were so vaguely expressed as to allow of various interpretations, and thus opened the door to serious differences of opinion between the crown and the legislature.

To many Swedish statesmen of that day the concessions to Norway, not unnaturally, seemed excessive; and this opinion was no doubt responsible for the insertion in the Norwegian constitution of certain provisions, meant to be guarantees of Norway's loyal co-operation in the future. Such, for instance, were the clauses empowering the King of Norway to appoint a stadtholder, or viceroy, to rule the kingdom during his absence; the clause stipulating that members of the Norwegian Council of State should have no access to the Storting, so as to keep the executive clear of the legislature; and the clauses placing the foreign policy of the united kingdoms as much as possible in the hands of Sweden. The Swedes cannot fairly be blamed for taking these precautions. From the first they took a statesmanlike view of the whole situation. Formerly, while still a great Power, Sweden had been regarded by Europe as a sort of bulwark against Russia; and, even so late as 1790, when she still held Finland, she had been able, if with difficulty, to hold her own against the northern colossus. The subsequent loss of Finland materially weakened her; but European diplomacy considered that the acquisition of the kingdom of Norway would partly compensate her for the loss of the Grand-duchy. That the foreign policy of united Scandinavia should be directed by Sweden for the common good, was taken for granted, and not unreasonably; for Sweden had a long and glorious diplomatic history behind her, while a raw young state like Norway, however promising and progressive, had still to learn the very rudiments of diplomacy. This aspect of the case has been unduly disregarded by the Norwegians. They seem to forget that the union 'with the kingdom of Sweden under one king' was not for their exclusive advantage; it was also intended to guard the independence of Scandinavia and the peace of northern Europe.

Nevertheless, although it contained within it the seeds of disruption, the union worked smoothly enough at first. It was only when the aspirations of Norway grew with the growth of her material prosperity and her political ambition that the original constitution became, in some

points, too strait for her. This especially applied to most of the Swedish guarantees; and one by one they were repealed, though not before the King had, again and again, wisely interposed his veto, in order to make quite sure that the alleged grievances were the grievances of the whole nation and not merely the pretensions of a clique. But the changes caused considerable friction; and more than once, between 1873 and 1883, the two Scandinavian nations hovered on the brink of war.

Throughout these disputes Norway's sensitive distrust of Sweden, a distrust natural enough perhaps in the smaller and weaker of two confederated states, but none the less regrettable, had been manifest enough. The earlier points at issue had been mainly extra-unional, or at any rate had principally affected Norway; but now a question arose which concerned both countries equally, a question as complicated as it was important, a question which was ultimately to wreck the Union—the control of foreign affairs.

By section 28 of the Norwegian constitution, 'diplomatic affairs' were expressly withdrawn from the direct cognisance of the Norwegian Council of State. All so-called *Mellanriks ärenden*, or inter-state affairs, such as matters concerning the union, or common affairs, or foreign affairs, were usually discussed in a *Sammensat Statsraad*, or composite Council of State. This composite Council of State was termed *Svensk-Norsk*, or Swedish-Norse, if delegates from the Norwegian Council of State were summoned to the Swedish Council of State, and *Norsk-Svensk*, Norwegian-Swedish, in the reverse case. This cumbrous system was still further complicated by the uncertainty which prevailed on two very important points, (1) how far affairs which concerned one kingdom directly and the other kingdom only indirectly were to be included among inter-state affairs; and (2) the absence of any definite prescriptions in the Norwegian constitution for the conduct of foreign affairs, including the appointment of consular agents. Untrammelled as he was by any definite provisions of the Norwegian constitution, the King of Norway had an absolutely free hand in the matter; but, as the defective Norwegian constitution left him unprovided with any special Norwegian organ for the management of Norwegian foreign affairs, he had to make use of the

Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who acted on all such occasions as a sort of private secretary.

For the first seventy-one years of the Union this arrangement served its purpose fairly well. The actual practice differed with the times. Down to 1836 consuls were appointed by the Swedish Council of State alone; but, after frequent complaints from the Norwegians on this head, it was decided by the ordinance of January 23, 1836, that consuls should henceforth be appointed by a composite Council of State; and by the royal decree of May 28, 1842, 'all commercial treaties and conventions with foreign Powers which concern the united kingdoms' were to be ratified by the same authority. But, even before this, composite Councils of State had generally taken charge of purely political affairs. Thus, on January 26, 1826, the note protesting against the Tsar's retention of the title 'Hereditary Prince of Norway' was drawn up in the Swedish-Norse Council of State. On the other hand, both the convention with Denmark of August 15, 1849, for the transport of auxiliary troops to Sleswig, and the question of the participation of Norway and Sweden in the Danish-German war of 1863-4, were settled in the Norse-Swedish Council of State. Moreover, in the earlier years of the Union (from 1814 to 1846) ratifications of agreements and treaties with foreign Powers which concerned Norway only were always decided in the Norwegian Council of State, though such ratifications were generally issued and countersigned by the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs; while from 1846 to 1885 diplomatic affairs especially concerning Norway were always decided by the Norwegian Council of State alone.

So far there had been little or no serious friction between Sweden and Norway as to the conduct of foreign affairs; and, whenever differences arose, they were easily and amicably settled. But in the year 1885 the Swedish Government saw fit to remodel entirely its diplomatic system; and by section 11 of the constitution of that year it was decided that 'all ministerial matters'—a term which included foreign affairs—should henceforth be decided by the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs. This, it need scarcely be said, was a complete reversal of the old system. It was no longer, as heretofore, the untrammelled King of Norway who had the control of

Norway's foreign affairs. The direction of Norway's policy had passed, at least formally, into the hands of the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who was responsible to the Swedish Riksdag alone. That Norway now had a genuine grievance the moderates on both sides agree.

'To lack control over the proceedings of her own Council of State,' remarks the Swede, Herr Flodström, 'to be represented in her intercourse with foreign Powers by the Foreign Minister of another country, is a condition of things which must needs be unsatisfactory and offensive to an independent state. It was Sweden's duty, not merely for the sake of Norway, but for the sake of the Union also, to have given Norway full parity in the matter.'

Herr Garborg, a Norwegian, says much the same.

'Norway's position was now distinctly worse than before. By thus remodelling her Foreign Office, without any reference to Norway, Sweden had practically admitted that diplomacy was not a common affair, and Norway was obliged to take the matter up; for, had she acquiesced in the change, . . . there would have been an end, not merely of the parity between the two kingdoms, but of Norway's independence.'

In justice to Sweden it must be added that she at once recognised that Norway had grounds for complaint by offering to negotiate on the subject. Unfortunately, by this time the Norwegians were in no mood for negotiation; and their peculiar tactics during the next few years go far to explain, if they cannot justify, Sweden's change of front in 1885. Every allowance must of course be made for the sensitiveness of the weaker of the confederated states under a strong sense of injury; but nothing can justify the unscrupulous violence with which the Norwegian demagogues did their utmost to stir up the people, not merely against Sweden, but against their own sovereign, to whom they owed so much. The agitator who did more than any one else to hoist the independent Norwegian flag and make it as red a flag as possible was Björnstjerne Björnson, who flung himself into the struggle with all the fury of a berserker. His irritating articles in the Norwegian press, 'laden to the brim with strong emotion and discharged, on the spur of the moment, in a white heat of passion'; his abusive speeches, 'like sudden biting gusts of wind from the fjeld';

and his reckless disregard of giving offence, embittered the controversy and obscured the real issue.

There is much to be said for the main contention of Norway, that her immense carrying-trade entitled her to a separate consular service; but this apparently reasonable claim was avowedly only the thin end of the wedge, the first instalment of the larger demand for a separate Foreign Office; and Swedish statesmen had now reason to fear that, if Norway were ever permitted to negotiate separately with foreign Powers, the political independence of the Scandinavian peninsula might be seriously imperilled. To deny the possibility of such a contingency is deliberately to shut one's eyes to plain facts. The treasonable coquetting with Russia of ultra-Radicals like Björnson and Ullman, who went so far as actually to propose the virtual cession of one of the ice-free Norwegian ports to that Power, is significant enough. It is just because of this passionate impulsiveness, this narrow provincialism, this depreciation of international politics, on the part of Norway's protagonists, that Swedish statesmen, with their European experience, are so dubious of the success of a purely Norwegian Foreign Office. It is true that the enthusiasm of the Norwegian Radicals for Russia has somewhat cooled since the recent *coup d'état* in Finland; but even now they ridicule the idea of Russian interference in Scandinavian affairs as an invention of the Swedish Chauvinists.

There is no need to describe in detail the various phases of the long, wearisome, and futile attempt of the two countries to come to an understanding on the consular question. It has continued from February 1891, when King Oscar, in his speech from the throne, announced to the Storthing that he was about to lay before it and the Riksdag a project providing for the discussion, in a composite Council of State, of all questions relating to their common affairs, to the severing of the Union by the Storthing's manifesto of June 6, 1905. One thing, however, is quite certain. While, from the outset, the King and the Riksdag, with every intention of being fair to Norway, were working for the maintenance of the Union, the Storthing was really using the consulate question as the best expedient at hand for dissolving it. Herr Ræder, himself a Norwegian, aptly says:—

'No sensible man could very well deny that politics lay at the bottom of the whole consulate squabble, inasmuch as the economical reasons alleged for a complete separation . . . were so inadequate that they could not possibly be impressed upon the understanding of the masses except by persistent agitation.'

Finally, the Storting, in direct contravention of the Act of Union, which enjoins that all matters concerning both kingdoms shall be discussed in a composite Council of State, passed in 1892 a resolution abolishing the common consular system without consulting the Swedish Council of State at all; whereupon the King exercised his constitutional prerogative and interposed his veto. The Riksdag, while supporting the King on purely unional grounds, expressed its willingness to reconsider the whole question of the Foreign Office and diplomacy of the united kingdoms, including the consular question; and on June 5, 1895, Norway consented to negotiate with Sweden on the subject. The result was the formation of a Union Commission to examine and report upon all the points in dispute. The report of this committee was read in the composite Council of State on October 21, 1898. The Norwegian Government had previously declared that a prolongation of the negotiations would be useless unless they were continued on the lines of a separate Foreign Office for each kingdom; to which the Swedish Council of State objected that separate organs for each kingdom in the department of foreign affairs involved a principle erroneous in theory and unworkable in practice. At the same time it expressed its readiness to resume the negotiations on the basis of a continuance of a common Foreign Office and consular system. To this the Norwegians would not agree; and the Commission was therefore dissolved.

On January 21, 1902, at the suggestion of the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lagerheim, a second Union Commission was formed, to consider the advisability of a separate consular system for each of the united kingdoms, with the retention of a common diplomatic representation. The negotiations were conducted at Stockholm from October 1902 to January 1903, and were continued at Christiania during February and March 1903. In their anxiety to meet the wishes of the Norwegians, the Swedish commissioners advised a composition on the following

bases: (1) separate consular systems for Sweden and Norway, the consuls for each kingdom to be under the jurisdiction of the authorities appointed by the home government in each case; (2) the relations of the separate consuls to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to be regulated by laws of a like tenour, laws unalterable and unrepealable except with the consent of the authorities of both countries. The Swedish negotiators recognised, at the same time, that the actual position of the Minister of Foreign Affairs did not correspond with Norway's just claims to equality within the Union; and they expressed the wish to take this question also into consideration. But the Norwegians declined further negotiations; and the Commission finally came to the conclusion that the views of the two countries were so divergent that, for the present, an agreement was unattainable. Thus this second Commission also proved abortive.

In the light of subsequent events it seems pretty clear that the Norwegian Government had by this time arrived at the conclusion that the whole was better than a part; in other words, that the dissolution of the Union by a bold *coup d'état* would be more profitable, and perhaps more dignified, than negotiation resulting, at the best, in concessions of a more or less conditional character on the part of Sweden. Anyhow, the subsequent policy of the Storting is intelligible only on this hypothesis. At the meeting of the Norwegian Council of State on April 5, 1905, the Ministry presented the Storting's resolution for the erection of a separate consular service for Norway for the approval of the Crown; and the Prince Regent promptly vetoed it on the ground that the question was a common one, and could therefore only be settled constitutionally by an agreement with the confederated state of Sweden. On May 27, when King Oscar had resumed power, the Norwegian Government presented their resolution anew; and again it was vetoed, for the same reason as before. The Norwegian Ministry thereupon tendered their resignation. The King refused to accept it on the ground that no other government could be formed.

The crisis had now become acute. The Norwegians themselves put an end to it by an act which can only be described as revolutionary. On June 6 the Storting, unanimously and without debate, resolved, on the motion

of its President, that, inasmuch as the Ministry had resigned and his Majesty had declared himself unable to provide the country with an administration, therefore the constitutional monarchy had ceased to exercise its functions. The Storthing thereupon empowered the retiring Ministry to exercise provisionally the authority heretofore delegated to the King, and declared the union with Sweden to be dissolved, because the King had ceased to act as King of Norway. The Storthing at the same time unanimously adopted an address to the King, informing him of what had been done and inviting him to co-operate with them in forming a settled government by permitting a prince of his royal house to sit upon the Norwegian throne. The absurdity of inviting a monarch whom they had just dethroned to assist them to repeal the established constitutional order of succession, which he had solemnly sworn to uphold, does not appear to have occurred to the Norwegians; but their subsequent acts demonstrated that the breach was meant to be final. The unional flag was hauled down, and a national flag, minus the emblem of the Union, was hoisted in its place; the names of the King and the members of the royal family were expunged from the prayer-books; and a Minister of Foreign Affairs for Norway was appointed.

The reply of the King to the manifesto and address of the Storthing was dignified and emphatic. He reminded the Norwegians that a union voluntarily entered into by the representatives of both nations could not be dissolved by one of them without the consent of the other. Not till the Riksdag had pronounced its opinion and sanctioned the separation could the Union be regarded as repealed. In his reply of June 10 to the President of the Storthing, he expressed his views still more explicitly, and justified his veto of the consular-service bill for Norway. In this document he demonstrated that, according to the Norwegian constitution, the right of the King of Norway to refuse his sanction to any bill of a single Storthing, if he considered the welfare of the realm to demand it, was absolute. To this rule there was no exception, however many times the Storthing might present its bill for the royal sanction. According to section 79 of the same constitution, indeed, there was only one case in which a bill of the Storthing might become law in Norway, even

without the royal sanction; and that was the case of a bill which had been adopted, in its original form, by three successive Storthings, and was then presented for the royal sanction, and presented in vain. This unique case had not occurred. He pointed out, moreover, that it was not only his right but his duty, as unional King, to refuse his sanction to any measure adopted by one member, but concerning both members, of the Union, as in the present instance, without the consent of the other party to the existing contract. He had always endeavoured, he added, to give Norway her proper place within the Union; but his duty towards the Union had compelled him, in this instance, to act even in opposition to the Norwegian people. He had had to choose between breaking his oath as a constitutional sovereign and risking a breach with his Norwegian councillors; and his decision could not, for one instant, be doubtful.

From the strictly unional standpoint these arguments appear to be absolutely unanswerable. Certainly the Storting made no attempt to answer them from the constitutional point of view. On the other hand, from the purely Norwegian standpoint, it is obvious that the Storting had the right to demand an administration from the King; and he had declared his inability, in the circumstances, to give them one. If Sweden and the Union could have been eliminated from the controversy, Oscar II would certainly have been placed in an awkward dilemma; the Storting would have gained at least a technical victory. But Sweden and the Union could not be so eliminated. Admitting to the full the force and justice of all Norway's pretensions, admitting that an absolute royal veto was 'incompatible with anything that goes by the name of national independence and constitutional autonomy,' as the leading Norwegian newspapers not unfairly argue, Norway was, nevertheless, as much bound by the Act of Union as Sweden was, and had no right to dissolve it of her own accord. In fine, the whole affair amounts to this: the young, expansive Norwegian democracy was cramped by the restrictions of a monarchical union; and the time had come for her to burst her bonds and go her own way.

But the separation need not have been a rupture. Had the Norwegians declared straight out that the Union

had become inconvenient and oppressive, had they loyally invited the Swedes to co-operate with them in dissolving it amicably, there is no reason to suppose that they would have encountered any serious opposition from the sister state. Coercion on the part of Sweden is inconceivable. It is true that both by land and sea the forces of Sweden are vastly superior to those of Norway. Her eleven first-class warships would find little difficulty in blockading the four first-class Norwegian warships in their own ports; nor could her army, if she were in earnest, be prevented for long from occupying the Norwegian capital, though, no doubt, the Norwegians would give a good account of themselves. But the occupation of Christiania would by no means be equivalent to the conquest of Norway, to say nothing of the intense national feeling which any warlike operations on the part of Sweden would provoke. The extraordinary Riksdag which assembled at Stockholm on June 20, and is now engaged in negotiating the terms of a separation with the Storting, has therefore wisely decided that anything like coercion is out of the question; and, though the debates may be heated (for the *amour propre* of Sweden has been deeply wounded), and substantial guarantees, safeguarding Sweden in the future, have rightly been demanded, there is no reason to anticipate any collision between the two countries.

How will the severance of Sweden and Norway affect international politics? Prejudicially, we fear. Diplomats may henceforth have to deal with a Northern as well as with an Eastern question. To begin with, the political efficiency of Scandinavia will be seriously impaired. The hope of creating a barrier against Russian aggression was not without its influence upon the signatories of the Treaty of Kiel. Now, instead of a united and indivisible Scandinavian state, we shall have two independent nations, certainly with divergent aims, possibly with clashing interests. We must not forget that for years past Björnson and his followers have loudly and frequently declared that they would rather break up the Union than allow Norway to be attracted within the orbit of Sweden's foreign policy. The Union has been broken: the Norwegians now have it in their power to obstruct, if not to paralyse, Swedish diplomacy.

But, admitting the exceedingly doubtful possibility of a permanent political agreement between Sweden and Norway in the future, the further question at once arises, Is Norway able adequately to defend her immense and rugged coast-line, and if able, would she be willing to do so? Certainly no Norwegian Government which imposed additional taxes for the express purpose of national defence could hope to retain its popularity for long. It is even conceivable that an alliance with Russia might be more popular in Norway than the expensive necessity of taking due precautions against her northern neighbour. So far, at all events, the Norwegian Radicals have ever exhibited a childlike confidence in the benevolence of the Tsar. Altogether, the outlook is disquieting; and the dis-united Scandinavian kingdoms may add to the growing embarrassments of European diplomacy.

The attempt of the Congress of Vienna to establish a barrier against the ambition of France in a united kingdom of Holland and Belgium broke down within fifteen years of its creation. The union of Norway and Sweden has lasted nearly a century, but has now shared the same fate, burst asunder by that spirit of nationality which was called to life by the French Revolution, and which the statesmen of the Congress ventured to ignore. The third and greatest dual monarchy, that of Austria-Hungary, whose union was compacted under the pressure of national disaster, with the experience of many constitutional experiments to direct its lines, is now shaken to its base by the same disruptive spirit, and its very existence seems to hang upon the life of an old and failing man. The lesson for this country is obvious. Twenty years ago the dual monarchies of Norway-Sweden and Austria-Hungary were held up for our admiration as examples of the blessings of Home Rule, combining the advantages of political union with the fertilising influences of self-government. In one of these cases the union is gone; in the other it can hardly be saved but by a miracle. Is the union of Great Britain and Ireland to follow suit?

Art. XIII.—LORD MILNER AND SOUTH AFRICA.

1. *Speeches delivered by His Excellency Viscount Milner, G.C.B., on the eve of his departure from South Africa.* Pretoria : Government Printing Office, 1905.
 2. *Reports of the Transvaal Administration.* Pretoria : Government Printing Office, 1903, 1904.
 3. *Despatch transmitting Letters Patent and Order in Council providing for Constitutional Changes in the Transvaal.* Presented to Parliament, April 1905. (Cd. 2400.)
 4. *The African Colony: Studies in the Reconstruction.* By John Buchan. Edinburgh : Blackwood, 1903.
 5. *South Africa after the War.* By E. F. Knight. London : Longmans, 1903.
 6. *The New Era in South Africa.* By Violet R. Markham. London : Smith Elder, 1904.
- And other works.

ON the last day of May 1902 the South African war came to an end, and the work of reconstruction was formally begun. On the 3rd day of April 1905 Lord Milner left the Transvaal, where for three years he had laboured at perhaps the most intricate task which a servant of the British crown has had to face in our generation. His departure marks the end of an epoch in South Africa's history. For good or for ill he has changed the currents of its life and made new channels for them to flow in. His successor comes to administer largely on lines already laid down : it was Lord Milner's destiny to find a clean slate and dictate what should be written thereon. Lord Selborne has before him a difficult and delicate work—to keep the peace between an Imperial executive and an elected legislature ; to influence and restrain, while at the same time giving full scope to the nascent political forces to work out their own salvation ; to play in extraordinary circumstances the part of the ordinary colonial governor. If his task is hard, it is different in kind from his predecessor's. The one has in the main to carry on, the other had to create ; and the work of creation, if it attaches partisans, makes also implacable foes.

We do not purpose, in the following pages, to attempt

an estimate of the success of Lord Milner's work. Fifty years hence that may be possible, for he built with his eyes upon the future. Still less justification is there for a eulogy of the builder himself. We praise a man whose career is over; and Lord Milner, we trust, has still many years of public work before him. But it is worth while, now that the stress of reconstruction is past, to attempt to understand the conditions of the problem and the principles which, implicitly and avowedly, were applied in its solution. An immense aggregate of work has been accomplished, much of which is hard to grasp unless we consider the state of the country when the work began, and the ideal which the High Commissioner set himself. Without venturing to pronounce hastily on the ultimate issue, we can try to make the initial stages intelligible.

The first point to be noticed is that during the year preceding peace the new colonies were gutted to their foundations. Any scheme of restoration which the High Commissioner, drawing on his previous knowledge of the country, may have framed at Cape Town, must have been relinquished when he saw the war ebb out into a weary guerilla campaign destructive only of property. He went up to the Transvaal as Governor in March 1901, to find that the material of government was non-existent, that it was necessary to create almost the whole fabric of society from the beginning. Now it is an old truth, of which Lord Cromer's work in Egypt is the most signal modern proof, that in a confusion of problems, all of them apparently clamouring for solution, there is certain to be one which is the key to all the others. To find the centre of gravity and work from it becomes the first duty of the statesman. In the new colonies, as in Egypt, there was an unfriendly population to be reconciled to our rule, and drawn into the paths of civilisation and good government. To Lord Milner, as to Lord Cromer, the economic question seemed the cardinal one. Make the country prosperous and contented; and racial distinction and old bitter memories will be on a fair way to disappear. Hence, a year before peace, the High Commissioner had begun to think out schemes of industrial and agricultural development, destined, as he hoped, to set the colonies marching along the road to fortune so soon as war should cease. Happily there seemed one

fact certain in the midst of so much uncertainty. The Transvaal was inordinately rich. Of its immense mineral wealth no expert had ever doubted; and on the Rand there was a great industry already in existence, highly organised and capable of almost indefinite extension. Agriculture and pasturage, according to Sir W. Willcocks' Report, needed only some provision for a scientific irrigation to be an asset scarcely less valuable; while the great industrial centres on the Rand and elsewhere would furnish the farmer with an inexhaustible market. Whatever the difficulties of the situation, there was at any rate the certainty of wealth, which in the end must make all things possible; and reconstruction was therefore begun on a scale calculated in accordance with the presumed assets of the country.

Unfortunately the experts had miscalculated, or at least had antedated this prosperity. Early in the work of settlement it appeared that the agricultural value of the soil had been overstated. This would have mattered less had the industrial expansion begun; but industry also had fallen into an unaccountable lethargy. It began to be obvious before the end of 1902 that the supply of labour for the mines was wholly insufficient, not only for expansion, but for a return to the *ante bellum* basis. The old supply of black labour had been scattered and could not be recalled; and experiments in importation from other parts of the continent proved futile. White labour was given a fair trial, and turned out to be economically impossible. Misled by the optimism of the experts, Lord Milner had miscalculated; and the ordinary citizen, whose optimism had far exceeded that of the leaders, fell into a correspondingly deeper despair. It is curious that one lesson of history is ever repeated and ever forgotten—that after a great war even the conqueror must suffer greatly. Lord Milner had to revise his policy. His estimate of the land's requirements remained the same, but he had to postpone their satisfaction. Administrative expenses had to be cut down, vital and needful tasks to be abandoned, while he set himself patiently to provide the motive power which was lacking to the economic machine. Before he left the country, he had succeeded in getting the machine restarted; and once again the economic problem, which in the truest sense

is also the political problem of the new colonies, is being faced in its full extent. In his own words, while 'taking in sail' during the temporary reaction, he had endeavoured 'to keep steadily on his course.'

Such is the formal history of his three years' work—a policy framed, a hindrance unforeseen, a temporary revision of plans and curtailment of enterprise, and lastly, a gradual return to the original lines.

It is not every man who, in the face of a great disappointment, has the patience, the courage, and the intellectual elasticity to sit down soberly and revise his policy. Lord Milner laboured to look at things as they were, unblinded either by sentiment or dogma. He was invited on the one hand to try heroic remedies, and on the other to seek the easy path of *laissez-faire*. In such circumstances his Egyptian experience stood him in good stead. He first collected his data, and then, seriously and scientifically, formed his conclusions. Again, he laboured to study the well-being of South Africa as a whole. He was accused of partiality; but his whole work is a standing proof of a fight against particularism in any form, whether of the *dorp*, or the city, or the colony, or even of the continent. Federation was his consistent aim, since it alone promised lasting political and economic salvation. Finally, he tried to look far ahead, beyond local clamour and temporary set-backs, to the abiding needs of the country.

Enough has been said to show the general character of the reconstruction; it remains to attempt a short summary of results. Statistics are dull reading, but there is no other way of stating the net achievement without entering upon elaborate descriptions. It is simplest to divide the problems of the new colonies into those of the Rand and those of the Veld. The distinction is not quite that between town and country, still less that between Briton and Boer, but rather between the progressive and the backward, the policy of the newcomer and the prejudice of the old resident. The Rand may stand, not only for Johannesburg and the mines, but for industrial development in every district and for urban life on the higher plane, while the Veld represents agriculture and pasturage, and the small towns. The one provides the motive power which is necessary to any thriving com-

munity, and the other what is sometimes called the 'force of social persistence.' The Rand has one great problem—the prosperity of the mining industry; and, since on this all others depend, it may well be given the place of honour. Gold-mining in the Transvaal has long since ceased to be a speculation, and has become one of the most highly organised industries on earth. On it hangs the future of agriculture, and also the exploitation of that other mineral wealth which may in time make the Transvaal one of the great iron and copper producing countries of the world. On it also depends the prosperity of a middle class, professional, commercial, industrial, which is always the backbone of an English community.

It is needless to repeat the arguments which have been dinned into men's ears for the past two years on the question of the labour supply. Suffice it to say that with a large ascertained quantity of low-grade ore, of which the value per ton is lower than almost any in the world, a supply of cheap labour became a vital need, at any rate at the re-starting of an industry. The Chinese have done their work. The output of gold exceeds the *ante bellum* standard; and the effect is being felt in all other activities. The white man is now finding employment where two years ago he starved at street corners; and the finances of the country have been tided over the time of crisis. It may be hoped that, now the industrial wheels have been set going, the importation of contract labourers will gradually cease and their deportation begin. The Transvaal administration shared with the Chamber of Mines the odium of an experiment which, on the one hand, was exaggerated into a revival of slavery, and, on the other, into an attempt to sell to the yellow man the white man's birthright in South Africa. The local agitation has died down since facts have spoken for themselves, and some of the more honest of its supporters have publicly recanted; while in England, where it was little more than a piece of party tactics, it is rapidly passing from the short memories of politicians.

Of the total population of the Transvaal—289,000 at the last census—the Rand, including Johannesburg, supplies 115,000. The organisation of this great community presented a nice problem in municipal policy. The first town council of Johannesburg was a nominated one, but

so approved itself to the voters that, when an elected council was constituted in 1903, nearly all the old nominees were returned. The limits of the municipality were extended from 28 square miles to 81 miles, and a large insanitary area was expropriated in the public interest. Public works of various sorts have been undertaken; the elements of a great technical university have been created; and Johannesburg becomes daily less of a mining camp and more of a city. The mines and the municipality show signs of a ready co-operation in the improvement of their dwelling-place. For the rest, the Rand may well be left to take care of itself. It contributes 75 per cent. of the total revenue, and is rich enough and progressive enough, granted reasonable laws, to work out its own salvation. It is the Veld which needs wise administration.

The first duty of the Government towards the country districts was to restore to them their former population. What repatriation meant is difficult to realise save by actual experience. But the figures are startling enough. In a country denuded of supplies, with few roads, and only one or two trunk lines, and at a great distance from any port, over 70,000 people were restored to their homes, over 150,000 head of stock were issued, and over 40,000 acres were ploughed by departmental teams. The work required the organisation of an American Trust; and over 1700 white men and 11,000 natives were in the employment of the department concerned. Mistakes, of course, were made, and money was wasted; but in what work of the kind, undertaken without precedents and with the scantiest of data, could extravagance be avoided? At any rate England's obligations towards the conquered people were amply fulfilled. The terms of surrender spoke of 3,000,000*l.* In addition 5,500,000*l.* have been spent in repatriation out of the Guaranteed Loan, and 2,000,000*l.* out of military funds by way of compensation, making a total of more than 10,000,000*l.* At the same time it was necessary to secure a leavening of new and progressive settlers of English blood; and to this end the huge untouched areas of government land—29,000,000 acres in the Transvaal, and about 1,500,000 in the Orange River Colony—provided a means.

The policy of land settlement has been grossly misunderstood both in South Africa and at home.

'It was not adopted' (we quote Lord Milner), 'as some critics have said, with a view of ousting the old country population or out-numbering them—I never had such a crazy idea—but rather of quickening that population with a new leaven, of strengthening the progressive element among the farmers, . . . and of forming a link between town and country and between British and Dutch.'

There were many miscalculations at the start, chiefly on data furnished by those expert South Africans who are now the readiest to point out the mistakes. The work had to be done in a hurry, since the war left a large number of colonial irregulars who desired to make a home in the country; and the early seasons were conspicuously unfavourable. The Transvaal is not overflowing with agricultural wealth; and to make a success both land and settler should be carefully chosen. But in spite of misfortunes the work has gone on slowly and surely, and at the moment 568 new settlers are on the land. Experimental farms have also been formed for the training of young farmers, as well as for the collection and arrangement of the material for a scientific agriculture.

For the work of the Agricultural Department proper during the past three years there can be nothing but praise. Framed on the American model, it possesses sub-departments for botany, chemistry, entomology, and veterinary and bacteriological science, as well as for irrigation and forestry. It has attempted to make the farmer prosperous by providing him with the best advice, to double his crops by systematic irrigation, and to enable him to make some headway against the pests and diseases with which the land is cursed. Already a visible change is coming over the face of the Veld. Even the Boer no longer farms by ancient tradition. There is a spirit of enterprise abroad. Agricultural shows are held; farmers' unions are formed; pedigree stock is appearing; old wasteful methods of veld-burning and trekking to the bush-veld are relinquished. During 1904, 215,671 animals were inspected at the ports of entry; and 1090 outbreaks of contagious disease were checked in the Transvaal. In the same year nearly 2,000,000 trees were planted. At the same time the rural market town has not been neglected. Necessary public works have been carried out, and a dozen small municipalities have been

organised; 1300 miles of road have been repaired, and 27 permanent bridges built. If the new Government had been dependent upon the vote of the Veld it could not have shown more eagerness for its welfare.

There remain those services which are common to both town and country. First in importance come the finances. As things stand at the moment, both the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony are completely solvent, and able to pay any contribution in reason which the Intercolonial Council may require. More important still, revenue has been set upon a sound basis. The 10 per cent. Profit tax, passed in 1902 as an equipoise to burdens such as the Dynamite tax, of which the mining industry had been relieved, is economically a sound tax; it is certainly not burdensome; and it gives the Government a fair share in any future prosperity. The Diamond tax similarly makes the Government a large sharer in the exploitation of the other great type of mineral wealth. From the sale or lease of mining claims owned by the Crown, and from windfalls from such Golcondas as the Premier mine, it is to be hoped that money will be obtained for the large capital expenditure of which the country still stands in need. 'I take leave,' said Lord Milner in his presidential speech at the first sitting of the Intercolonial Council, 'despite the prevailing gloom, to remain an optimist.' His optimism has been justified, though the gloom was to deepen before its justification came. Railway and custom rates still bear hardly on the local consumer, but not so hardly as to be intolerable; and, since the first need of the land is revenue to provide for capital outlay, which in turn will pave the way for development, it may be necessary to keep the present standard in force for a while.

Closely connected with the finances is the railway policy, on which the future of the country mainly depends. To give the farmer a market for his produce, to open the mineral wealth of the back-country, to cheapen the cost of living by a free access to producing areas, railways are the first requirement. This is not the place to go into the complex details of South African railway policy. The ambitious but most necessary programme accepted at the Railway Conference in 1903 has had to be modified during the recent period of stagnation. But much has been

done, much is doing, and much will be done in the near future. Natal has been linked up with the great trunk line; the wheat districts of the Orange River Colony and the pasture-lands of the eastern Transvaal are being brought into touch with the Rand; and Johannesburg is to gain direct communication with both Kimberley and Rhodesia. To take the most recent figures, 275 miles of new lines have been constructed, 311 are in course of construction, and 488 have been arranged for. Further, a sum of two and a half millions has been spent on the improvement of existing lines.

One other work desires special mention. 420,000*l.* have been spent on the building of schools and orphanages, including six large town-schools, twenty to thirty of average size, and no less than 152 farm-schools. At the end of 1898 there were 14,798 scholars on the rolls of government schools; to-day there are upwards of 29,700. The fictitious nature of the recent agitation against the Government education policy is amply proved by results. School committees have been formed wherever the average attendance of scholars exceeds 100; and the parents show a keen interest in school work. Under the auspices of the Dutch Reformed Kirk, supported by a vague missionary body in Holland called the Society of Christian National Education, an attempt was made to raise the cry that High Dutch, the people's tongue, was being stifled, High Dutch being as familiar to the average farmer as Icelandic. The truth is that the ordinary Boer parent is quite satisfied with the new curriculum. His children already know the Taal, and he wants them to learn English, the language to get rich by. For High Dutch he cares little one way or the other.

It is difficult to summarise the work of reconstruction, since the results still seem scattered and unrelated, for it takes years to weave them into the completed thing we call national life. But, keeping in mind the circumstances which determined its character and magnitude, we can estimate the chances of its success by looking at some of the criticisms which have been used against it. For a complaint, as a rule, means the perception of some kind of principle; and the true nature of a policy is often best seen in the attacks of its opponents. Three main charges have been levied against Lord Milner's work. One is

that it has been full of mistakes and unduly expensive. Another is that it has been vitiated by unpractical fads and far-fetched ideals. The last and gravest is that it has been unsympathetic, out of touch with the people, an arbitrary rule forced by a strong man upon an unwilling country.

The chief ground for the first charge is repatriation and its kindred activities. Large sums, it is said, were squandered unnecessarily through trying to do too much and to do it too hastily. It would be easy to show that most of such criticism is exaggerated in its details, but in any case the answer is simple. Repatriation is, like war, a complex business where time is of the essence of the contract; and there is bound to be a leakage. To ask for the methods of a long-established department is like complaining that a soldier on active service is less tidy than on parade. The alternative to these much-criticised mistakes was the far graver misfortune of a starving country and costly and overgrown camps of refuge. But the complaint is typical of a great deal of well-meaning and ill-informed criticism directed against the administration. Take, for example, the business of land settlement. In 1902 Sir William Willcocks' Report, and the opinion of such local experts as were to be found, put a high value upon the land. On such advice the Government purchased. Then there came a fall in land values, from which the Government suffered along with other people; and in settlement it may become necessary to write off a fair sum for depreciation of assets. But such an accident happens every day to the best regulated business houses; and in the complete absence of reliable data and the extreme pressure of work, the wonder is that the mistakes made were not greater.

The truth is that, apart from mere captiousness about unavoidable mistakes, the majority of such criticisms are levelled, not at the improvidence of the administration, but at its foresight. Lord Milner tried to keep his eyes fixed, not upon the ups and downs of the Transvaal market, but on the permanent needs of the colony. This appears more clearly when we turn to policies which are condemned as in their whole conception unpractical and idealistic. One is the policy of capital expenditure. In 1892 he had described the irrigation million, borrowed

at a time when Egyptian finance was at its darkest, as an apparently illogical but really statesmanlike way of beginning the regeneration of the country. Looking at the new colonies, stripped of all the necessities of progress, laden with debt, and crippled by high revenue charges, he saw an identical problem. For the one certain fact was the undeveloped wealth; and to exploit this demanded a period of self-abnegation and temporary retention of certain charges at an unnatural figure. Money is wanted for continued capital expenditure; and this must be got, not only from windfalls, not only from the Guaranteed Loan, but also from revenue. This point is admirably put in his speech at Johannesburg on March 31.

‘If you recognise, as you all must, the immense extent of your requirements, be very careful to guard against insidious attacks upon the means of satisfying them. In other words, do not throw away revenue. It is quite likely that the next few years will be years of surpluses. But no sooner does revenue raise its head than there is a scream for the remission of taxation. Gentlemen, there is a great deal too much that you urgently need to provide out of public money, alike in town and country, for you to be in a hurry to give away that money. We have had to work hard enough in all conscience to make both ends meet, and if they a little more than meet there is plenty to do with the balance. Take, for example, the clamour for the reduction of railway rates. . . . I have said before, and I repeat it, that you can do a great deal more, in the first instance, to reduce the cost of living by completing your railway system, and bringing naturally rich districts, which are at present wastes from lack of communication, into touch with the centre, than you will ever do by any reduction of rates that it is at present possible to make. What you can do is to throw away, say, half a million a year in making reductions of rates, which will all go into a few pockets, and which the general public will not feel at all, while that half million, wisely applied, would facilitate a great increase of supplies and expansion of business, all tending to induce a state of things in which a really substantial reduction of rates will be possible later on.’

Another instance is the Intercolonial Council. It was created with the object of securing efficiency and economy in railway management by bringing the whole system under a single authority, and also of providing a nucleus

for federation by uniting the services common to the two colonies. Its receipts consist of railway surpluses, its outgoings of the payment of interest on the Guaranteed Loan and the charges of the common services; and for any deficit it has a right to call for contributions upon the treasuries of the separate colonies in proportion to their respective customs receipts. We may disregard the purely administrative side, on which the value of the Council is not seriously questioned; but it is obvious that its federal aspect is of immense importance to the future of South Africa. If South Africa is to find its true goal in a federation—a belief common to the clearer thinkers of all parties—then it is a vital matter to prepare the way by such natural experiments. Lord Milner has always recognised that federation, when it comes, must be the result of a movement from within, and not imposed from above, as in the abortive enterprise of 1877. But, when you have federal elements lying ready to your hand, to refrain from using them would show a 'genius for disintegration.'

As a last instance we may take the native question, the most permanent and difficult of all South African problems. On this point the views of the High Commissioner may be said to have differed from those of his most loyal followers. Like Mr Rhodes, he held to the principle of 'equal rights for every civilised man,' while South Africa as a whole regards the difference of colour as precluding any equality in civilisation. The truth probably is that, for the moment, the native is separated from the white by a mental dissimilarity so profound that neither industry nor wealth, nor even the possession of university degrees, suffices to bridge it. All that can be done is to bring the influences of civilisation to bear upon him in the hope that in the future they may open up some solution. The Report, issued a few months ago, of the Native Affairs Commission, which was appointed by Lord Milner, is by far the most illuminating document we possess on the subject. Knowledge must precede the formation of policy; and, by setting forth the intricacy of the question and the need for knowledge, he has done much to lay the foundations of a settlement.

We have left to the last the gravest charge against the Milner régime—that it was out of sympathy with the

people. The charge is really twofold, and concerns, first, Lord Milner's conduct towards the Dutch population, and secondly, his attitude towards self-government. He has been accused of showing towards the conquered people an unsympathetic and suspicious hardness. From his lips have fallen none of those flowers of sentiment which are supposed, by some strange wizardry, to heal racial divisions. He has shown the Boers justice but no more, while all the time, if we are to believe their friends in England, they were hungering for a friendly word from their new ruler. Of his attitude there can be no doubt, though we differ widely from the reflections on it. The Boers have a strong race-feeling and stalwart racial ideals. When violence is done to these by conquest, such a people is not ready in a moment to forget the past and walk arm-in-arm with the conqueror; or, if it seems to be so, it behoves the conqueror to be watchful. To imagine that within three years the Boer would forget his aspirations and his sufferings, and acquire an enthusiastic love of British institutions, is to insult his manhood.

Lord Milner, at any rate, was never guilty of such a folly. He believed that true loyalty is a plant of slow growth, and that it can best be fostered by increasing the prosperity of the conquered, and making him a partner with his conqueror in the struggle for material well-being. He has not won the Boer's affection—that we believe to be at present beyond the power of any English governor—but he has most assuredly won his respect. The man to whom all the professions and subtleties of Dutch diplomacy are transparent, and who follows his own path with unflinching justice, is the only man capable in the long run of earning either their regard or their confidence. The Boer has many faults, but he has the merit of not suffering fools gladly. The racial element can only be eliminated from politics by following a course which must benefit both races alike, for the Boer is a practical man and knows his interest. But a nervous anxiety about what he may think or do will only confirm the belief that by obstinacy he can raise his price.

'If one section of the people' (we quote again from the Johannesburg speech) 'absolutely refused to play the game unless the rules were made exactly to suit themselves, the natural answer would seem to be, "Very well then, sit out,

We can play without you; and you can always join in when you are tired of sitting." . . . By all means continue to treat Dutch and British with absolute equality. We have done for good and all with the system of having two classes of white men in the country, a privileged and an unprivileged class. I say treat all equally; indeed, try to forget, as far as possible, the differences of origin. Show the same zeal, the same solicitude, for the interests of every class, of every neighbourhood, regardless whether this or that section predominates in it. But having done that, await with patience the gradual approximation which equality of treatment and community of interests will surely produce. You can do nothing more to hurry it.'

The self-government question stands on the same footing. Nothing would have been easier than to acquire a reputation for magnanimity by advocating an immediate autonomy: nothing easier or less conscientious. Lord Milner might have left South Africa in a blaze of popularity by adopting the reasoning of the market-place. But he steadfastly declined to sow troubles for other men to reap. 'I do not think,' Lord Curzon said in a recent speech, 'that the salvation of India is to be sought in the field of politics at the present stage of her development; and it is not my conception of statesmanship to earn a cheap applause by offering so-called boons for which the country is not ready, and for which my successors, and not I, would have to pay the price.' South Africa is just now in a somewhat similar case.

Had the material progress of the country been the only thing to be regarded, it might have been well if the Crown-colony system had been retained for some time longer. But a political problem cannot be met by a cold argument from statistics. Opinion must be considered, and that intangible thing, national character. The Transvaal is the home of an independent and rather specially intelligent British population, one, too, which has been taught self-reliance in a hard school, and which, before the war, was accustomed to champion extreme democratic doctrines. Clearly, such people must chafe under Crown-colony bonds in an exceptional degree. Moreover, the Transvaal has many urgent questions of its own to answer; and it is only fair that its people should have a share in what so vitally concerns them. To impose on

them an *ex cathedra* policy, which they had had no opportunity of approving, would tend to create grave unrest. Above all, the Chinese labour discussion in the Imperial Parliament had shown the country what it might expect from party politics at home. A matter which deeply concerned it had been debated for weeks by badly-informed politicians, and the whole future put in jeopardy to serve party ends. There was no security that such a state of affairs might not recur at any moment, unless the Imperial Government were able to say, 'The colony has representative institutions, and through them the voice of its inhabitants has spoken.'

All these were strong arguments for some measure of self-government. But there were equally valid reasons why any grant should stop short of complete autonomy. To begin with, the land is only three years distant from war. It is still too early to hand over the work of reconstruction to parties which would inevitably be organised on racial lines. Politics must remain for a time a matter of capital expenditure; and it is better that this should be in the hands of a disinterested executive than cast into the arena to be wrangled for by competing interests. Further, the people of the Transvaal have no political training; and in a matter of this sort it is our wise custom to advance by instalments. The Dutch know nothing of party government, and the British newcomers have at any rate had no experience of it under such novel conditions. Moreover, it may be said without offence that, for all the intelligence of the population, there is simply not an adequate amount of ability to govern successfully. The best men, with a few exceptions, are too busy with their own occupations to spare the time; the leisured class is too small; and politics, among the British section, would fall into the hands of those unpromising types, the man with an axe to grind and the man with a grievance. Common prudence would counsel a gradual advance towards autonomy, which should educate the people in the rudiments of self-government and, at the same time, permit of the growth of that British majority which will rob racialism of its dangers, and of that capable class which will prevent politics from becoming a dangerous farce.

It has been urged that the same institutions which have been given to the Transvaal should be extended to

the Orange River Colony. But there is no special sanctity about self-government which makes it desirable everywhere and at all times. It is an expedient framed to solve certain problems which happen to be fairly common among nations. The Orange River Colony has no problems and at present is not likely to have any. There is no need to provide a means of ascertaining the voice of the people, since there is no burning question. It can very well wait till complete self-government can be given to both colonies together.

The new constitution follows an old precedent which flourished in Cape Colony for nineteen years and in Natal for nearly forty. We need not recapitulate its details here. Its two novel features are automatic redistribution and the basing of the electorate upon number of voters instead of upon population. The first is one of those principles which in a democracy are theoretically incontrovertible. In South Africa, moreover, there are special reasons for its use. Cape Colony during the past decade has furnished the world with an object-lesson of the mischief wrought by an antiquated electoral division which can only be remedied by a specific Act. In a new country, where the distribution of inhabitants changes with great rapidity, it is essential to have some easy means of making representation correspond to population. Bound up with this provision is the second, which is commonly defined as 'one vote one value.' Now it is obvious that the principle adopted will tend to weaken the influence of the rural districts, since it is rare in the country to find any great number of unmarried men. Hence the Boer opposition has centred itself on this point. Their contention at first sight is not unreasonable. The interests of the towns, it may be argued, are practically identical, but the interests of the country vary with each district; and, if Rand and Veld are to be fairly treated, the latter should be represented on a more liberal basis than the former. What the Boers ask for, therefore, is preferential treatment. But any such discrimination involves the difficulty that it would simply strengthen one side in a struggle which is to be conducted, to begin with, at any rate, on racial lines. Were the whole population of one race, the argument might have considerable force; but as things stand, the leaders of

the country party are estopped by their own conduct from its use. For the protection of the agricultural interest we must look to the common-sense of the nation at large, and to the increase of a rural population which is not wholly of one race.

This brings us to the latest of the Transvaal problems, the organisation of political parties. For a long time there have been sporadic attempts in this direction. Shortly after the peace, the Transvaal Political Association came into being with a great flourish of trumpets; but no one seriously wanted it, and it died an unlamented death. During the year of economic crisis there was much political scheming; and in that spring-tide of politics the voice of a Labour party was heard for a time in the land. But it was not till a change in the constitution began to loom near that serious political activity commenced. The first to appear was the Transvaal Progressive Association, which made representative government the chief plank in its platform. It comprised most of the leading business and professional men, and constituted itself a defender, not only of British interests in the country, but of the main features of Lord Milner's policy. This party recognised that a determined attempt would be made by the Dutch to win, by constitutional methods, what they had failed to win by war. They understood their late opponents because they respected them. The Progressive party, therefore, laid special emphasis on the principle of 'one vote one value' as the palladium of British rights.

Close on their heels followed the Responsible Government Association, which demanded an immediate and complete autonomy. This body cannot be said to represent the *bourgeoisie* or the proletariat as against the richer classes, for it contains many capitalists in its ranks. It is the party of the doctrinaire, of the man with a grievance against the Milner régime, of the more assertive type of native-born South African, who boasts a special independence—in a word, of all those who are either unable to see the grave racial issues about to emerge, or who are honestly divided in their sympathies. It is not an anti-British party, but it is a party which is inspired with a vague discontent rather than clear convictions. This is shown by the way in which it has

treated the 'one vote one value' question, which is the real crux of the matter. It has said little about it, and clung to threadbare arguments on behalf of immediate self-government; and it has patched up a kind of alliance with the Boers which has not increased its reputation for intelligence. The truth is that the Responsible Government Association is not clear as to what it wants. It is the Mahomet's coffin among parties, hung half-way between two opposing interests.

Last in point of time came the Boer organisation, 'Het Volk,' about which there can be no doubt. It has no very rigid creed, but it is beautifully organised. It is nominally democratic, but really an oligarchy in the hands of a few generals. In a word, it is managed on the same principle as the Kruger régime. It is not disloyal in the ordinary sense—the word 'disloyal' should be expunged from South African politics—for, in spite of some wild speeches by its supporters, we do not suppose that it aims at getting rid of the British flag, and we are certain that it has no idea of again having recourse to arms. But it is quite clearly and decisively anti-British, opposed, that is, to British ideals of government, and to what at the bottom of their hearts all British inhabitants believe to be the true interests of the country. Its arguments are not good, being in the main misstatements of grievances, and appeals to mythical provisions in the Vereeniging terms; but its organisation is masterly, and there is little doubt that the great majority of the Dutch population will obey its dictates.

It is not very hard to understand its methods. The untamed spirits in its ranks, such as General Beyers and Mr Hans Burger, make speeches about a united South Africa under its own flag, and Slagter's Nek, which please the *taakhaars*, while General Botha delivers conciliatory orations in Johannesburg and Pretoria, disapproving of General Beyers, and holding out the hand to the Responsible Government Association. All sections are really united and work to the same end, which is the welding of the Boers into a solid voting wedge to split the British power. We make no accusation against them. They are doing what is perfectly natural and, from their own point of view, praiseworthy. It is what any one moderately familiar with the Boer character might have fore-

told. But since they have chosen to fight the battle on racial lines, it behoves the other side to see that it takes due precautions. The Boer is a practical person; and, when he is certain that the game is up, he will waste no time in barren intractability. But he has not yet got this certainty; and, till he has it, it is idle to talk of co-operation. It is a thousand pities that race should be the dividing-line between parties; but, since the Dutch have chosen to make it so, the British party must frame its tactics accordingly.

Herein appear the merits of that half-way house, representative government. It will enable the preliminary conflict of races to be fought out without endangering the real interests of the country. It will allow the British population to come to their senses and heal their differences before disunion has resulted in calamity. At the same time we have no wish to exaggerate the importance of the struggle. It will be fought on constitutional lines under the ægis of the British power; and there are concurrent influences, which will go to weaken the antagonism. Every step which the country takes in the direction of prosperity is a step away from the old barren racial wars. When the farmer realises that the British Government cares as much for his interests as for the Rand—more, since the Rand can help itself—he will cease to oppose measures which plainly serve his interest. The dangerous part of the situation is that the two races are so nearly equal in voting power; if and when new industries bring a new population, the Dutch caucus will be less active, because less hopeful. But for the moment we have to face a solid phalanx of hostile votes; and it is the business of the British party, whatever its constitutional predilections, to close its ranks and make certain that there shall be no check in the work of development on British lines.

We believe that it will succeed, provided no mistake is made by the Imperial Government in their handling of the one question capable of scattering the Progressive party to the winds—the thirty million war contribution. This matter has wisely been left to the new legislature to settle; but, if the settlement is to be permanent, the Imperial power must give the Transvaal some kind of lead. There are many men in South Africa to-day who

regard the contribution as a debt of honour, however much they may condemn the policy which dictated it; and these men will support payment to the full without a murmur. There are others who regard it as an unwarrantable imposition, and a grave breach of our colonial traditions. Let us frankly admit that the whole thing is indefensible in principle. If the war was an Imperial war, we have no right to make a particular battleground pay for any part of it; nor is there any precedent for levying an indemnity on a country which has been annexed. Any contribution must be a matter of grace, the willing gift of the Transvaal; otherwise the payment will be extortion, and will leave a flourishing crop of grievances behind it. The best policy would be to limit the amount asked for to ten millions, and call it the price of the Imperial guarantee for the thirty-five million loan. That is a matter of business which any one can understand and defend: the rest should be dropped, and the word 'war contribution' never breathed again. But the initiative must come from England. Otherwise in the Transvaal the dispute will go on between those who see in the question a debt of honour and those who see merely blackmail; and that unity in the British party which is so needful at present will become the vainest of dreams.

The problem of South Africa is not how to break down the ideals of this race or that, but how to create a new one which shall embrace both. The concluding words of Lord Milner's farewell speech form a kind of charter of the new creed.

'The Dutch can never own a perfect allegiance merely to Great Britain. The British can never, without moral injury, accept allegiance to any body politic which excludes their motherland. But British and Dutch alike could, without loss of dignity, unite in loyal devotion to an empire-state, in which Great Britain and South Africa would be partners, and could work cordially together for the good of South Africa as a member of that great whole. The true Imperialist is also the best South African.'

Art. XIV.—THE BATTLE OF THE SEA OF JAPAN.

(I.) THE NAVAL LESSON.

It is too much the fashion to regard naval warfare as a mere matter of strategy and tactics, forgetful of the fact that the greatest genius in the world, born to command, can never retrieve a long series of administrative blunders. The French navy in the Revolutionary war was a signal example, for administration was in an especial degree responsible for its inefficiency. In the mutiny of the *Nore*, and in the improvement in the condition of our navy due to the reforms of fifty years ago, we ourselves have received emphatic warning of what administration can achieve for good or evil in a fighting profession. It is a commonplace that in a navy the command is everything, that the efficiency of a ship depends on her captain, and that of a fleet on the admiral; but it is not so clearly recognised that the Admiralty, with the Cabinet behind it, is the supreme authority whose vivifying influence should animate the whole body of the profession. The efficiency of the navy is the direct result of their combined wisdom as translated into action in the fleets and dockyards.

Of Russia it might be said, as Macaulay once wittily described a phase of our own history, that only the Tsar could be the head of the navy, for he was the only person who could be trusted not to rob the Tsar. It was administration that was responsible when, for corrupt reasons, the attempt was made to build a navy with Russian materials, under a protective system such that the ships cost 50 per cent. more than those ordered by Japan in England. To some nations difficulties are a spur to further exertions, to others they are an excuse for doing nothing. It is evident from the attempt to train a navy for only four months in the year, and this too at child's play resembling that of the young princes in their brig on Virginia Water, that the climatic conditions of the Baltic were made an excuse for doing nothing. In a year of war the Black Sea fleet's training began as late as June 17; and the result last year, as this year, was mutiny. Oceanic training, then, was wanting to the Russians; and no more signal illustration of the value of

such training could be given than the utter failure of the Russian gunnery in the last great battle because the sea was rough. If, instead of devoting his attention to nursing a number of subsidiary and useless fighting craft to their far-off destination, the Russian admiral had concentrated all his attention on the battle training of his best ships, much better results might have been attained.

The Russian navy, officers and men, was incompetent; and the blame of such incompetence must be laid on the nation itself. When two such navies as the Russian and Japanese are pitted against each other, in fairly balanced material strength, the result is a foregone conclusion. Material strength is an important element of comparison; but, with the immense cost of battleships and armoured cruisers, with war-training translated into the expenditure on coal bills and ammunition, this material strength depends on the earning power of the nation and the wise administration of its financial resources. So we are once more driven to finding the source of naval strength or of its deficiency in the nation itself.

Many considerations lead one to think of the battle of Trafalgar in connexion with Togo's victory in the Sea of Japan. The two battles formed the culminating and decisive points of great naval campaigns whose influence extended far beyond the sea to the interior of continents where armies stood face to face. The crushing disabilities with which the Russian admiral weighted his chance of success when he attached an armada of more than doubtful vessels to his seven battleships, have no parallel in Trafalgar; but Villeneuve at least worked under one great handicap in the well-known difficulty of combined action which attaches to every naval alliance and even to a junction of any two fleets which have not previously manœuvred together. If we suppose that the third Baltic squadron brought something more than the apparent accession of strength which the mere mention of its eighteen heavy guns might suggest, it would still remain true that it reduced the speed, coal-endurance, and manœuvring power of the squadron, and was in the position of a doubtful ally of whom the Russian admiral knew next to nothing. In both battles the nominal superiority of gun-fire rested with the defeated fleets. A French 74-gun ship fired a considerably heavier broad-

side than a British 74; and the French and Spanish guns were of greater smashing power than those of similar calibre in Nelson's fleet. The number of guns, according to the rates of the ships, showed a superiority for Villeneuve's fleet of 22 per cent. In the battle of the Sea of Japan, the Russian armoured fleet, if we reckon its strength in a similar way, had a decided superiority. Regarded from the point of view of a long-range action, the mere enumeration of guns, without consideration of the training and *moral* of the men, the efficacy of the weapons, and the designs of the ships, would have led to erroneous forecasts of the result. Apart from better handling and greater speed, the superiority of Togo's fleet in battle lay in aim and rapidity of fire, just as did that of the British fleet at Trafalgar, when they fired nearly twice as fast as their opponents, and nearly every shot told. As a matter of fact Togo's ships did not attempt to fire so rapidly as their opponents, but strove to make every shot tell.

The ablest judges before the battle paradoxically declared that the Baltic fleet stood its best chance if it went forward at once, shedding all its slow vessels, transports, and other impedimenta, such as destroyers, and concentrated the coal on the efficient battleships. Rozhdestvensky's distrust of the training of his crews no doubt operated to prevent this. Moreover, the attraction of Vladivostock was as fatal as that of Port Arthur had been. The sailor who goes into action with a view to having a dockyard always at call has come under the influence of the most paralysing notions of armchair strategists. If Dewey had thought of it he would never have attacked Manila.

The Russian principle of aggregating fighting force so that every vessel that mounts guns or torpedoes is sent forward in a great armada, is a fallacy that has persisted from the beginning to the end. It began with Admiral Wirenius in the battleship 'Oslabya' prior to the war, when he felt he could not go on without his destroyers, and for them he was afraid of the monsoon. Instead of going straight forward with the ships he had, Rozhdestvensky leisurely awaited the obsolete vessels of the third Baltic squadron. Instead of sending all his useless vessels, including the destroyers, which could not be fit

for fighting after such a voyage, by a circuitous route to Vladivostock, he took the whole force into action in one massed armada disposed in the impossible fighting formation of three columns, with the cruisers held up as a sort of propitiatory sacrifice by being placed between his own battleships and those of Togo. Is it too much to hope that the belief in mere numbers will be discarded for ever, now that a vast armada, far stronger than the Port Arthur fleet, has done so much worse than the latter against the same, or even a diminished force?

Unless we assume that there were bad miscalculations in the design of the four 'Borodinos,' these vessels should have possessed large coal-endurance; but this would become valueless the moment their strength became the strength of the weakest link in the chain of ships to which they were riveted. There could be no breaking through unobserved so as to obtain battle in the open sea, for the crowd of vessels, instead of being a single thin line of less than two miles in length threading at night a channel thirty times as broad, was forced to become an ideal target. Captain Mahan, in the 'Times,' advanced the view that a mass of vessels, by causing dispersion of shooting, tends to protection. This is surely incorrect, for inefficient vessels cannot themselves come into action against a small effective fleet. If fired at, they are so easily disposed of that the mere horror occasioned by their loss is calculated to break up the cohesion and fighting efficiency of the armada, so that it becomes a *sauve qui peut*. As it was, Togo acted on Nelson's maxim, as he had done on August 10, that, in fighting with such a fleet as the Russian, one should confuse the head of his line. The task was only rendered infinitely more simple by the hostages given to fortune in the impossible cruising formation more or less forced on Rozhdestvensky by his decision to advance in one mass, and possibly impressed on him by the consideration that he could not trust his subordinates. On the other hand, Togo retained under his sole control the six best armoured ships, which were the only vessels fit to lie in the line of battle. The armoured cruiser squadron was ordered to follow astern of the armada and enflade it. The remaining vessels, including the obsolete battleship 'Chen Yuen,' were kept in sight of and ahead of the

Russian fleet, so as to tempt it eastward into the worst position for engaging Togo's battle force.

One of the most notable contrasts with former wars is the immunity of the motive power. Ships have been sunk both by gun and torpedo fire; their steering-gear has been disabled; guns have been put out of action; but the motive power and the engine-room staff have survived to the last. At the battle of the Nile one British battleship dismasted her opponent in five minutes; and two others accomplished a similar process in a quarter of an hour. The argument advanced for making all officers engineers, on the ground that they can reinforce the engine-room, is therefore discredited.

The sinking of vessels by gun-fire shows once more the importance of stable ships, for the steady gun-platform enables better shooting to be achieved, while the armour-belt is not rolled out of the water, so that a shell has no chance of doing vital damage below it. On both these counts the four Japanese battleships had decided advantages. The Russian practice of attaching narrow belts of only seven feet, as compared with those of fifteen feet on British battleships, required that great steadiness should be insured, especially when the ships were light owing to expenditure of coal. The problem of filling compartments with water does not appear to have been thought out; and yet it is of great importance to be able to fill them of set purpose according to the trim of the vessel. Our own experience in the 'Victoria' disaster taught us the danger of longitudinal bulkheads confining the inflow of water to one side. Such knowledge is the outcome of years of study and practice; and that the Russians lacked these is shown by almost every detail of the battle.

The Tokio correspondent of the 'Times' has told us that the Japanese provided a complete reserve of guns for all their ships. The British reserve of guns is only 25 per cent. of the guns afloat; and this peace reserve necessarily includes a large number of guns under repair. In addition, the Japanese cordite M.D. powder has shown itself very superior to our own cordite. We are now introducing cordite M.D. into our new ships. The erosion produced by cordite, the numerous failures of the A-tubes of our heavy guns as the result of the

very slight strain of target practice, must bring home to the Admiralty the need of a larger reserve of guns. The rifling is worn smooth by this erosion; the projectile ceases to rotate properly; the gun, in fact, becomes temporarily useless and takes several months to repair. No fleet which fought such a battle as the one we are now studying could hope for success with worn guns against one of similar ships equipped with new guns.

The want of training and the inferior gunnery of the Russians are shown by the fact that the Japanese reserved their fire until the range was 7500 mètres, and then fired six trial shots, of which three scored hits, while the Russians opened at 12,000 mètres. The trained mind of the expert would at once see that the Japanese knew their business and that the Russians did not. Ammunition and lives of guns are things to be husbanded; and there is nothing that so rouses the spirits of one side as to see the enemy's shots missing, or depresses the other as a steady advance until shots can really be scored as hits. In addition, owing partly to the fact that the Russians were so deficient in cruisers that they were bound to advance blind, Togo had the advantage of the sun behind him for his shooting; and he also adjusted matters so that the Russians had their own smoke in front of them owing to the wind. The battle was practically won within half an hour of its commencement. The result was that three Russian battleships and two other ships were sunk by gun-fire alone, the mass of vessels being attacked by Togo's six principal armoured vessels on the port hand, and by Kamimura's fast armoured cruisers from astern, while on the starboard hand they were worried by the remainder of the Japanese fleet. The detachment of the armoured cruisers by Togo has been called an act of 'incomparable courage.' It is difficult to see that it was more than a piece of ordinary common-sense, for the vessels could never have been in danger unless Togo had kept them with him and put them into his own battle line, for which they were too weak.

When night fell the torpedo-boats finished the work. Some experts had expected that Togo would make use of them first. The fact that he actually reversed this process does not prove that in different circumstances he would not have followed it; for instance, if the enemy

had anchored within his reach, or had come into touch with him during the night. Under existing conditions he adopted the only possible course. At night the Russians could hardly distinguish friend from foe; and, after the pounding they had received, their guns and searchlights would hardly be in a condition for effective use against the numerous torpedo craft of the Japanese. The only question is: Were the torpedo attacks wise? were there not far too many vessels sunk and too few captured? After the event it is easy to say, as was done when the Japanese torpedo-boats sank the Chinese battleships at Wei-hai-wei, that it is waste to sink what might otherwise have been captured. It may be true in this case; but after all, the great end is to destroy or capture; and destruction, at any rate, makes sure. This much, at all events, is certain, that on the two occasions on which torpedo craft have been successful in this war, it has simply been the power of the battleships behind them that has enabled them to achieve their purpose; and that, had half the expenditure devoted to torpedo craft, which are so easily and quickly multiplied during war, been expended on battleships, Togo would have had an infinitely more simple task.

(II.) THE RESULTS IN RUSSIA.

In no country in the world are the reciprocal relations between foreign and domestic policy closer than in the Empire of the Tsar, although his subjects are less solicitous about their international status than any other European people. Since prestige abroad could be effectively employed as a weapon against discontent at home, it had to be cultivated with assiduity. The need of some such weapon has of late years become pressing. The supporters of system have therefore had to choose between internal reforms destructive of the autocracy, and territorial aggrandisement which rendered the Empire unwieldy and sapped the foundations of national prosperity. In the interests of self-preservation they preferred the latter. For a time everything moved smoothly and softly, but only with the softness of an unchecked fall. 'This is simply delightful if it would only last,' exclaimed

the man described by Voltaire who had fallen from a high window but had not yet come to the ground. It is not the fall which is painful, but the impediment to its continuance.

Of such a contingency the Russian autocracy has hitherto had no fear. After a reverse it is wont to relax its grasp for a time and to tighten it again after a success. The same tactics were adopted during the present crisis. Empty promises on the one hand and stringent police measures on the other constituted the programme of pacification, which for a time was successful enough. But the battle of the Sea of Japan has damaged, if not destroyed, its efficiency. Before the two squadrons met, the autocratic party merely dallied with reform, deluding the nation in order to gain time. Just one week before the naval engagement in the Sea of Japan Nicholas II had said to one of his trusty advisers, 'Rozhdestvensky will correct the fortune of war and put an end to domestic sedition. He may never return, and we may even have to sacrifice our best ships; but what of that, provided that we gain command of the sea? And of that we may be certain. Then we shall wage successful war abroad and establish permanent peace at home.' It was not until Admiral Togo had sunk or captured the Russian fleet that these hopes were dashed, and the Government was compelled by the nation to show its hand.

The first symptoms of Russia's real awakening now began to reveal themselves. The Zemstvo delegates met in Moscow, in spite of the prohibition of the police, and drew up an outspoken address to the Tsar, in which, addressing him in the name of the people by whom his ancestors were invested with power, they summoned him to listen to the voice of the nation. Although these delegates were the 'mutineers' and 'sedition-mongers' whom the Government had so often publicly stigmatised as traitors, although every number of their press organ has been confiscated by the police, and although their spokesman was being prosecuted as a criminal, the Tsar swallowed his scruples and admitted them to an audience. He even went so far as to assure them that he would carry out without fail the measures of reform for which, less than a year ago, he had declared that the people was neither anxious nor ripe.

'We believe your promises to be sincere,' Prince Trubetskoy had said; 'but alas! their fulfilment is entrusted to persons who are determined to defeat them.' 'Fling aside your doubts,' answered the Tsar; 'the admission of elected representatives to the work of administration will be properly carried out. I daily watch over it and devote myself to its accomplishment. You may announce that to all your friends in the country as well as in the towns.' This was a new departure indeed, the like of which was unimagined and unimaginable a twelve-month ago. What it implied was the end of absolutism and the beginning of parliamentary government. Never before had a Russian monarch permitted his subjects to utter truths so unpleasant in his hearing; never had one returned such an answer to expostulation. 'His Majesty was, we are sure, heart and soul with us, and is bent on carrying out his promises loyally and royally.' So spoke one of the delegates next day. Bureaucrats might throw dust in the eyes of the nation and deceive the people with promises made merely to mislead, but of such unworthy shifts the Tsar was incapable. Deceived, indeed, he might be, for he is but human; deceive he cannot, for he is truthful and self-respecting. Thus his subjects argued and hoped.

But the events which should have justified these hopes did not take place. Journalists asked that the Emperor's benevolent words might be read to the people from the altars, as his fateful exhortations to the masses to defend him against 'sedition-mongers' had been read. But the request was merely laughed at. His Majesty had asked the delegates to announce his decision to all their friends in the country; and they dutifully set about announcing it. But they were brusquely stopped by the Tsar's own trusty officials, who promptly put an end to all discussion on the subject, garbled Prince Trubetskoy's speech, mutilated the Tsar's reply, and forbade the people to contribute in any way to the success of the Imperial scheme. It was all a mistake; the Emperor had not uttered the words attributed to him, and what he did say was misinterpreted. No changes were to be made in the system of government; and any new representative body which might be called into being must restrict its activity to such work as would fall into line with this

autocratic régime. Such was the orthodox comment. The newspapers were forbidden to write differently; and those which disagreed with the official interpretation were stopped or suppressed.

Did Nicholas II really intend to dissipate the corrosive doubts which were eating away his people's confidence? Was he in truth resolved to grant their just demands and break away from the bureaucratic ring? Assuming that he had the interests of his dynasty at heart and was normally capable of gauging the relations between means and ends, one cannot for a moment call his good faith in question. The tidings of the battle of the Sea of Japan must have come to him with all the force of a revelation; and the gist of its message was 'thus far and no farther.' Prince Trubetskoy emphasised this message in his speech to the Tsar: 'We come charged by our fellow-countrymen to lay before you imperative reasons why you should set aside the old order of things which you have yourself condemned. . . . Summon the elect of the nation, and listen to them. For therein lies our only hope of escape from civil war.'

In the danger of civil war and its dire consequences, not only for his people but for himself, Nicholas II presumably disbelieves. But the prophecy of the Zemstvo delegates is already coming to pass. Strikes prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land, in Siberia, in the Baltic provinces, in St Petersburg, and in the Caucasus. To the dragonnades of Cossacks correspond the bombs and pistol-shots of revolutionists. The Prefect of Moscow has just followed Plehve and Prince Serge. Coal and iron mines, factories and foundries, universities and schools, are closed in consequence of strikes. Arson is making havoc of the country-houses of landlords. Poland is up in arms. After the battle, or rather the massacre, which took place in the manufacturing city of Lodz, the wounded lay untended for days, and the dead were piled up in heaps. Cossacks shot down women, stabbed children, fired on old men, wallowed in the blood of Jews and Christians. Order was restored; but it was one of those fatal victories which are destructive for the victors.

After the massacre of Lodz came the mutiny in the Black Sea, which bears a stronger likeness to what

western Europeans are wont to term revolution than any deed of violence which has taken place since Tsar and people first stood fronting each other in hostile camps. The dissatisfaction of the sailors on board the 'Kniaz Potemkin,' the fastest and best ship of the Black Sea squadron, had its proximate cause in the badness of the food served out to them; but the mutiny in which it culminated was the result of the revolutionary spirit which Nicholas II might have allayed. The unbending spirit of his government towards the popular movement was faithfully mirrored in the violence of the officer who killed the spokesman of the crew and was cut down in turn by the comrades of his victim.

The picture is sombre and the outlook dismal. Yet the Tsar and his irresponsible advisers appear to see no danger: their only doubts are said to turn upon the degree of severity with which the revolt may safely be put down. The Empress-mother sees the danger and is powerless to avert it. Her rôle is that of Cassandra. But there are warnings that the military authorities cannot long answer for the fidelity of troops ordered to massacre the people. At Lodz a section of a cavalry regiment refused to fire on the mob, and was immediately transferred to some other place. This incident and, in a still more marked way, the mutinies of the sailors in the Black Sea and in the Baltic mark a stage of revolutionary progress more advanced than that of January 22, when only one man, Vladimiroff, refused to fire and was summarily tried and punished. Now there are hundreds of Vladimiroffs. Hitherto the Romanoffs have relied upon the loyalty and devotion of the army; and their trust has been warranted by the heroic devotion of the obscure grey-coated soldier to those who treat him as though he had little feeling, less intelligence, and no soul. But the army is discontented in Manchuria, the navy is humbled and disaffected everywhere; and, although it would be a gross exaggeration to speak of the Russian troops as supporters of the reform movement, at present only the Guards and the Cossacks fully merit the implicit trust reposed in them by the Romanoffs. It was clear that, so long as the army and the navy remained firm in their allegiance, the Government could, at least for the time, suppress the reformers by force;

but it was at least highly probable that the revolutionary spirit would eventually permeate these bulwarks of the autocracy. Recent events seem to indicate that this has taken place, even sooner than was expected.

Unfortunately, the spirit which animated Prince Potemkin when he delighted the eyes of the Empress Catherine with flourishing villages and idyllic scenes cunningly arranged overnight, like the decorations of a theatre, is still living and active in the courtiers of Nicholas II. They deliberately throw dust in his eyes. He daily receives servile addresses from the peasantry in various districts of Russia, who beseech him not to waive one iota of his absolute power which is so necessary to their spiritual and material wellbeing. Thus the moujiks of the Vellooshky district forwarded an address to the Emperor which is typical of the rest. They condemn austere the restlessness of other peasants less loyal than themselves, and stigmatise the liberals who are a disgrace to the fatherland. They want no reforms but such as the Little Father himself deems needful.

'We firmly hold that the Most High Chief of the Russian people, ever indefatigably working for the public weal, is himself solicitous for the betterment of the life of the nation, which he effects by satisfying local needs and raising the peasantry to the level of perfect prosperity. . . . Dearly beloved Monarch! Rule with the force of autocracy. Lead our mighty Russia and our Christ-loving army—in the strength of whose arms we place our trust, calling down God's blessing upon it—to greatness and to glory!'

The Tsar, charmed with the simple directness and single-mindedness of his peasants, wrote an appropriate commentary on the margin of the address. He would have torn the document to pieces had he known, what is common knowledge throughout the district, that the peasants were terrorised into signing the paper which they had neither written nor read. 'Whoever does not sign the document is a rebel. So speaks the Tsar,' exclaimed the government agent, Amoyeff, at a meeting of the peasants. 'Oh, Little Father, we will all sign. Who would be a rebel?' was the meek reply. And the government agent, Amoyeff himself, then affixed the names of sixty-one peasants to this warm and loyal address. In this strange way is the Russian nation governed.

Everybody admits and many publicly proclaim the impending danger. Even the Tsar's intimates are alarmed. One of his recent unofficial prompters, M. Demchinsky, writes as frankly as Prince Trubetskoy spoke:—

'The absence of legality and the utterly arbitrary action of the administration have engendered discontent, not in one class only, but in the whole dense mass of the Russian nation. The peasant, deprived literally of all human rights, and dealt with merely as an article to be taxed, has been changed into a half-savage, hungry, ragged, and therefore ready at a moment's notice to pillage the granary of the nearest landlord. . . . The population of Russia is a mass of 150 millions living in a state of famine. Physically and spiritually they are starving.' ('Slovo,' March 4, 1905.)

That is the verdict of a man who knows his own country, and is believed by the Emperor to be patriotic and honest.

Among the Grand-dukes one or two of the most intelligent side up to the popular party and sow bitter truths broadcast. For example, the Grand-duke Alexander Mikhailovitch, whose shady transactions on the Yalu are believed to have contributed to bring on the war, is one of the principal *frondeurs* of the palace. His opposition, however, is vicarious; he operates through journalists. His organ the 'Slovo' writes (May 31, 1905):

'Russia is perishing. She is perishing from internal decrepitude and the demoralisation of our ruling-class. That class has wholly spent itself, and has lost those living sources of strength which maintained it during the past two centuries. . . . The Russian nation will either end its days in bloody domestic disorders and infamous thralldom, or it will be born anew to a life based upon new ethical and civil principles. What terrifies us at present is less the external difficulties than our internal impotence, the evaporation of every moral principle in the Government, the weakening of the bonds of Empire in society, and the decay of patriotism in the masses. Already above our glorious land hangs the miasma of a decomposing corpse.'

No Muscovite politician, be he Grand-duke or petty journalist, could have forecast the future of his country with such confidence and precision before the battle of the Sea of Japan, which was the turning-point in the history of contemporary Russia. That great disaster

brought domestic affairs to a head; and for a moment the fate of the Tsardom seemed to tremble in the balance. It was certainly for a short time in the power of the monarch to turn the scale on this side or that. But, although he actually spoke the saving word, he did the baleful deed which is now in the seed-plot of the future. There may yet be time for repentance. The future cannot be foretold, for it hangs upon the action of one man. The peasants are still faithful; the army, if not intact, is not yet hostile. Thus supported, the Emperor can afford to make concessions; and a little, if it were only genuine, would rally the Moderates to his side. But the sands are running out. The longer the bargain is delayed, the higher will be its ultimate price.

(III.) THE BALANCE OF POWER.

Down to the moment of the receipt of the telegrams announcing the decisive nature of the Japanese victory in the Korean Straits, many thought there was a chance for Russia to wear down the few battleships which were left to Admiral Togo; and the changes consequent on the fall of the Russian power had not been discounted by the Governments. France still had illusions: Germany had not yet fully seen her opportunity.

Our country is directly interested in the consequences of the destruction of the Russian fleet. But the first reflection on its immediate result concerns the evidence that a reign of force still predominates in Europe. The German Emperor, in his complete appreciation of the profound weakness of Russia, and of the equally profound peacefulness of France, has now humiliated the Republic by forcing her into the dismissal of M. Delcassé. M. Delcassé had been long in office. He had gathered round him the usual hostilities, multiplied by the many years during which, unlike his rivals in France, he had held the direction of foreign affairs. He was fiercely assailed in France itself; and the failure of his attempt to bring about an alliance between the United Kingdom and Russia, followed by the collapse of the Russian forces, would in itself not unnaturally have produced his fall. M. Delcassé's Morocco policy was not an easy one to carry

out with rapidity, and offered, only to Germany, but not to his French opponents, an immediate reason for getting rid of him ; while his personal relations with his colleagues obviated the necessity for taking official notice of the real cause of his forced resignation.

We have treated as the main factors of the situation the recent blows to Russia and the peacefulness of France. Even after the destruction of the Russian fleet, the French Government were aware that a war with Germany would not have been conducted under altogether unfavourable conditions. Although there are rumours of some shortness of artillery ammunition, the French guns are still superior to those with which the German army is equipped ; and the delay of re-armament in the latter case tends to show that war had not been planned in advance, if at any time intended. It is stated by high German military authorities, who desire through their press to reassure their public as to the military supremacy of Germany, that the experience of the Japanese war has shown that artillery has not the importance attached to it down to two years ago, and that infantry is more than ever 'the Queen of Battle.' In the Manchurian campaign, however, neither side possessed, as the main armament of the principal part of its artillery, a true quick-firing gun, so that field artillery did not have its chance. Military truth, we fancy, would also add that the German infantry is not the Japanese. France, however, rightly and wisely, is for peace, and will push her desire for peace to the utmost limits which self-respect can tolerate. Her preparations at the beginning of June in the districts of two frontier army corps were not unnatural, and remind us of the Fashoda episode, when there was even less risk of a collision. It will be remembered that it was not till after some time had passed that we became aware of the huge preparations which had been made by France in Tunis to resist a possible English attack.

Was it wise of Germany to give publicity to her triumph ? In the time of Bismarck, when France was weak as now she is strong in her frontier and in her army, the French Government had often to take its foreign policy from Berlin. Bismarck avoided with the utmost care any revelation of the fact to the outside world. Now, when France is not forced to take her

policy from Berlin, and when any concession which she makes for the sake of peace is not extorted from her fears, it seems unwise to strike theatrical attitudes at her expense. The German army is not now in a position to crush French resistance on the frontier; and, although Belgium has alienated many sympathies, and has suspended defence preparations, few now believe that the German Emperor is preparing to march on France through Belgium. What a commentary on our civilisation is the fact that we should be forced in 1905 to be considering such questions, forced, perhaps, by the lasting influence of the territorial cession, unwisely (in her own interest) imposed by Germany upon France in 1871!

As soon as M. Delcassé had resigned, the German Emperor again became the closest friend of France. For his policy in both its phases a great deal can be said, but little on behalf of the method of execution. Tact is essentially necessary in dealing with national self-love, and doubly so in the case of a German dealing with Frenchmen. It may have been necessary to get rid of the French minister who had dared to forget Germany and to attempt to add the United Kingdom to the Franco-Russian alliance, now weakened by the Japanese success. It may be wise to embarrass with abundant hospitalities every Frenchman who voluntarily or under charge of a mission may visit Berlin. But to celebrate in semi-official journals the fall of M. Delcassé on a Monday, and to spend the following Thursday in parading a French general and admiral, who could not help themselves, on a private imperial motor-car, showed a deficiency in that faculty for disguising disagreeable facts which was the distinction of the old diplomacy.

M. Delcassé had used an alliance with Russia which had existed in fact before it was thought of in name. Support of France by Russia, backed by a letter of Queen Victoria to the German Emperor, was effective against German aggressiveness in 1875. M. Delcassé had wished to show that the alliance had restored to France freedom of action in the Mediterranean; the understanding with Italy as to Tripoli and Morocco, and the subsequent arrangement with Great Britain and Spain as to Morocco, were the result. If Russia had kept the peace and her prestige, Germany would have deferred the attempt to reassert

supremacy upon the Continent. Is Russia likely to recover her strength and her prestige? Is she willing to accept her exclusion from Manchuria, and, as a great naval power, from the Pacific? That is the question which M. Rouvier has to ask himself. If Russia is to look forward to future conflict with Japan or with Great Britain, her alliance will be rather embarrassing than useful to France. The Russian alliance, which had been so used by M. Delcassé as to produce an impression that Germany had been forced into isolation, would, if Russia is not to be a peaceful colossus, bring about in the future a virtual isolation of France. A temporary patch-up of the Morocco question is easy: a permanent policy for France is more difficult for her to find. That policy seems to depend on the future of Russia; her future is unknown, and depends chiefly upon the caprice of men who are the sport of fortune. Nothing, however, that France can do can affect the continental future of Germany, whose voice in the destiny of Austria, carrying with it that of the Adriatic and of the Near East, must be the preponderating voice.

The work which was done in the time of M. Delcassé—not entirely by him, but in part by M. Barrère, in part by the King of England—will survive his fall. That the rigid alliances, dual and triple, should gradually drop apart is inevitable, and is well. The good understanding between France and Italy, which has been the work of M. Barrère, will, we may hope, continue. The great and sudden improvement in the relations between the English-speaking world and France is largely due to the wisdom and the courtesy with which the King made clear to France that there was no ground for the suspicions which prevailed. These have now been first disavowed, and then forgotten, by the majority; and there is little risk that the unconvinced minority will be able to revive them. The only danger is lest France should take too much to heart the lesson which the Kaiser apparently wished to impress upon her, that, in a conflict with Germany, British support would be useless.

As for what is called the grouping of the Powers, which is to follow upon any peace between Russia and Japan, it has rightly been suggested by a high authority upon the question, that a main factor in the future situa-

tion will be the desire of Japan to avoid having to spend all she has on battleships and guns from Tyne and Thames. He thinks, however, that she has the choice of two alliances, Russia and Great Britain. That surely is not so, if Japan is wise. A Russian alliance for Japan means perpetual risk of quarrel and of change. A British alliance, or else a close understanding with the United States and a limited alliance with Great Britain, would mean for Japan security guaranteed by naval supremacy.

In order to strengthen her British alliance, Japan may, unwisely, suggest the possibility of an alternative alliance with Russia. But she can hardly go further and translate the suggestion into fact. Japan had better recognise that others can see this part of her situation as well as she can herself. If the British alliance with Japan is to be strengthened, it is to be hoped that care will be taken about its terms. Some which have been suggested would force us to go to war for every possible object of Japanese policy, while leaving Japan unaffected by the most probable of our wars under such an hypothesis—war against Germany and her allies to resist developments connected with what is commonly called the Baghdad railway, a project which, now that Russia is weak, will probably be revived. The future of the railway to the Persian Gulf depends upon the restoration of fertility to the plain by irrigation from the mountains that bound it on the north-east. The dams would have to be on Russian soil; and, from the military point of view, the railway would have been exposed to the danger of interruption had Russia remained strong. Opposition to the German scheme was as fierce in Russia as among ourselves; but in present circumstances the German Emperor may be expected to resuscitate his project.

A grave decision will, indeed, have to be taken when the war draws near its end, as to whether we should merely continue the limited alliance with Japan in something like its present form or whether it should be extended into a more or less complete offensive and defensive alliance. The scheme for a direct defence of India by the use of Japanese troops does not attract us, although indirect defence by the despatch of a Japanese expeditionary force against the point of Russian territory nearest to Japan would not be open to the same objec-

tion. It is generally assumed that Japan desires a full alliance; but this is far from certain, although she is prepared to send a force to India, at least as a demonstration of her common interest with ourselves. It is possible that, as we should shrink from complete alliance with so ambitious a Power, Japan might, in her great caution, also fail to see advantage in so far-reaching a connexion with a Power having, as Mr Balfour puts it, so many 'commitments' as the United Kingdom. The alliance would certainly have to be limited at least to the Old World.

Our first object must be to keep on good terms with the United States and with France, for which purpose we ought to be free from complete entanglement in an offensive alliance, which, moreover, is opposed to our unbroken practice. This great object, as well as the secondary purpose of retaining an open door in China, we can secure by a limited alliance. To Japan it would give protection from a possible combination of two or more great Powers against her, the danger which alone she has to fear. To us it gives a voice in the Pacific policy of Japan. We thus become useful to France as protecting her in Tonquin, and to the United States as helping her preserve her new cables and her interests in the western Pacific for the few years which must pass before she obtains her own naval supremacy on both her coasts. The United States also would receive from such a limited alliance between ourselves and Japan the same guarantee of the open door in China which we should ourselves obtain, and one equally useful to her. Such maintenance of the *status quo* would assist us in resisting the completion to the Persian Gulf of a Germanised railway, such as could only be achieved by the co-operation of other Powers with the Kaiser. The position of Germany in Kiaou-Chau indeed constitutes a hostage from Germany to Japan, and is of advantage to the latter Power in the peace negotiations now proceeding, inasmuch as it prevents Germany from taking sides against Japan, as she did in the intrigues which followed the Chino-Japanese war.

The main advantage of the limited form of alliance is that it seems sufficient to prevent, for the time at least, a combination against either England or Japan in the Far

East. Such an alliance seems virtually to offer Japan all she wants. It leaves her with a dominant voice at Peking, and prevents any further disintegration of China. All for her depends upon the sea; and on the sea, at least in the Pacific, at present only Great Britain and the United States, besides Japan, can be said to count. It may be contended that the present form of the alliance led to the present war. But even if this were so, and even if it was intended, by one side, for that purpose, the conclusion would not follow that such a limited alliance would fail in the future to be a guarantee of peace. Whatever the objections to peace entanglements, the public alliance with Japan is at least infinitely to be preferred over the secret understanding with Italy against France which virtually bound us for some years to a particular Mediterranean policy. The vagueness of this Italian understanding was in itself a cause of danger. There may also be added the argument for continuing a limited alliance, that to drop it now would in any case be difficult, and would probably have a dangerous effect upon the opinion and the action of the Powers.

The Japanese, says Dr Dillon, if they want a closer alliance, will assert, when they propose their bargain to us, that a limited alliance gives them nothing, because a combination against Japan is now unlikely. But is it impossible? The view of Dr Dillon seems to be that Germany is proposing to France an alliance which she tells France would make France and Germany together all-powerful in Europe, and that for 'France and Germany' we may read 'Germany.' Germany, as we have just remarked, is hampered by Kiaou-Chau. The fact that France in Indo-China and on the frontier of Siam is also open to Japanese intrigue, if not attack, equally hampers the policy of France in the Far East. A combination of these two Powers would therefore not be impossible, if France failed to see that the British alliance with Japan, even in its present form, would virtually give her a still more effective guarantee of her possessions in the East. Such a combination would be dangerous for Japan, and would revive, though in less favourable conditions, the league which coerced her in 1895.

Apart from this, a combination of Germany and Russia would still be possible. Such an alliance, though not

popular in Germany, would be in accordance with Hohenzollern traditions ; and, with Austria disjointed and Italy Gallophil, Germany has no valuable ally. The combination would not be dangerous to Japan if her limited alliance with England were maintained ; it would be very dangerous to France, and therefore indirectly to ourselves. But is it likely ? What has Germany to give ? Constantinople and the abandonment of the Baghdad railway ? It is a heavy price. On the other hand, what has Russia to gain ? She is not likely to contemplate aggression for some time ; the recovery of her prestige in Asia must be her chief preoccupation abroad ; and, so long as she is quiescent, she need not fear attack. She could hardly link herself to Germany without forfeiting the goodwill of France, unless indeed France were drawn in, which would mean, ultimately, the extinction of French independence. And why should she desert France ? It is not to the interest of Russia to promote German schemes, still less to see France crushed and Germany alone in western Europe. A Russo-German alliance is improbable. A new *Triplice* is the great danger to the rest of Europe ; and, if France were bellicose, she might be sorely tempted. But in such a combination it is France that would run most risks. Why should she endanger her colonies in order to pull German chestnuts out of the fire ?

True friends of Germany, not carried away by the triumph of the moment, would probably feel inclined to warn her against an over-ambitious policy. In Morocco she will receive Platonic satisfaction rather than valuable consideration. Her wishes to protect simultaneously the Roman Catholics and the Orthodox Mohammedans in the East will not always be reconcilable ; and, of all her supposed designs, those which have in view Asia Minor are probably the least dangerous to herself, for it cannot be to the true advantage of Germany to destroy the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. For the moment, however, the fall of the military power of Russia leaves Germany without restraint. If the Emperor fails to take the uttermost advantage of the temporary situation, it is because he is, in fact, wiser and more cautious than even his admirers suppose him to be. France will not take the first step towards thwarting his ambitions ; Russia is unable to take any offensive action ; and it is difficult to

imagine a British Ministry embarking on the formation of a coalition against Germany. The Gulf end of the Euphrates railway we command; and there, for the present at all events, we are at home. But, if a crash should come in Turkey or in Austro-Hungary, the action of Germany will be regulated only by her own conception of her own advantage, and not by the chances of external interference. If, on the other hand, the trouble in Austria-Hungary should be postponed, the policy of the Powers will come in to support the dictates of wise reflection on the part of Germany herself. One thing which may tend to keep Germany quiet is the prospect of having to march troops into Russian Poland in order to restore order. Nevertheless, one of the results of the battle of the Korean Straits is that, at the moment, if Germany prefers to absorb rather than to direct Austria, there is nothing except the Austrian army to prevent her. The scare in France fomented by the Nationalist party, which expects attack on France by Germany in order to force the cession to Germany of the French colonies, points, we are convinced, to an imaginary danger, as contrasted with the real one referred to above.

In considering the grouping of the Powers in the near future, it may be taken for granted that the Japanese and ourselves will be together; and we may reject with little hesitation the fanciful suggestion that Russia and Germany may unite to induce the President of the United States to favour a Russo-Japanese alliance. We are equally convinced, if only for commercial reasons, that the project of close union between France and Germany is as fantastic as is that of an alliance between Russia and Japan.

While there is no chance of permanent alliance between France and Germany, prudent Powers invariably insure against all their risks; sometimes even in somewhat tortuous fashion. Much light is often thrown upon the future by the public expenditure of frugal states in time of peace, which seems to contemplate wars very different from any which those Powers apparently anticipate. Thus, before the Franco-Russian alliance, and in the time of the alliance of the three Emperors, German expenditure had in view the possibility of war with Russia. Now when we look at the telegraph map

and note the change since the South African war, we are struck with two main facts; the evident anxiety of France to strengthen herself in Africa in view of a war in which she would not possess the command of the sea, and the desire of Germany to use the United States, France, and Holland as stations for German strategic lines, rather than any spot under British control. The French direct cable from the fort at the northern entrance of Brest to Dakar, laid in February 1905, is an example of the first class of line. Of the second class, it will be enough to say that, since the completion of the American cable to the Philippines, France and Germany and Holland have set up a network of strategic cables. By the end of the present year these Powers will be able to communicate with their colonies without using any British cable or touching anywhere upon British soil.

The strategic group of lines which have been linked to the American Pacific cable is laid partly by the Dutch Government at its own cost, partly under arrangement between Germany and Holland, partly by arrangement between France and Holland. The new French cables from Saigon receive large financial support from Germany and from Holland, and are state-owned. Other cables between colony and colony have been purchased or brought under conditions of eventual purchase, as, for example, that between two parts of French Indo-China, which was formerly owned by a British company receiving a subsidy from France, but now belongs to the French Government. Germany has two Transatlantic cables subsidised by Government, and France has two, all of which communicate, through the United States and the American Pacific cable, with the new combined strategic lines. France is also laying a cable of her own to communicate with the state-owned strategic line from Brest to Dakar. The new Transatlantic French state cable will connect with the South American lines. It is a flattering tribute by the non-British Powers to the impartiality of the United States that they have thought it worth while to spend enormous sums of money in order to gain neutral protection for their possible strategic combinations of the future.

These facts seem to show profound and general distrust of Great Britain, and the existence of a belief that

a coalition against us may some day be necessary. It may, however, be hoped that the fact that we are as profoundly peaceful as is France herself may sooner or later come to be recognised by those abroad who at present shut their eyes. To us in our island it seems incredible that we should be suspected, not only by German opponents, but even by French friends, of a desire to attack Germany and to destroy her fleet before it becomes too strong. On reflection, we must admit that we have not invariably pursued in recent years a policy which, viewed from a distance, looks as pacific as we may think it; but in fairness to us it should be conceded that the influence of the King and that of Lord Lansdowne may be relied upon to maintain peace.

One great popular misconception which affects international conditions at the moment, is that which assumes that peace negotiations, following upon a national war, of necessity mean peace, or at least bring peace so much nearer as to justify the optimism exhibited by public funds. The Japanese are not less astute than the governments of Napoleon, of Great Britain, and of Austria during the wars at the commencement of the nineteenth century. The Convention and the Directory set the example of carrying on negotiations during wars which were destined to continue. While Bonaparte was achieving some of his greatest victories, his negotiators were constantly engaged either with the British or with the Austrian, sometimes with Russian, plenipotentiaries; and his terms went up or down, according to the condition of his forces. There is still much reason for doubt as to the prospects of peace. Both combatants wish, as Napoleon wished, to show their supporters that they are not unreasonable. If, however, Japan is in a position to take Vladivostock and to drive Russia from the Pacific coast, she will not, in her own interest, make peace except on terms which will discount the effect of these hypothetical victories. Peace may result from the progress of anarchy in Russia—itsself largely the result of the Russian defeat at sea—or the fears of the Emperor Nicholas that Germany may attack his only ally.

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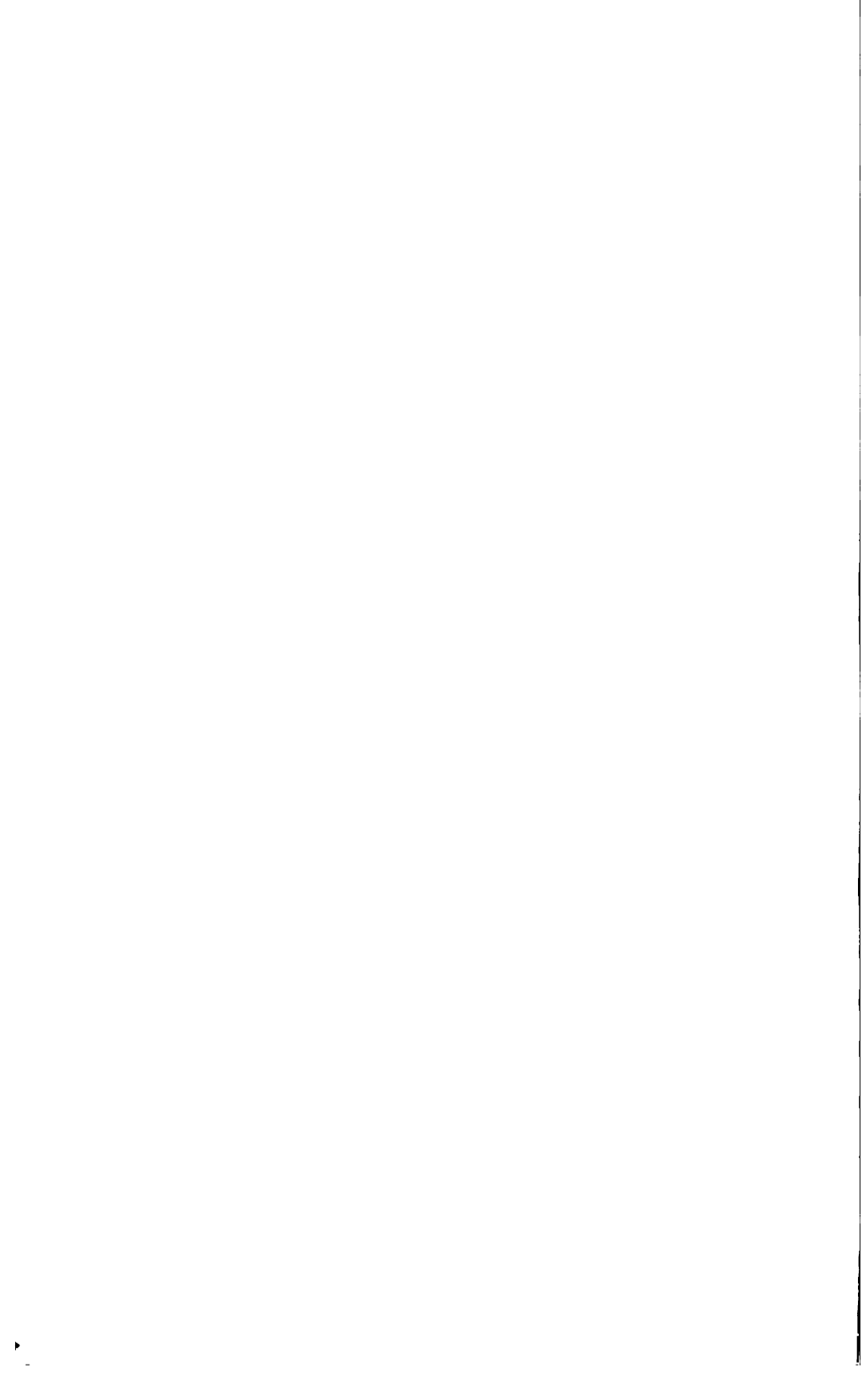
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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 405.—OCTOBER, 1905.

Art. I.—THE PRICE OF PEACE.

THE consideration of the military situation and the military possibilities of the British Empire, is a most complicated matter. Not only are the inherent difficulties considerable, but for years the discussion of side-issues has obscured the essential factors of the case. The misconceptions of civilian 'experts,' the prejudice or conservative enthusiasm of the senior officers of the navy and army, and, most of all, the fallacies, misstatements, and perversions issued regularly to the nation by politicians on both sides for party purposes—all these are blinding obstacles to the plain man who wishes to get at the truth. The politician sometimes stumbles on it, but is afraid to face it. Is the nation afraid? The truth never yet did anybody any harm.

To obtain a clear understanding of our present situation, of our limitations and of our possibilities, it is necessary to begin with an unprejudiced mind. The great reputation, the historic past of our services, must be forgotten. They are details, not essentials, in the problem. The pride of race, the feeling of national superiority which still survives, is a prejudice and must be wiped out. Trust in our colonies and in our allies of present or past times must be considered without sentiment, reasonably, and in the light of historical precedent; and the attractive idea that a desire for peace means freedom from war must be swept away as a fallacy. A nation may earnestly desire to preserve peace, but there is a limit to endurance. A war may be forced on the most peaceful nation. There are only two ways of securing peace: one is by abject submission to every demand, even loss of nationality; the

other is by maintaining armed forces that no other nation will dare to attack. The peace-at-any-price people belie their name. They desire peace, but the only price they will pay is submission; the other way costs money, and they will not pay it. They seek to conciliate possible enemies by assuring them that the country is rich but helpless. The attitude is not judicious.

The statistical resources of the empire may be briefly stated. We have some 52,000,000 of white people, five sixths of whom are concentrated in the United Kingdom. The average of physical efficiency is fair compared to other nations, the average of mental endowment rather high. There is a considerable seafaring population. We are self-supporting in the matter of manufacture of all ships and engines of war. The nation is rich. Our subject races, many of whom are warlike and loyal, number about 350,000,000. Geographically the nation is scattered. Our colonies, dependencies, coaling-stations, protectorates are in every quarter of the globe. Some can protect themselves; some require military assistance permanently; some only on emergency, according to circumstances. Of those that require permanent military assistance, some must be secured against internal troubles, some must be held as bases for the navy, some have frontiers bordering possibly hostile powers.

There is one fact, however, that, from the point of view of possible war, overshadows all the rest. Every separate British possession has a sea-coast. The dispersed forces, the isolated posts, can all be brought into communication by sea. If we have command of the sea the frontier of every British possession marches with that of the motherland, and the nation is united. If the command of the sea be lost, every scattered fragment of the empire must fight it out as best it can on its own resources. The point is self-evident. For offensive warfare on a large scale the command of the sea is essential; for defence it is our best safeguard. In short, if we mean to be successful in any war, we must, as a preliminary, keep or win the command of the sea.

There is a certain school of writers on the subject of the national forces who use arguments, and occasionally invective, to prove that, having secured command of the sea, we require little or nothing more. These writers call

themselves the 'Blue-water School,' a title which has a fine, hearty, seafaring flavour about it; and, in so far as they insist that the command of the sea should be our first objective, they have no opponents. But the extension of the argument, implying that a nation can win a war without a land-force, is a dangerous error. A navy may sweep an enemy's ships from the sea, blockade his ports and bombard his coasts; but no possible naval action can bring an enemy, possessing a land-frontier or internal resources, to his knees. Financial exhaustion, consequent on continued blockade, might conduce to peace; but such an ending is the result rather of an economic than of a military struggle; and it is difficult to be assured that the intolerable financial burden would necessarily fall on our adversary and not on ourselves. In any case, a war in which we held command of the sea but could dispose of no land-force would certainly be long and burdensome, with no assurance of final success; and, if the command of the sea were to be lost, our empire would immediately be in extreme danger. It may, indeed, be boldly asserted that an island power which has a navy and no army cannot win, but may lose a war. This is not a satisfactory position.

War should be waged with one aim—to win. A nation may be forced into a war in which it has no prospect of success; but in such cases, as a rule, the sufferer has only himself to blame. If the responsible leaders of a nation recognise that their resources are insufficient for defence, they can nearly always, by admitting weakness and adhering strictly to a pacific policy, gain protection from other powers, at the price of themselves descending to the scale of a second or third class power. Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, are all in this position, but are yet moderately safe. But a great power, a nation whose resources are sufficient, if properly developed, to enable it to risk war single-handed in defence of its territory or its principles, should establish its military forces on a scale sufficient not only to maintain a passive defence, but to give at least the hope of decisive success. War is always a risk; there is no certainty; but history and military science can teach with some accuracy what may be risked and what odds are desperate. Every nation should therefore consider its position. If it be a great

power, and prepared to accept the possibility of war, it should make such preparations as will enable it to meet its probable enemies with hope of success; and it should endeavour to develop its resources in such a manner that, if forced to accept a desperate hazard, to meet its possible enemies in combination, every man and every penny may be used in time, and to advantage, to save the State.

The case, then, for this country stands thus. If we are to remain a great power, our armed forces should be such that, in case of war with our probable enemy or combination of enemies, we should have reasonable hope of decisive success before we are financially exhausted, and such that, if the fortune of war be against us, we should be able to offer a prolonged resistance. Should we have to meet a combination of our possible enemies—the desperate hazard—we ought to be able to utilise efficiently the whole strength, patent and latent, of the empire. If this responsibility should seem too great, the alternative proposition is to cease to be a great power. This would mean, probably soon, certainly in time, the loss of our colonies and protectorates and the contraction of our trade, and would lead finally to our being forced to sue and pay for a contemptuous protection for ourselves from some more determined nation. No defeat, no loss of territory after a resolute fight, would affect us so harmfully as a voluntary admission of inferiority. Such a course is fortunately out of the question.

If Great Britain were in present circumstances to be involved single-handed in a war with any great power, the plan of campaign for this country would necessarily be in the main defensive. In certain cases, no doubt, minor objectives for offensive action might be found; but the main strategical plan must be defensive. And in so far as passive defence goes, we are not so badly off. We have the navy; and, while the navy holds, or is even in a position to dispute stiffly, the control of the sea, we are reasonably safe from invasion except at two points, India and Canada. But, even for defence, all our eggs are in one basket. If our enemy should gain command of the sea, we have not an armed land-force of sufficient strength to give a reasonable probability of a successful or even of a prolonged defence of the empire. Should our navy retain command of the sea, the war would

shortly come to a standstill. We have no force with which to penetrate an enemy's country. His sea-coast is to us an insurmountable obstacle. Our sea is to him an impassable barrier. We have no hope of decisive success even should our naval efficiency surpass our highest expectations. The best we can hope for is a draw in our favour, the result of an economic struggle. And the nations that would lose more heavily than we in such a contest are not many.

It may be said that even during a war we, protected by our navy, might raise a land-force sufficient to give us a possibility of success in decisive encounter. Undoubtedly we might try to do so, but it would take a long time to organise, train, and arm a force of this kind; nor could we expect efficiency. The force would be improvised; there is little or nothing in our present military system which could be effectively adapted. Lord Roberts, in a speech which has given fresh hope to all who are working to secure the safety of the nation, expressed the view of all experienced soldiers on this point:—

'They should realise' (he said) 'that a new military system cannot be built up in a day. From many of the speeches made on the subject, those who are ignorant of military matters are led to imagine that it will be time enough when the crisis arises to create an organisation which will supply all that is required, and that we need not trouble about it until then. Such speeches are very misleading. The putting our armed forces on a proper footing will take time; and it must be years before we can reap the full benefit from any changes that may be made.' ('Times,' Aug. 2, 1905.)

The position of the great powers towards Britain is this, that in a war with us, if we have no allies, they do not risk defeat. The stoppage of oversea commerce and the possible loss of their oversea possessions are the worst that can happen to them. For our sole defence, the navy, they have a great and well-founded respect; but the chances of naval warfare are not yet thoroughly worked out, and there are theories of naval armament and tactics which lend a hopeful colour to the schemes of inferior naval powers. There are also combinations to be considered. A redistribution of continental alliances—no improbable event—might leave us with a danger-

ously small margin of naval superiority against probable enemies. Even the present scale of foreign naval development will, if continued for a few years, bring us face to face with the question of our ability to maintain a permanent superiority. We may have to take risks, even with the navy; and if the hazard should go against us, even temporarily, we fall at once into grave danger. The present policy of certain powers aims apparently at forcing us to this limit. Our naval superiority once surmounted, the richest empire of the world lies defenceless.

This is not a situation that makes for peace. We are not liked by our neighbours. Too often have we shown ourselves arrogant, interfering, provocative. Our calm assumption of a superior standard of national morality has led us sometimes to exasperate, sometimes to insult, our equals. The limits of international courtesy are daily overstepped by our hysterical press. There is no sentimental consideration which would prevent any nation, save perhaps the American, from attacking us. And the prize is worth striving for. The amassed riches of many lands to be spoiled, a commercial competitor to be ruined, a smug and self-righteous critic to be thrashed—it is an attractive programme. The obstacle to success is a stiff one, and has been recognised as impassable for nearly a hundred years. There are signs, however, that the idea that British naval supremacy cannot be challenged will not always be accepted by our rivals as an axiom. The economic difficulty of maintaining our overwhelming superiority will before long make itself felt; and, if our superiority is to be less than overwhelming, our one defence is doubtful.

If we had behind our navy an armed land-force of considerable numerical strength and practical organisation, even although it were, to continental ideas, insufficiently trained, the menace to our country would disappear, and one of the dangers to the peace of the world would be removed. The temptation to break down the barrier of our navy would lose its attraction. Against the prospect of the spoils of a successful war, our adversary would have to set the possibility of his own complete overthrow, as well as the increased difficulty in the way of his success. For a single stroke of fortune in naval war would not then open the way to an easy conquest.

It would lead only to the possibility of invading a well-defended country, with the certainty of a protracted struggle, during which every effort of a determined nation would be devoted to renewing the naval combat. With the disappearance of the temptation to rival our navy, the effort to do so would probably cease; and, if this country really desires peace, we should then be able, not only to secure peace for ourselves, but to uphold it effectively in the councils of the nations.

In calculating the strength of armed forces there are, of course, other things to be considered besides numbers and armament. Courage, endurance, enthusiasm, pride, are forces by no means negligible. Yet it is safer to assume that the military virtues are equally distributed among the nations. Should we have more than our share, the error is on the right side. Numbers, armament, and efficiency are the only factors on which calculations can safely be based; and of these the last can only be considered on the broadest and most uncontroversial lines.

The success with which Great Britain emerged from her great wars during the last century has been due to two advantages which she has always been able to secure—sea-power and allies. The sea was where our strength lay; and the inestimable advantage of its command gave security to our territories and provided a means for our small land-force to make important diversions. But in both the Napoleonic and Crimean Wars the decisive effect was due to the fact that our allies provided a sufficient land-force. Even in those days we should have been unable to bring a great war to a successful conclusion by our unaided efforts; it is not likely that we could do so now, when every nation in Europe can call out the full strength of its manhood, trained and armed, in its defence. There is still an inclination to trust to allies; but, even if we could be sure of getting them, it is well to remember how costly we have found them in the past. Military economists are apt to forget that a very large part of our national debt was incurred to pay for the allies whose assistance was necessary to enable us to make head against a single enemy at the beginning of last century. That assistance was necessary because our own land-forces were on an insufficient scale.

At no period of our history has the Regular Army

been allowed to develop beyond the strength required by the bare necessities of the moment. This principle is, in the main, for a regular standing army, a correct one. The permanent average strength has been fixed by peace considerations, chiefly by the necessity of garrisoning our oversea possessions. In fact our Regular Army is fitted to act as an Imperial police; and, when the requirements of that service have been fulfilled, the surplus is comparatively small. Nor is it necessary that it should be large. The Regular Army should be strictly limited to the strength required for the performance of those duties which it alone can perform—service abroad during peace, and certain military duties which require high skill and prolonged training. Such an army we shall always require; the strategical conditions of our scattered empire demand it; but the expense of maintaining it is so serious that no increase beyond calculated requirements for special purposes can be justified. The Regular Army cannot supply the force required, either for home defence in case of disaster to the navy, or for such operations as would enable us to bring an enemy to terms.

The armed forces which are necessary for the preservation of the empire are a strong navy, a limited Regular Army, and an additional land-force of a strength comparable to the forces of continental nations. If we desire peace, such forces will discourage probable adversaries. Should we be driven to war, such forces should be able to guarantee the safety of the empire and to make an effort to force a speedy and successful conclusion. More than this no nation could hope for; less than this means insecurity. The whole question turns on the cost; and, to calculate the cost it is necessary to consider carefully in what respects we are deficient, and whether there is any possible method by which the deficiencies can be made up without straining too heavily the financial resources of the empire.

Taking our military requirements as comprised under three heads—the command of the sea, permanent garrisons for oversea possessions, and sufficient land-forces for a great war—the value of our present armed forces may be estimated. The first is of paramount importance. Whatever may be the scale on which our land-forces are

maintained, the command of the sea must, in a great war, be secured if we are to be successful, and must at least be denied to the enemy if we are to avoid heavy disasters. For this task our navy is at the present moment, except possibly in one respect, sufficient. The doubtful particular is the sufficiency of our reserve of trained men. It is sometimes held that, in modern naval war, the casualties in ships will be in a higher proportion than the losses in men, and that therefore there will be no difficulty in manning the ships that remain. We, however, have many reserve ships which are still fit for action, though not perhaps in the first line. The manning of armed or converted merchantmen, it might be even of new ships, would, in a protracted war, make heavy calls on our naval *personnel*. The Naval Reserve is not large; and British merchant-seamen are a diminishing race. We should provide an additional source of supply; and, as will appear later, it is possible to find one. With this exception we may mark the navy as satisfactory.

Considering our present Regular Army strictly from the point of view of its sufficiency for our permanent foreign garrisons, and for the small wars imposed upon us from time to time by our domination over, or our contiguity to, uncivilised peoples, we shall find that here also there is no deficiency. Indeed there ought to be none, looking at the price we pay. Including the Native Army of India, the cost is something over 40,000,000*l.* annually. For this we get about 275,000 British troops, with a reserve of 80,000, and 157,000 native Indian soldiers.

The greater part of the Indian army must be considered as tied to India for local defence. It is difficult to imagine a case in which any large number could be spared in time of war for general service in defence of the empire. Nor would it be judicious to draw too heavily on these troops to provide garrisons in peace-time for our other possessions, where they would be locked up, on the outbreak of war, at a distance from their proper sphere of action. It is sufficient for our purposes to say that the Native Army generally is necessary, efficient, and economically administered. Can we say as much for the British Army? The answer to this question is the first step in any reasonable investigation.

Our oversea possessions require at present peace

garrisons of some 135,000 men. It is probable that in the future this establishment may be reduced; it is at least unlikely that it will be found necessary to increase it. It may be fairly taken as our first requirement. This leaves 140,000 men at home. Therefore for every man that serves abroad we now maintain one at home. This has, roughly, been the basis of our system for the last twenty-five years. It is worth while to consider whether it is either necessary or economical.

The necessity for, and the cost of, this large force are governed alike by one factor, the period of the soldier's service with the colours. Additional expense was wittingly undertaken when short service was introduced, being set off by the advantage of forming the Army Reserve, which was only possible under a short-service system. The scheme which has been outlined by the present Government aims at the formation of a 'foreign-service army,' the functions of which appear to be exactly those put forward in these pages as the proper functions of our Regular Army, namely, the provision of garrisons for oversea possessions and of a force for small wars.

A force stationed abroad in peace-time requires drafts to replace time-expired men; and the strength of these drafts, and consequently the cost of the system, depends on the length of the period of service. Other causes, such as sickness, affect the strength of drafts, but so slightly that they may be disregarded. The paramount factor is the recurring loss of time-expired men. Every force on the average loses annually, in time-expired men, the fraction of its strength represented by the number of years of service—one third for three years' service, one fifth for five years', and so on. The cost of short service is due to two causes. The great proportionate strength of the annual drafts necessitates a correspondingly large establishment at home to receive and train recruits, and, under our system, to retain the immature soldier until he is fit for foreign service. The other cause is the transport required by the frequent exchange of men between home and foreign stations. Economy and efficiency are both on the side of fairly long service; the arguments for short-service are the necessity for a reserve and less difficulty in recruiting. If the reserve and the recruits can be found by other means, the sooner our expensive

short-service system for the Regular Army is dropped the better. The period of service chosen by Mr Arnold-Forster for his long-service army is nine years with the colours and three in the reserve. This is neither long nor short service; but there is no reason why it should not work well. It is difficult to see the value of the small reserve, but it will not cost much; and a service of nine years, although more expensive than a longer term, may be long enough for recruiting purposes.

If we presume that the men of the foreign-service army spend one year in dépôts at home before proceeding abroad, the average term of foreign service of each man will be eight years. The annual loss of time-expired men will therefore amount to 125 per 1000; and, adding 10 per cent. for other casualties, we get the strength of the necessary annual drafts at 138 men for every 1000 serving abroad, and the minimum strength at home about one seventh of that abroad. Now, for various reasons which will appear later, the possible reductions in our Regular Army are confined to the Infantry. Estimating, then, the strength of our foreign garrisons in infantry at about 90,000 men, we must add 13,000, representing the home contingent of recruits awaiting embarkation. If to this contingent we add 25 per cent. for dépôt establishments, etc., we reach a total of something over 106,000 men. This is the absolute minimum required to maintain our foreign garrisons.

We have next to consider the necessary reinforcements for small wars and emergencies, the 'striking force.' If that be put at 24,000 men, six brigades—a force which would have been sufficient for any of our small wars in the last century—there will be a good margin to meet any error in the estimate of the requirements for foreign service. The necessary dépôt troops for these would be about 4000, which brings the total infantry force required to 134,000 men. Our Regular Infantry numbers at present more than 172,000. The saving in men is thus 38,000. In organisation the economy is even more apparent. We require 114 battalions, a possible reduction of 57.

Similar calculations could no doubt be made for the Cavalry and Artillery units of the Regular Army; but, for many reasons, these are better left out in a general statement of this kind. For one thing, our foreign garrisons

are notoriously insufficient in these arms; it can hardly be argued that our Cavalry in South Africa or our Artillery in India are strong enough for their possible duties. Also, it may at once be admitted that the proposed reduction in the Regular Army is contingent on the organisation of a large force for a great war; and, as the training of this force will necessarily be very limited, we shall be hard put to it to find the necessary proportion of horsemen and gunners, and shall want all those we have. Even with the proposed reduction of Regular Infantry, the proportion of sabres to bayonets, counting our whole cavalry force, works out at only about one to six—a statement which shows how lamentably deficient we are in Cavalry at the present time.

Let us leave, then, the Regular Army deprived of the cadres of 57 battalions, reduced by 38,000 infantry soldiers, but still capable of fulfilling its proper functions, and retaining an unusual proportion of strength in its scientific and administrative branches. We can now consider how far our remaining forces are fitted to carry out the remaining duties—to provide for the defence of the empire in case of disaster to the navy, and to take part in great offensive operations with some hope of success.

What have we for these duties under the present system? We have in the United Kingdom that part of the Regular Army which is not on foreign service, and the Army Reserve; and we have the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. In round numbers, Regulars and Reserve 220,000; Militia 104,000; Yeomanry 27,000; and Volunteers 241,000—a total of 592,000 men, chiefly infantry. For the defence of India we have the British peace garrison and the Indian Army, and for the colonies, their peace garrisons and certain local troops. Let us suppose that these latter troops are sufficient for the defence of the territories which they guard, and that the Regular Army at home need not be depleted to provide further reinforcements. Let us suppose that Greater Britain is safe for the moment, and consider the case of the United Kingdom. In case of invasion or 'imminent national danger' we can put into the field some 600,000 men and boys, many practically untrained, with little organisation and a distressing deficiency of trained officers. Is this a force which would act as a deterrent to any con-

tinental power which foresees a possibility of overcoming our navy? Of these 600,000, only 220,000—the Regular forces—are liable for service abroad, even in time of war. Is that number sufficient to instil into a continental power the fear of retaliation should his effort to overcome our navy fail? The continental strategist has no doubts on the matter. He does not regard our home-defence force as a serious obstacle to the conquest of this country, and he simply does not consider the possibility of offensive action on our part. He may be wrong; but it certainly cannot be said that our military forces at present aid the cause of peace by impressing on possible enemies the dangers of war.

Home defence is the duty for which most of these troops are maintained. And this question of home defence is one that is badly in need of settling. The man in the street has an invariable argument: 'The navy is so strong that we do not want much else for home defence!' That is a fallacy. There are only two ways of looking at the question. Either the navy secures us absolutely from invasion, in which case we need no other defence force, and are foolish to spend money in maintaining one; or there is a doubt of the absolute and permanent sufficiency of the navy, in which case a defence force fit to resist invasion is required. As we have no such force, our present arrangement is an illogical compromise.

The existence of a purely defensive force, like the Volunteers, is evidence that successive governments, representing, it may be supposed, the opinion of the country, have accepted the view that invasion is possible. On this assumption the value of our defensive forces requires estimation. The backbone of the defence would be the Regulars, who, after the necessary reductions have been made for unfit men, the training of new recruits, and the garrisons of fortresses, could probably turn out three effective army-corps and three cavalry divisions. Of these field-troops, however, about one fourth would be in Ireland, and, if command of the sea were lost, might be isolated. To assist them, as field-troops, we may count the Militia and the Yeomanry, say 130,000 men, who have at present no higher organisation than regimental, but are quite capable of being made effective. In the background there are 240,000 Volunteers, chiefly infantry,

with a brigade organisation on paper, but without a trained staff, and with very few trained officers.

Now, before proceeding to estimate the efficiency of our defensive forces, one point should be made clear, especially with regard to the Volunteers. The men who come forward voluntarily, without hope of reward, to fit themselves for the duty of defending their native land, are undoubtedly the best men in the kingdom. They may not be physically the most fit, they may not be intellectually the most brilliant, but they are the only men who are not shirking their natural duty. Cheap sneers at the Volunteers are common enough; and the sneers are all the more bitter because of the underlying feeling of jealousy of the better men. If our Auxiliary Forces are to be criticised, the criticism should come from those who at least have undergone an equal training, and have accepted the same or greater obligations; and such criticism should be tempered by the knowledge that, however the faults of the system may depreciate the value of these forces, the excellence of the spirit which inspires them is a moral factor of importance.

Comparing the efficiency of our actual forces with the standard of foreign nations, we may, without prejudice, rate our regular soldiers somewhat higher than the foreigners. It is not improbable, considering their large number of efficient officers, and the fact that they would be employed in a friendly and familiar country, that the Yeomanry might justly be included with the Regulars; at least they do not compare unfavourably with many foreign mounted troops. The Militia cannot be considered fit for the line of battle, although, no doubt, they could be utilised with advantage behind fortifications or entrenchments. The Volunteers, as at present organised, are not fit for any military operations save those of a guerrilla type. This opinion is in no way intended as a slur on the individuals who compose the Militia and Volunteer forces. The fault is with the organisation; and the main cause of failure is the system of forming the available *personnel* into complete units, on the model of the units of the Regular Army, and expecting them to become similar in efficiency because they have, on paper, a similar organisation. The fact is that the training of Volunteer officers is not sufficient to qualify them for command. They are

excellent material for subalterns ; but field rank and company command are, except in isolated instances, beyond their capacity. The Militia is better, because the training of officers is more complete ; but, even in the Militia, that natural confidence of the soldier in the superior capacity of his officer, which is one of the foundations of fighting efficiency, is far from universal.

Those who disagree with this estimate of the value of our Auxiliary Forces will do well to read carefully the history of the first months of the Civil War in America, and of the period between the investment of Paris in 1870 and its fall. The military value of half-trained forces led by amateur officers can be gathered from these two examples. The efforts of the Spanish people to resist Napoleon, from 1807 onwards, lead to the same conclusion. Heroism, individual excellence, collective sacrifice, are all in vain. There must be progressive leadership, from company to battalion and brigade, from troop to squadron and regiment ; and there must be the collective training by which the best powers of each man may be brought to bear in the most effective manner, according to the plans of the commander-in-chief. Neither in leadership nor in training do our Auxiliary Forces approach this standard.

Should this view be correct, we have, to meet an invading enemy, our Regular Forces stationed at home, strengthened perhaps by the most efficient of the Militia, certainly strengthened by the Yeomanry ; and, for the field of battle, we have nothing else. Certainly the Regulars would benefit by the existence of the Auxiliaries. Improvised fortresses, points of manœuvre, could be garrisoned, lines of communication guarded, raiding forces for diversions organised, without drawing on the field-army. But what would this field-army amount to ? Possibly four army-corps to guard our two islands. If our enemy, a great continental power, gained command of the sea, we might undoubtedly have to face an invading force of a million trained men. A century ago Napoleon was prepared to throw 150,000 men into England, had he been able to secure even temporary control of the Channel. Compare sail with steam, the 'wind-jammers' of 1805 with the *Messageries Maritimes* of 1905 ; consider, as the Germans have considered, the carrying-power of the

Hamburg-American line plying between Hamburg and, say, Hull. The prospect is not pleasant.

There remains another argument to be dealt with. It is the custom to say that, if we lose the command of the sea, we must starve and may as well give in at once. That is a decision worthy of a nation where thirteen men out of fourteen are content to sit still and jeer at the odd man who tries to make himself fit to stand up for his country. It is not at all improbable that the thirteen would object to go on short rations while the one was killed. The recent Report of the Food-supply Commission has, however, made it at least probable that the food scare is to a large extent a bogey. At the worst we should have to pay more for our food. However severe our discomfiture on the sea, there is no nation, or combination of powers, which could, after dealing with our navy, effectively blockade the whole of our coast. But, if any continental power once overcame our navy, blockade would be only a small part of our troubles. We should have to face a formidable invasion. The Japanese were unable with their whole fleet to maintain an effective blockade even of Port Arthur, but they had no difficulty in landing huge armies on the continent of Asia.

In the most favourable circumstances, then, we might produce a home-defence field-army of a strength approaching 200,000 men, not markedly inferior to our opponents. Should we adopt the course of concentrating this force, we allow the enemy the opportunity of landing without serious opposition. If the force be distributed, we may not succeed in offering serious opposition at all. If such be the result of the most favourable conditions, let us look at the unfavourable. It is not improbable that the outbreak of a great war would occur when we were already engaged in a little one. If we had suddenly become engaged in a European war in any of the years 1879, 1881, 1882, 1884, 1885, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, or 1902, a large proportion of our Regular Army would not have been available for home defence. In these years the Regular Army was employed on its proper work, the defence of our possessions abroad. In the years 1899-1902, not only the Regular Army, but a large, and not the least efficient, part of the Militia and Yeomanry was similarly occupied. When such a combination of circum-

stances is possible, can it be said that we have a sufficient force for home defence? No man who is really concerned for the welfare of his country can truthfully answer in the affirmative, or even aver that the risk we are accepting is a reasonable one. And it is to be remembered that our home-defence force is maintained, not in the hope of waging successful war, but only to stave off final defeat; that its strategical capacity is confined to the passive defensive, notoriously the most ineffective of all attitudes; and that its organisation is so radically bad that it is almost incapable, on the present lines, of improvement. Is this force worth the money we spend on it? Surely not.

From the analysis of the value of this force for home defence we get also a criterion of its worth for offensive warfare, for retaliation. Making every allowance for favourable circumstances—for a sufficient time for preparation, for patriotic enthusiasm, for individual virtue—it is still clear that such a force could only be used in a limited and indecisive way. In the first place, with regard to numbers, the Volunteer Force must be counted out altogether. It is liable only to service within the United Kingdom; and although individuals would, as they have done before, consent to join the ranks of an army destined for active service abroad, yet, as an organised force, these 240,000 men are no longer available. The strength of Militia available is also a problematic quantity; they are not liable, but may volunteer, for service abroad. If we may judge by past experience, a large proportion would volunteer and would retain their unit organisation—a doubtful advantage. A considerable contingent of Yeomanry might also be reckoned on. The real fighting force would be, as before, the Regulars; and, after securing our foreign possessions and providing for the training of fresh levies, we should again find ourselves with a field-force of three or four army-corps and a sufficiency of line-of-communication troops. Such a force is, of course, ridiculously inadequate to deal with a first-class or even a second-class power. It is a weapon suitable enough for isolated enterprises, for the conquest of an enemy's foreign possessions; it would be a suitable first reinforcement for India; but for decisive land warfare, unless forming part of an allied force, it is unfit.

Dependence on alliances has been the keynote of our military policy for many years; not on alliances formed in peace with equal advantages and equal liabilities, but on possible alliances to be purchased at a heavy price in time of war. The policy is a relic of Napoleonic times. Then we purchased alliances and assistance from nearly every nation that was warlike and from some that were not, and we have been paying for these alliances ever since. Had Great Britain, at the end of the eighteenth century, raised a national army, we might have maintained such an army until the present day on the interest of the capital we squandered during the Great War in purchasing foreign assistance. Since then we have made no progress; in comparison with other powers we have gone back. We are just in a condition to risk a fight with Belgium. We should have to purchase an alliance if we desired to impose our will on Bulgaria.

The situation of our self-governing colonies is, on the whole, rather more favourable. The navy protects them as it protects us. They have no detached possessions of importance which must be garrisoned. They have only their own defence to consider; and, except in the case of Canada, they have to consider it only in case of the loss of command of the sea. But this is a serious point. One of our larger colonies would be a great prize to win; and its possible capture would justify a great effort. The invading force would be calculated on a scale considered sufficient to cope with the expected resistance. It is true that such calculations, when applied to countries like our colonies, cannot be exact. The prospects of regular warfare may be accurately gauged; the effect of the occupation of certain strategical points may be correctly judged; but the possibilities of irregular or guerrilla resistance are difficult to estimate. The vital existence of young countries is not so closely bound to artificial, and therefore destructible, centres and communications as is that of this country. The Boers have taught us that a young nation can revert for a time to something like the primitive life and still bear the strain of war. It is in this respect that our colonies have the advantage of us; they might be able to offer a prolonged resistance in the hope of relief from a favourable issue elsewhere. But, although this is an advantage, it does not mean security.

An organised expedition against a colony, even if finally unsuccessful, would leave something like ruin behind it. Safety for the colonies is to be sought by the same methods which will serve the mother-country. We cannot legislate for them; but, if we can find a way, we can set them an example. And there is a way.

The question of home defence is one that from time to time acquires prominence in the discussions of Parliament and in the columns of the press. It cannot be said, however, that any British government, until recently, has made any serious effort to grapple with the subject, to endeavour to find even a basis on which an efficient defensive force might be organised. Royal Commissions we have had; but their deliberations have been circumscribed by ingeniously restrictive references and their conclusions nullified by appeals to prejudice, or even by the official publication of distorted statistics. In one of the latest cases of this kind a Royal Commission recommended a total auxiliary force of 350,000 men, raised by compulsory service. The Secretary of State for War thereupon said that the cost of such a force would mean an addition of some 25,000,000*l.* to the army estimates, and brazened out this amazing assertion by publishing a tabulated statement which showed that his calculation was based on an annual contingent of 380,000 men, which would provide a total force of about 3,000,000. The fact that a responsible minister resorted to such a deplorable shift in order to stifle discussion on a national question, shows the hollowness of any official claims to have paid real attention to the question.

Such being the ordinary official attitude as to home defence, it is not surprising that the question of an offensive fighting force is not considered at all; it is not even spoken of. Operations for which such a force might be required are indeed talked of freely, but the force itself seems to be taken for granted. The delightful philanthropists who are always urging the Government to further their particular views by force of arms in various parts of the world—the Macedonian Committee, the reformers of the Congo, the people who sympathise with the down-trodden in any land but their own—these vague enthusiasts seem to think that an army will appear

at their call. The ordinary citizen, sane but ignorant, has never been told that an offensive force is necessary. He is ready, too ready, to embark on war with a light heart, conceiving that his whole duty lies in paying for a few more professional soldiers. He has never been told that, for us, a European war can mean only an attempt to establish a blockade of the enemy's coast; a form of warfare of which none but sailors know the extreme difficulty, and none but diplomatists know the extreme delicacy. He does not know that we expose ourselves to danger a hundredfold greater than our adversaries. How is he to be taught? There is one sure teacher—disaster. Switzerland learned the lesson of home defence in 1798; Prussia learned in 1806; Russia in 1812; France in 1870. Must we also go through the fire?

It has already been admitted that the navy, our first line of defence, is strong; but it has also been pointed out that the existence of our purely defensive land-forces is a proof that our first line is not considered strong enough for all emergencies. The fallacy that a land-force is required in order to set free the navy for offensive operations against hostile fleets has been repeatedly exposed. Only the pettiest of raids would be possible until our navy is defeated; and, if the possibility of naval defeat be recognised, then we require a land-force capable of overthrowing the hostile masses which will assuredly be brought against us. But we also require a force to finish a war which we have successfully begun. We cannot afford two forces of such magnitude; that is why our present system gives us failure both ways. *The force for offence and the force for defence must be the same.* If required for one kind of operation there will be no possibility of its being employed on the other. We cannot use a land-force offensively until we have secured command of the sea; and until we have lost that command the force cannot be used defensively. *The first rule for the organisation of our land-force should be, therefore, that the whole of it is in time of war liable to service either at home or abroad.*

A force of proper strength, and with this liability, cannot be raised under the voluntary system. If the mass of the nation were of the same fine spirit as the Volunteers, it might be possible. But the mass of the

nation prefers to shirk; it will accept no responsibility so long as it can find others to bear it; and it is not surprising, under these circumstances, that the Volunteers put a limit on their generosity and confine their liability to home defence. There is no hope for us in the voluntary system. The alternative is compulsion in some shape. Now compulsion stinks in the nostrils of the British patriot. His idea is that those should fight who want to fight. By a majority of about thirteen to one he has made it known that he does not want to fight. In case the few voluntary fighters who represent the country in war should be defeated, these men of peace are quite ready to lay the blame impartially on the Navy, the Army, the Militia or the Volunteers; but, apparently, they have no idea of coming forward themselves. How, then, can we expect a measure of compulsion?

In the first place, the voter will not have to vote for his own compulsion, but for the compulsion of a younger generation. That ought to make a difference. In the second place, compulsion is cheap, and will give security to the country—inducements almost as great as the other. These advantages are practical, although perhaps they do not appeal to the higher spirit. Volunteering does appeal to the higher spirit, and we see the result. The ordinary voter may, of course, be a better man than he seems. It is not impossible that the lack of volunteers may be due to other causes than want of national spirit. National spirit is not taught in our schools, nor is national duty; the right to defend his home is not considered a sacred privilege to be claimed by every true man; the upholding of liberty, of the honour of the country, of the rights of weak nations, is looked on as a matter of high-sounding words, not of service. The whole nation, moreover, puts enormous trust in the navy; and many are doubtful regarding the necessity for any further weapon. If, then, the voter requires an appeal to his higher nature, compulsion is merely the assertion of the duty of every man to bear arms for his country in time of need. If he is of a more practical bent, the argument as to his pocket and the security of the country may have effect. If he pleads ignorance of the necessity for compulsion, that necessity, at least, can be taught.

There are, however, arguments against compulsion that must be met. One class of reasoners oppose all kinds of compulsion; they decline any step which may lead to the 'growth of militarism.' The term 'militarism,' in its popular meaning, is applied to the political influence of the professional military class; and it is taken for granted that, in this country, such influence must be for evil. No doubt there are dangers, in certain circumstances, in the creation of an enormous standing army, dangers in the possible influence of a separate class bound together by ties of discipline, professional pride, and community of interest. The danger that the army may be used to override the wishes of the people in matters of internal policy is frequently put forward as an argument against compulsory service. Yet it is a danger much more likely to occur if the army be voluntary; at any rate, it does not depend on the strength of the army, but rather on the length of service. Where every citizen is trained as a soldier under short service, the standing army can only consist of those citizens who are, for the moment, undergoing training; the troops do not form a class apart. If the service be long, the danger does exist; the five years' service of the Russian soldier has undoubtedly an effect in inculcating a temporary forgetfulness of his rights of citizenship. If, further, the government be autocratic, as in Russia, any army is dangerous to liberty; but, even there, the more universal the training and the shorter the service, the less is the danger. Under a free government, on the other hand, the danger disappears altogether. Can any one suppose that the French army could now be used as an instrument of internal tyranny? Or the Swiss militia, which includes probably a larger proportion of the population than any other military system? The idea is absurd. Compulsory short service or training is a safeguard to liberty, not a danger. Those who smell danger to the State in every military reform might study with advantage the history of some of the greater military revolutions or military tyrannies. They will find that in most cases the army which imposed its will was a professional, voluntary, paid force, more or less resembling the British army of the present day. Only the freedom of our institutions and of our system of govern-

ment enables us to maintain such a force with safety; and the argument that the adoption of compulsory training would endanger freedom cannot be seriously upheld by the most bitter opponent of 'bloated armaments.' Universal military service makes for liberty.

Another oft-asserted danger of 'militarism' is that the military spirit of a large army may tend to force on war when peace is possible. Nothing but the total ignorance of the British people as to the conditions of compulsory armies can account for this illogical view. The perpetual wars of the medieval Italian states, fought almost entirely with mercenary soldiers, disprove it. It is reasonable to suppose that men will be more careful about engaging in war, when they know that they themselves or those nearest to them must fight, than they would be if they have merely to employ professionals to fight for them. Would the 'great heart of the British people' be stirred quite so easily to warlike enthusiasm if the British people knew that in case of war they must leave their work and take up their rifles? No; in such a case war becomes a serious matter, and the people would take good care to let their will be known. Universal service in a free country makes for peace.

The real objections to universal service are its disadvantages, not its dangers. Under conscription of the French or German type, there is, firstly, the hardship to the individual and the loss to the country in the two years' service; and, secondly, there are moral disadvantages in barrack life. The nature and amount of each disadvantage depends on the length of service considered necessary for the complete training of the soldier. This period of service is at present fixed by both France and Germany at two years. It is to be observed, however, that, not long ago, these nations thought two years service insufficient; the change of opinion may have been enforced by the necessity for economy; anyhow, it is significant. The idea that long and continuous service is necessary to train a man to arms is a relic of the old long-service days; in our own army every change in the direction of shorter service has been greeted with prophecies of failure and ruin of the service. Whether, for great continental nations, the limit has now been reached or not cannot be said with certainty. They must train

their soldiers so completely that, after a lapse of eight or ten years, the men shall come back from the reserve fit to take their places in the ranks at a moment's notice. Service in the field follows immediately on mobilisation; the existence of land-frontiers demands this. We are better off; with us, action on land must wait until action on the sea has been decided. We shall always have a certain time for additional training. A prolonged period of continuous service does not, therefore, seem to be an indispensable condition for the provision of an efficient national army for this country. But continuous service, even for a period of one year, necessitates barrack life. This may be taken as its chief disadvantage. It is costly, and is neither pleasant nor morally improving for those who undergo it. If an army can be trained with less than one year's continuous service, this chief disadvantage is overcome. The loss of the labour of able-bodied men and the cost of their maintenance are also lessened. If such a scheme be possible the practical objections to compulsion disappear.

What, then, are the advantages? First, the manhood of the nation trained to arms, and improved morally and physically by the training. Secondly, the existence of a force known by our possible enemies to be equal to the task of defending our country, and capable of making an effort to wage war successfully should war be forced on us. Thirdly, the assurance that no war could be undertaken by us without the concurrence of those who would personally take part in it. Such results seem worth an effort, if any means of obtaining them can be found. And found they can be.

In order to obtain a trained army without subjecting the men to a course of at least one year's continuous training, it is manifest that there must be a good deal of non-continuous training. The non-continuous training of grown men has the disadvantage that it dislocates work of all kinds. The only sound method is to begin early. Military training is, after all, not necessarily different from any other kind of education. There was a time in England when military training was about all the education most boys got; when compulsory training, particularly in archery, began at the age of nine or ten years. While that system of compulsory training was main-

tained there was no force in Europe, either feudal or mercenary, which could meet the English archers on equal terms. The advantages of early military training are generally recognised; children are improved by it both in mind and body. The objection to it has already been mentioned; it was concisely stated by Lord Balfour of Burleigh in the House of Lords (Feb. 20, 1905):—

‘They were in danger of mixing up two things. There was the military side of this question and the side which was concerned with the physical development of our youths. He earnestly hoped that these two aspects of the question would be kept apart. Cadet-corps and other agencies for that class of training had his hearty support in their proper place. But he thought that this movement would be prejudiced if they let it go forth to the public that it was only a part of the defence of the country, or was even indirectly leading to compulsory service. He agreed in believing that, as a means of exercise for the rising generation, drill would be valuable, and to that extent there would be unanimous support to it; but it was rightly watched in some quarters with a jealous eye and fear of encouragement to a military spirit.’

There speaks the politician. The political danger of allowing the public to think that any government could conceive the idea of compulsory service is so great that a scheme which, on its merits, would receive ‘unanimous support,’ must be dropped. The public might very probably object to military training in schools; but surely they might be asked. The matter might at least be discussed. The whole question of compulsory training depends on the public; and there is no reason why the public should not consider the matter. Nobody can force compulsory service against the wishes of the public. Why, therefore, should people be afraid to speak of it? The knowledge of the question possessed by most politicians may be summed up in the phrase, ‘The country won’t stand it.’ They do not know, do not wish to know, any more; and they do not know even that. They are content that our military administration should go on from bad to worse, from expense to extravagance, from insufficiency to inefficiency, careful only to learn nothing about the causes of failure lest a suspicion that they had discussed the possibility of compulsory service should

reach their constituents. The attitude may be politically prudent, but it is neither courageous nor honest.

However we are here concerned with facts and arguments, not with the shifts of political opportunism. If we wish to obtain all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of compulsory training, we must begin it early. Drill in all schools ought, as part of the educational system, to take its place in the standards with other branches of education. Not a very costly affair, this. No uniform is necessary; no arms; instructors would have to be provided at first, but in a few years the ordinary teachers would be well qualified to give the simple instruction required. A certain amount of gymnastic apparatus would be useful. This preliminary training should be given to both boys and girls. There is no reason why girls should be excluded from a curriculum so valuable as to be worthy of 'universal support' merely because it has a double value for boys. By the adoption of such a measure physical deterioration would receive a severe check and, at the same time, the education of our future soldiers would be begun.

A system by which they may be trained into an efficient army will now be indicated. The scheme is not put forward as the best scheme, it is intended only to show possibility. The outline of the 'new model' is as follows. The duration of the preliminary training in schools might be from the age of nine to about thirteen, the latter age being taken as the average age-limit of compulsory education under our present educational system. Then should follow the period of secondary training. The boys should be formed into cadet-corps; those who remain at school in school-corps, those who leave school in corps of the district in which they reside. Each 'contingent' of the same age should form a separate section or company or battalion of their corps, and should always exercise together. The amount of training need not be more than two exercises of two hours each every week. In this way the same set of instructors could deal with three different contingents of the ages, say, of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen. The instruction should consist of company and battalion drill, and miniature musketry in closed ranges. For the musketry the ordinary shooting-gallery and a proportion of 'saloon'

firearms should be sufficient. At the age of seventeen or eighteen, the third and most important stage of the training would be undertaken. The whole of the 'annual contingent,' on attaining the age selected, would spend four or five months in camp, undergoing a thorough course of training. From the completion of this course to the end of the twentieth year, the training should attain about the same standard as that at present in force for the Volunteers. At the age of twenty, the trained soldier would be dismissed from drill, and would be liable henceforward only to an annual course of musketry and to recall for active service.

Is it impossible that efficient infantry soldiers could be produced by such a system of training? Certainly it is not. A training of this kind, extended over the most receptive years of life, will turn out soldiers more alert, intelligent, and skilful than would be produced by any system of sweating grown men for two uncomfortable years. With efficient instructors and a sound method, the training would undoubtedly be sufficient. But there would be great difficulties—the organisation required, the training of cavalry and artillery, and greatest of all, the cost. There is no use in shirking difficulties. Let us take them in order.

For the organisation and for the supply of instructors we have a stand-by, the Regular Army. The Regular Army must exist as long as we have foreign possessions; and it is the natural agent for the training of the rest of the population. It has already been shown that, if the Regular Army be confined to its proper duties, a large reduction of its infantry cadres is possible. The number of battalions actually required is 114, i.e. 90 abroad, 24 at home. Let the United Kingdom be divided on the basis of population into 114 regimental districts, and a district be assigned to each battalion. Let each battalion be responsible for the training of the male population of its district. Let each regiment consist of one regular battalion and a certain number of auxiliary battalions; and let them form one organisation.

The annual 'contingent' of the British Isles is probably 380,000; this is the figure estimated by the Commission on the Auxiliary Forces. From this number certain deductions must be made, but, it may be hoped, not many; for

one of the great advantages of preliminary training will be lost if the standard of physical fitness be placed too high. Not only should those boys be trained who are physically fit to become soldiers; all those who are physically fit to stand the training should be included. The improvement in physique of our present recruits during the first four months of training is almost incredible; it would be unfair to deprive any boys of this advantage, even if such improvement as would render them fit for service in the field could not be expected.

There are three classes of unfitness: moral, mental, and physical. The morally unfit are disqualified from either training or service with others; if trained, they must be trained separately. The mentally unfit are rejected. The physically unfit, that is, those unfit even for training, are excused. In 1903, among Germans attaining the military age, the proportion of unfit from all causes was nearly 10 per cent. The suggested lower physical standard will about meet our greater physical deterioration—we have never had compulsory training—and we may safely estimate the proportion of our unfits as 10 per cent. also. The only other deduction that should be made is for youths leaving the country; but the number is too variable to be taken into account.

If we take the contingent at seventeen years of age at 380,000, less 10 per cent., we may consider that the numbers for any year before that age will be somewhat greater, and the numbers after that age somewhat less. That should be sufficiently near for our purpose; but, to be on the safe side, we may take it that at the age of fourteen, which may be assumed as the age of leaving school, 380,000 boys come on the roll annually for cadet-training. Now all instruction up to the age fixed for the five months' camp, which may be assumed to be seventeen years, should be of the same type; and the drill should be infantry drill. It is hardly practicable, nor is it necessary, to attempt to train boys in mounted or scientific duties before that age. The whole of the cadet-training of three yearly contingents, each numbering 380,000, would therefore fall on the Infantry. This would give about 3300 of each year to each regimental district. To give these 9900 boys four hours' training each week would require a staff of about four officers and twenty non-

commissioned officers. These, then, may be taken as the beginning of the necessary training establishment.

In the first year of this cadet-training, cadet non-commissioned officers would be selected for each contingent on a liberal scale; and these would go on from year to year assisting the instructors and acquiring the habit of command and initiative. Before going to camp, each contingent of recruits of the age of seventeen would be largely reduced by the allotment of the necessary drafts for the mounted branches of the service and the departments. A possible distribution would be roughly 6000 to Cavalry and Mounted Rifles, 16,000 to Artillery, 10,000 each to the Royal Engineers and Army Service Corps, and 25,000 to Naval Reserve (in which number would be included boys recruited for long service in the navy), with 8000 to the medical services ashore and afloat. The total of about 75,000, when deducted from the contingent of 342,000 (380,000 less 10 per cent.), leaves us with 267,000 annually for the Infantry, or just about 2300 per regiment.

The annual contingent of an infantry regiment would be formed into four battalions, each of four companies. Each battalion would be commanded by a major or captain of the regular battalion, with a subaltern as adjutant, and six non-commissioned officers as instructors. The companies would be commanded and officered by cadet officers selected as follows: the cadet non-commissioned officers would come up for training as such; and from them, at the end of two months' training, the battalion commander would select provisional officers. After another two months' training, these appointments, if suitable, would be confirmed by the colonel of the district; and from these cadet officers four would be selected who were considered suitable, and were willing, to undergo another camp in order to qualify as company commanders. These selected four, or more if considered advisable, would 'drop a year,' and would permanently join the next contingent at the ensuing training as company commanders, to remain with this junior contingent throughout the period of liability of service. The other cadet officers would remain with their own contingents. At the end of the annual camping season the contingent would be medically examined; and all those permanently unfit for service in the field would be ex-

cused further training, or relegated to departmental organisations for service at home in war-time. With this medical examination, universal training for each contingent would cease, and the numbers finally available for service would be determined by the stringency of the standard exacted.

At the age of eighteen, the four battalions of each regimental contingent would be merged in the four battalions of the contingent a year older, thus making four battalions of a strength of 1000 to 1200. Each of these would be commanded by a major or captain of Regulars, with a subaltern as adjutant. At the age of nineteen, the contingent would become the senior contingent of each battalion, and would be joined by that a year younger. For these two years the standard of attendance might be on the same lines as the present volunteer regulations; and a high standard of efficiency would be exacted. From the age of twenty onwards, there would be no training except in musketry, which could be carried out by each contingent under its company officers.

This is a rough outline of a possible scheme for the training of Infantry. The share of the Regular Army and the cost of the whole will be considered later. The other arms would, however, have to be specially arranged for. There are many possible solutions of the difficulties presented by the training of boys for Cavalry and Artillery; methods now to be indicated are suggested only to prove that such training is feasible.

Field Artillery is the most difficult problem. Horse Artillery, if required, can be easily provided by transforming Regular Field Artillery, so that it may be left out of account. After providing for the 'striking force,' we have at present some sixty Regular field batteries at home, that is twenty Artillery brigades. These twenty brigades should be stationed territorially, one each to a group of Infantry regimental districts; and they should be on a peace establishment. Each brigade should, in the summer months, form a camp or camps for the training of the year's contingent of Artillery cadets, both as gunners and drivers, the selection of officers being carried out exactly as in the Infantry. Each brigade could probably train 300 cadets, which would be suffi-

cient. In the two years succeeding the camping year, the contingent should be attached to the Artillery of the 'striking force' for a fortnight each year. Attendance at gun-drills would, during these two years, be put in in the respective districts, and attendance at riding-school at the Cavalry depôts. After the age of twenty, the Artillery contingents might be called out for a fortnight in any year for a refreshing course.

The training of 200 cadets annually by each of the 50 garrison Artillery companies at home would present no difficulty, nor would their further drills. The 50 Royal Engineer companies and the 50 Army Service Corps Transport companies could undertake a similar task if properly distributed territorially. An additional officer for each might be required to superintend the drills of the contingents of eighteen and nineteen years of age. Supply companies could easily train a total of 400 annually, and the hospital duties in the various camps would give to the medical officers an opportunity of selecting assistants. If we place the medical requirements so low as one medical officer to 1000 men, and give each officer 20 boys, we approach a total of 7000; probably an allotment of 8000 will not be far wrong.

Of the land-forces, there remains the Cavalry. The difficulty in this case, as in the Artillery and Army Service Corps, is mainly with regard to horses, which are expensive. The expense, however, may be minimised. There are, excluding Household Cavalry, 28 Regular Cavalry regiments. Each of these should be territorialised; and a depôt should be formed in a Cavalry regimental district corresponding to a group of Infantry districts. Each depôt should have a captain or major and two subalterns, with a proportion of non-commissioned officers and enough men to look after 50 horses. Each of these depôts would take an annual contingent of 200 in camp like the rest; and the staff would there train the cadets in mounted duties. The boys would, at an early stage, be separated into troops, according to their quickness and skill in horsemanship, the best being selected for training in cavalry duties, the others as mounted riflemen. The horses for this training would be partly those from the depôt, but mainly drawn from another source, which will appear

when we consider the necessary alterations in the Regular Army. The further training of these young horsemen could be arranged as follows. Nine Cavalry regiments are stationed at home, outside the 'striking force.' These 27 squadrons would devote two months in each year to training the Mounted Infantry portion of the contingents, which, if we assume that 50 of each contingent are fit for Cavalry, would mean four courses of a fortnight each, each class consisting of 75 men; that is, 150 of eighteen and 150 of nineteen years. The cadets selected for Cavalry should be attached for a fortnight each year to the Cavalry of the 'striking force,' which has been assumed to be five regiments. This would necessitate two courses of 1400 each or four of 700. Attendance at riding-school would be put in in the winter; and the musketry would be carried out with the Infantry of the regimental district.

The training of the quota for Naval Reserve would of course be undertaken by the navy. All seafaring boys and fisherboys would be included.

Assuming that these arrangements are possible, that liability for active service in first line extends over ten years (from twenty to thirty), and that the annual contingent of fit and efficient Militia of twenty years of age for land-forces is 300,000, the total available force would work out somewhat as follows. One Army-corps of Regulars—the 'striking force'; some 7000 Cavalry and 10,000 Horse and Field Artillery of Regulars at home, as surplus to the Army-corps; a Militia force of some 56,000 Cavalry and Mounted Infantry; 60,000 Field Artillery; 2,500,000 Infantry, and a sufficiency of other branches.

It is evident that the main difficulties in peace and the chief deficiencies in war are found in the mounted services. The Cavalry and Mounted Infantry are not in proportion to the other arms. To assist the training in peace, and to help out the deficiency in war, it seems advisable to increase the mounted forces of the Regulars; and the only inexpensive method is by training more Mounted Infantry. Nor is this difficult. Even with short service, it is possible to train a Mounted Infantry company in each Infantry battalion; and, with a service of nine years, there is no reason why the whole of the Regular Infantry should not be trained in, and be available for,

mounted duties. An establishment of 50 horses per battalion—5700 for the whole of the Regular Infantry, at home and abroad—would be sufficient. This training would be in every way an advantage. Not only would it give us material for a large mounted force, but it would give variety to the exercises of long-service Infantry, and would widen the experience and knowledge of both officers and men. In order to provide horses for the training of the Mounted Militia, the establishment of horses of the battalions of the 'striking force' should be increased to 100 each. These would annually be lent to Cavalry depôts for the camping season, the Regular Mounted Infantry training being carried on in early spring and late autumn.

The efficiency of a large Militia force depends mainly on good organisation. For this purpose certain alterations in the Regular Forces will be required. The Regular Infantry battalion, with its depôt, is made responsible for the training of all cadets, and of the Infantry Militia of its district. The battalion establishment must therefore be strengthened. The number of officers wanted, above battalion requirements, will be 11 majors or captains and 10 subalterns; that is, 2 captains and 2 subalterns for the training of cadets under seventeen; 4 captains and 4 subalterns for the annual camps; 4 captains and 4 subalterns for the two contingents aged eighteen and nineteen, and 1 captain as adjutant of the depôt. One officer, a colonel or lieutenant-colonel, will be required to command the depôt in peace and the Militia brigade in war. If this increase in each of the 114 Regular battalions be put against the decrease due to the reduction by 57 battalions, it will be found that a total addition is required of some 57 colonels, 228 majors or captains, 57 adjutants, 627, subalterns and 171 quartermasters, besides about 100 officers of different ranks for the training of regular recruits in central depôts. Non-commissioned officers would be increased by 4560, and privates reduced by 21,000; 7000 additional horses would have to be provided. The increases required for the other arms would be small in comparison. The Cavalry would require 28 majors or captains, 56 subalterns, and about 148 non-commissioned officers, with a proportion of privates, say

2000. Any necessary increase in one rank of the other arms could be equalised by reduction in another.

The expenditure on the new Militia Force must now be roughly estimated. To begin with current expenditure, there is the question of pay. This would be a small item. The only period during which the cadet or militiaman would require either pay or uniform is the period spent in camp. For boys of eighteen, a shilling a week for pocket money is ample; it is possibly too much. However, it amounts to about 1*l.* for the training, which simplifies calculation. Pay for the Militia would therefore come to 342,000*l.* per annum, which is not an excessive amount. Uniform for the cadets should consist only of jacket and knickerbockers of khaki, putties, boots, a brown jersey and soft hat, with the usual underclothing for those that cannot provide their own, and a waterproof cape or cloak. Five months will wear it out. Ammunition will be a heavy item; but its cost can be minimised by using, in the early stages of training, saloon or minature rifles, or even air-guns. In fact it is doubtful if the service-rifle should be given to militiamen before the age of nineteen. A man or boy can be trained to shoot well, although only light rifles and short ranges are available; and short ranges would mean a huge saving in capital expenditure. Rations would be issued only when in camp. The item is serious enough, even for that short period. Deterioration of camp equipment must be allowed for; and smaller current expenses of all kinds would increase the total.

The necessary capital expenditure would be considerable. The purchase of ground for camps and rifle-ranges, the provision of drill-halls and increased accommodation at depôts, rifles and personal equipment, camp equipment, a reserve of clothing for war, a reserve of transport—all this would mean a large expenditure. The sale of barracks no longer required would be a saving. It is impossible here to enter into calculations, but it can certainly be said that the cost of these things, although serious, is by no means prohibitive, especially as there is no reason to undertake the whole at one time. To make a rough guess, the total would be under 20,000,000*l.*

Against these various increases and additions, both Regular and Militia, we can at once put the saving of

the whole present expenditure on Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, including their permanent staff, and that due to the reduction of the Regular Infantry by 21,000 men. These savings ought to approach 6,000,000*l.* annually, which should cover the increase of pay to Regular officers and the current expenditure on the Militia. It is possible that the interest on capital expenditure could also be met out of this saving.

It appears, therefore, that there would be little, if any, extra cost entailed by these proposals. Let us see what the organisation would give us in the way of military resources, in case of war. It will depend on the navy whether our land-forces are to be employed abroad or at home. If we retain command of the sea, then a certain proportion of our Regular Army will be available to co-operate with the Militia in offensive warfare abroad. If we lose command of the sea, we may lose it when the 'striking force' is abroad, in which case the Militia would have to resist invasion without assistance. Let us take the latter contingency first.

On the outbreak of war, or before it, two contingents should be mobilised, say those of twenty-four and twenty-five years of age. The annual cadet-camps would be suspended; and the battalion officers of the cadets would join the mobilised contingents as battalion commanders and adjutants. Each battalion would contain about 500 of each contingent, 1000 in all, in eight companies with a full complement of Militia officers. This would give at once an infantry force of 456 battalions. The senior battalion commander of each regiment would assume command of the four battalions, his place being taken by the *depôt* adjutant, who would be replaced by a Reserve or Militia Reserve officer. The Mounted Infantry and Cavalry of these two contingents would join at the Cavalry *depôt* to receive horses, and would be formed into squadrons and battalions under cavalry officers of the *depôt* and infantry officers of the cadet training-staff. The Artillery Militia would join their brigades, to man ammunition columns and reinforce batteries. The Artillery must of course be completed at once; so possibly three or four Artillery contingents would be called out simultaneously. The first available force would therefore be 456,000 Infantry, 6000 or 7000 Regular

Cavalry, reinforced by 2800 Militia Cavalry and 8400 Militia Mounted Infantry; 20 Artillery brigades complete (360 guns), and a proper proportion of Garrison Artillery, Engineers, Army Service Corps, and administrative services.

As soon as these contingents were mobilised, the two next junior (twenty-two and twenty-three) would be called out, the officers being provided by the remainder of the *dépôt* staff. The Artillery would be considered separately, according to guns available. The two Infantry regiments of each district would form a brigade, under the colonel of the district; and these brigades would be formed by threes into strong divisions under the commanders of grouped Regimental Districts, or other senior officers of the Regular Army employed, in peace time, on command, inspection, general staff or administrative duties. This would probably be followed immediately by the calling out of the whole of the Cavalry and Mounted Infantry liable to service.

It is evident from this that the great deficiency is in guns. Taking the proportion even at two guns to 1000 bayonets, each of these divisions should have 48 guns, so that only 7 divisions could be completed in Artillery. This question has purposely been left undiscussed, for the guns are equally wanting under either system; we are no better off at present. However we may as well throw in a bit of the extra cost now, and say that each battery at home should have 12 guns instead of 6, so that it could be expanded in war-time to a brigade of 3 batteries of 4 guns each; and other 300 or 400 heavy guns should be kept in reserve. The question of the provision of horses in war may be passed over, it being assumed that we could get horses, as other nations do, by compulsory purchase.

These four contingents would provide a field-force of some 21 divisions, each consisting of 24,000 Infantry, 750 Mounted Infantry, and 48 guns, with 12 Cavalry brigades composed of 1800 Cavalry, 1800 Mounted Infantry, and possibly also a Horse Artillery battery each—an organised army of 650,000 men. In addition there would be 17 similar divisions, without Field Artillery, as garrisons and reserves. It might be unnecessary to mobilise any further contingents, but additional Militia officers would be called

out to take the place of the officers of the training-staff appointed to mobilised battalions. The training of Mounted Infantry should, of course, be carried on in the mobilised divisions, and the cadet training-staff of regular non-commissioned officers would be concentrated on the training of the contingents next for mobilisation.

The command of the sea will not be lost in a day; and we may take it that, with ordinary precaution, this force could be mobilised and have a month or two of training before it could be called on to meet an invader. It would be hopeless for an enemy in these circumstances to raid this country; an organised invasion would be his only chance; and there is little prospect of any enemy or combination of enemies being able to gain command of the sea and collect transport for an invasion in force under three months. If so much time be granted us, we need have no fear. To take the other contingency: if we retain command of the sea, and desire to make an effort to finish the war by carrying it into the enemy's country, we can produce a much stronger force than for home defence. The Regular Army would then be available. The infantry of the Regular Army abroad can be replaced by Militia Infantry of twice or three times the strength if necessary; and the Regulars could become Mounted Infantry for the field army. We should also have the assistance of the colonies. The limit, as before, is in guns. If sufficient guns were available, however, we could probably make use of an efficient and properly organised force of 1,500,000 men, exclusive of an abundance of troops for lines of communications. Great Britain would then be a 'great power.'

The colonies have been mentioned. At present they are ahead of us in the matter of military training. They may well be so; they have no navy to pay for, and no regular army. But there is little doubt that if the mother-country adopts a scheme of this sort the colonies will follow swiftly on her track. If they did so the empire would be, under Providence, safe.

There are, of course, numerous questions which have here been passed over casually, and for which many answers can be found. The 114 Regular battalions would, for instance, naturally be the 109 old regiments which were formerly numbered, the Rifle Brigade, and 4

regiments of Guards. Each of these would be formed into one Regular battalion. The higher commands and staff would be formed from the present establishment, which is strong enough to undertake a good deal of emergency. The administration required to deal with the registering and allotment of the contingents would be provided partly by the military staff of the district and partly by the local civil authorities, as it is on the Continent. There are probably many other points which have been omitted; there may be calculations that are faulty and opinions that are erroneous; the whole scheme, in its present stage, can only be a basis of discussion, and is intended only as a rough attempt to point out necessities and possibilities.

It may be noted that, in this scheme, a larger force has been provided than is likely to be required. It is worth paying for. It means universal training; and, if training be not universal, there will be discontent and inefficiency. Exemption, for any reason except unfitness, is a deadly disease in a national army. If the army provided by our scheme is greater than the nation can afford, it may be reduced by raising the physical standard; there is no other healthy method. The ballot gives exemptions and allows of substitution, both of which are bad. Universal training, however, would not be unpopular; duties that are shared by all alike seldom are so. Every efficient Militiaman, during and after his period of liability for service, should have a vote, without property or other qualification. Those excused for physical unfitness should require the ordinary qualification.

It must be admitted that no country in modern times has attempted to deal with the problem of home defence on such lines as we have sketched. But no country is in the same military position as Great Britain; and it is only by considering our peculiar necessities and possibilities that our military problem can be satisfactorily solved. The remedy proposed is a radical one, no doubt; but it may be hoped that it will at least be thought worthy of consideration by such good citizens as are prepared to reject dogmas and to break with traditions in the endeavour to secure the efficiency of the national forces and the safety of the country.

Art. II.—RECENT LITERARY CRITICISM IN FRANCE.

1. *Études sur la Littérature Contemporaine.* By Edmond Scherer. Ten vols. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1863–1895.
2. *Études Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française.* By Ferdinand Brunetière. Seven vols. Paris: Hachette, 1880–1903.
3. *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine.* By Paul Bourget. Two vols. Paris: Lemerre, 1883–1886.
4. *Nos Morts Contemporains.* By Émile Montégut. Two vols. Paris: Hachette, 1883–1884.
5. *Les Contemporains.* By Jules Lemaitre. Seven vols. Paris: Lecène, Oudin, 1884–1898.
6. *Dix-neuvième Siècle. Études Littéraires.* By Émile Faguet. Paris: Lecène, Oudin, 1887.
7. *La Vie Littéraire.* By Anatole France. Four vols. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1889–1892.

THE nineteenth century may come to be styled the Age of Criticism. Man and Nature have been investigated by analytical methods in the light of various hypotheses derived from physical and metaphysical sources. In France, especially, literary criticism has borne an important share in this investigation. It has been treated as an historical, or even a natural science. It has also remained an art, and a field for the exercise of moral as well as æsthetic judgment.

By the middle of the century we find Sainte-Beuve recognised as the prince of critics. Heir of Chateaubriand and Mme de Staël, of Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot, he was an Alexander with an empire of such extent that his successors needed but to divide it among themselves. Later there arose M. Brunetière, who has claimed the whole empire again, and reigns at the present moment with a kind of authority which Sainte-Beuve did not claim or obtain. How has this come about? Sainte-Beuve, with his delicate tact, could examine literature by the æsthetical, and by the historical and scientific methods. His disciples gradually found themselves constrained to make their account with the third or moral element, with the social function of criticism. M. Brunetière, from the outset of his endeavour, has been engaged in con-

structing a massive system which should harmonise these necessary elements and methods. There has been a course of development. Criticism has proceeded from contemplation to action; from complacent self-culture to devoted altruism; from indifferent or disinterested scepticism to a strenuous desire for the furtherance of the commonwealth. Is it possible to state in outline the course of this development?

It is equally human to simplify, and to distrust simplification, which is the mother of systems and of caricature. Here are many names of high reputation. To treat them summarily is to do them injustice. Nevertheless, in the interests of simplicity, it is allowable to fix attention mainly upon their critical methods. In so doing we shall find that there are men behind these methods, men who are representative of certain modern tendencies. This disposes, again, of any charge that to criticise critics is a work of supererogation, the pursuit of the shade of a shadow. For simplicity's sake it is also allowable, remembering the right, left, and centre of the Hegelian school, to divide the school of Sainte-Beuve in like fashion. It was in the nature of Sainte-Beuve to shun exposition, and above all affirmation, of his various methods. Taine, his younger contemporary, ruthlessly organising that method of 'natural history' which his master preferred to use in freedom, headed one extreme division. Renan, purely a moralist in his few pieces of literary criticism, perforce commanded another wing, with or without his own consent. For certain disciples of Sainte-Beuve, lost in admiration at the dexterity with which Renan, in his old age, employed Sainte-Beuve's spirit of intellectual curiosity, of what the French call 'dilettantisme,' could almost forget that their master made use of it in conjunction with other methods. In what follows, such reference will be made to Renan and Taine, along with Sainte-Beuve, as is necessary for due comprehension. Let us deal first, then, with that extreme wing which may be called the right.

The task of the critic, as conceived by Sainte-Beuve, was to observe everything, comprehend everything, explain everything. Criticism, in his theory and his practice, should be facile and insinuating, mobile and all-embracing. He had himself passed through many phases of intellectual and moral life. It is a question, indeed, whether he

engaged himself more deeply as a neo-Catholic, a mystic, a Saint-Simonian, a honeyed advocate of the Romantic school, than, in his later years, he would have had us believe; or whether intellectual curiosity, a comfortable scepticism, was predominant in him throughout. All tastes at once had entered his soul—so he wrote in an early poem. But suppose a philosopher of wider reach, who comprehended all ideas at once, and seemingly cared as little as Sainte-Beuve to form any conclusion about their respective values. This, Renan—the Renan of the philosophical dramas and dialogues—accomplished in his old age. It was true that Renan had some half-dozen leading principles upon which, in the body of his work, he continuously and seriously insisted. But French youth, dazzled by his benevolent and amused irony, chose with delight to see in him only the finished dilettante, perfect model for imitation. Love-making, wit, philosophy, theology itself, Sainte-Beuve had said, were no more than a kind of learned and subtle games which men had invented to diversify the course of life, at once too short and too long. And, he added, they do not sufficiently perceive that these things are games. Of such a fault, Sainte-Beuve and Renan could not be accused; nor yet the disciples now to be mentioned.

M. Jules Lemaitre, a professor of literature in the provinces, when first he listened to the siren voice of Renan, expressed his surprise and mistrust. On coming to Paris he declared his repentance of such mistrust. He set himself to outrival the Parisians who delight in airy wit and inconsequent paradox. In the forefront of '*Les Contemporains*' he inscribed Sainte-Beuve's description of criticism as the flowing river that reflects the objects it passes, understands them, as it were, and exhibits to the curious traveller who floats on its bosom the changing spectacle along its course. He would reflect the literature of his own time. He would cast off the slough of professorship and pedantry, and be a modern of the moderns. Was it his fault, he asked, if everything in the literature of his day made him shiver with delight; if he loved it, mad, morose, restless, subtle as it was; loved it for its very affectations, absurdities, and exaggerations, the germ of which he felt within himself, and made his own by the study of it? After all, as he might also have

asked, is one not a contemporary of one's contemporaries? Is there not something of them all in each of us?

Accordingly, criticism should be an art of enjoying books, of enriching and refining one's own sensibility by means of them. And what about judgment? Ah, he would answer with smiling irony, he was so little of a critic; he did but note down his impressions. And these impressions, being individual, varied from month to month. Was not that natural? Nay, when M. Lemaître, his mental agility trained to its height, was occupied with his '*Impressions du Théâtre*,' he could set contradictory impressions side by side, and tell you but to wait for the morrow and another change in his opinion. If it was pointed out to him that he had preferences, which implied judgments, he retorted that M. Brunetière, delivering judgments with authority, had also his personal preferences, which he had but erected into a stately system. If the dogmatic critic professes to judge against his own taste, he is himself content with tasting literature, and refraining from judgment. Or if—to continue speaking on behalf of M. Lemaître—it is easy to prove that he judges, and judges by æsthetical and moral standards, as we shall presently discover, he does not seek to impose his judgment, his personal opinion. He could not do so, convinced as he is that all things are relative, and that it is folly to require the agreement of any except the like-minded. That things are what they are, is apt to be the conclusion both of the philosopher who has accomplished the grand tour in the kingdom of ideas, and of the idler who shirks such toil.

But what of the dangers of such intellectual curiosity and unstable judgment? It would be as reasonable, perhaps, first to bear in mind its necessary limitations, or its disappearance with age and experience. M. Lemaître himself, receptive and suggestive to a brilliant and delightful degree, vivaciously exposes his own limitations, and his enjoyment of these limitations. It is M. Bourget, or an 'academic' critic like Montégut, who is capable of being cosmopolitan; it is M. Brunetière who can patiently make enquiry as to the theories of the 'Symbolists.' For his part, M. Lemaître will hear nothing of Scandinavians, Russians, and the like; he is sure that one had the same thing done previously and better by George Sand and

Balzac, by Flaubert and Dumas fils. The dilettante must of course comprehend and reflect Shakespeare; but, after all, was Voltaire so very far wrong with his 'drunken barbarian'? As to the French writers who had the misfortune not to be modern, well—there was Racine, especially if you treat him as a contemporary. And as to these moderns themselves, M. Lemaître could not forget that he was a native of Touraine, shrewd, practical, sworn enemy of whatsoever was vague or exaggerated; and that he was a professor, a Frenchman, instinctively prompt to judge after the constant Latin-French tradition of classicism. Kindly of heart, he could not help presenting garlands of nettles to most of his contemporaries. If some of them seemed original, there was small wonder in that; they were so ignorant. A Don Juan of literature, as it were, admiring, professionally admiring, a thousand and three charmers, and all in all to each in turn, he reserves, in fact, his admiration for writers of well-considered thought or profound feeling. His theatrical criticism forcibly recalls him to decide upon moral questions; and for the solution of vexed problems he is not loth to offer his native practical wisdom, even that of the average householder, veiled in tender irony. His own dramas revealed him as fundamentally tender, not to say sentimental. In his 'Contes' he showed that he loved the simple and humble of heart and mind, who have the unspeakable merit of not being subtle and inconstant; and that, a Latin as it were of the Fall, weary of philosophic systems, a neo-Latin of the neo-decadence, he harboured a 'piety without faith.'

Presently, Saul is found among the prophets: M. Lemaître is busy regenerating France, along with MM. Bourget and Vogüé, Brunetière, and Faguet. Ever abounding in robust common-sense, he now sets forth his store of simple and excellent wisdom in the conduct of social life. He has become sceptical of scepticism; and his 'Opinions à répandre' are counsels of toil and peace and mediocrity. One detects weariness, perchance, and small belief that his advice will be followed. His pessimistic pity of men flows anew. Scorning art and literature, he craves for action. In the old days he complained that he tried, as it were, to enter into the houses of other men. That was repeating Sainte-Beuve's

description of himself as like the tyrant of antiquity who had many bedrooms, and knew not in which he should sleep that night. Now a political partisan, he has a house to himself; but with what measure of comfort?

Almost all that may be said of M. Lemaître as a dilettante applies also to M. Anatole France. Both share with Renan and Sainte-Beuve a determination to be benevolently optimistic; with Sainte-Beuve and Montaigne, their serenity of practical wisdom. They are Menæchmi, twin brothers, in their keen relish of intellectual gymnastics, their love of the simple and humble, their kindness, their 'piety without faith.' They are equally ready to interest their readers by personal confidences. The difference, for one thing, is in the speed and beat, as it were, of their music. M. Lemaître's style is the more composite and vivacious; in M. France we listen to the calm monotony of rhythmical phrasing. And M. France asserts a much larger claim for the rights of subjectivity. The critic, the artist of whatever kind, never shapes forth anything but himself. The whole world of things, could he lay it under contribution, would only be the reflection of his own soul.

Thus he proposes, in the four volumes of '*La Vie Littéraire*,' to discuss Pascal or Gyp, Hamlet or Homer, in connexion with himself. And the reader, according to M. France, has no cause for complaint, since he, also, does but read himself into whatever he reads. M. France, accused of being an 'impressionist,' and therefore not a critic, is not at all troubled; he never had the pretension to be a critic. When all the sciences have been completed and co-ordinated, say in a few thousand years, one may begin to criticise. Meanwhile he will pursue his own delight by dreaming that his dream is good, by loving the eternal illusion; and will offer his delight in turn to a few chosen and delicate souls, as curious as himself about that which no curiosity can penetrate. If this world of ours, one might say, compact of contradictions, mirrored itself in a St Francis and also in a Voltaire, M. France discovers both of them in his own microcosm, amalgamates them, links them together in amusing discord. Serenely ironical, a saintly Lucian, he is a philosophic humorist, delighted with contrasts.

M. France as a critic would seem to have no use for

standards of judgment. The classic, æsthetical standard? There is the less chance of being duped, he says, if you love diverse things. The historical, scientific? History and science are but dreams of fleeting man. Morals? Let us at least dream that we are kind to our fellow-dreamers. Will he awake from his dream to dreamy action, such moral and social action as that to which all the surviving critics of the Sainte-Beuve school have addressed themselves? Life is lovely if you regard it with smiling irony; and sacred if you feel the pity of it. In his later novels, which are criticisms, self-expression by means of typical personages who are a part of his own self, he reduces contemporary France, nay humanity itself, to vanity and nothingness. Man turns ever in the same narrow circle of misery and error because he will not learn to despise himself. But that, one might say, is the 'memento mori,' the 'dying to live,' of saints and philosophers. M. France is a moralist in spite of himself. He has taken sides with Rousseau and Pascal against M. Brunetière in choosing sensibility rather than reason as the guide of life. A man of action, he adhered to reasonable and abstract justice in a certain 'celebrated cause' that divided French sympathies. Ever a man of good-will, and doubtless still ironical, he can write little social tracts of fair counsel.

Let us turn to the other extreme wing of the school of Sainte-Beuve. That which was an instinctive method in Sainte-Beuve, the naturalist of the soul—his explanation by antecedents and conditions, his classification by types and families, his guiding rules for analytical discovery—all this was reduced to tense formulas and a rigid system by Taine. Literature, according to Taine, is a branch of natural history; criticism a science dependent on the science of physiology. Fresh from the study of Spinoza and Hegel, of Condillac and Mill and Comte, he saw the world, the literature of the world, and men of letters, as a web of causes and effects: determinism sat on the throne of Zeus. All things are mutually dependent and relative. A writer, an epoch, is a problem of mechanics; human volition is not refractory, since it does not exist. To reconstruct the individual you analyse the characteristic particularities of his body and mind, duly recognising

that which is preponderant in the plan of his economy. These mutually dependent and co-existent factors ascertained, you proceed to the study of succession and conditions, the pressure of heredity and environment; and you ascertain the result which these two influences combined were bound to produce at the given time. It is the same with epochs; literature is the complete evidence of historical states of mind, in the individual or the nation.

To all which Sainte-Beuve virtually replied that there was no need of scientific pedantry, and that tact was more useful to the critic than geometry. In fact, subsequent critics have but expanded Sainte-Beuve's sufficient criticism of heredity and environment, and accepted the limitations he assigned to the use of the scientific method. What is left of Taine's method is the preference for, so to speak, the deduction of a writer's work from his ascertained character over Sainte-Beuve's inductive discovery of character from work; and the study of the 'moment,' the pressure of the past, as, for example, where M. Brunetière is engaged in showing how the past body of work in a given 'genre' constrains innovation by reaction or the addition of new elements. Taine himself, in his later years, examining the 'sum of important sentiments' manifested in this or that work or epoch of art, found need to introduce the æsthetic and moral standards of judgment once more; he recognised that art cannot be wholly transformed into so much natural history. He disowned the novelists of the 'Naturalistic' school, who took him so thoroughly at his word. He remains an almost incomparable artist, a Titan in his admiration of the Titanic; able to produce surprising portraits and vividly resuscitate past epochs, by excessive simplification.

M. Paul Bourget, when he wrote in his youth the '*Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*,' was a critic of the scientific order, and a disciple of Taine, enquiring into what Balzac called the natural history of hearts, and Sainte-Beuve the natural history of minds. He selected for critical analysis certain literary and philosophical leaders who expounded, and therewith propagated, certain intellectual and moral states of conscious sensibility. The younger generation shapes its inward life upon the models offered by elder contemporaries. That is to say, Taine's theory of the general and ideal man who may be supposed

to have resumed within himself the characteristic features of his time, and have produced its art and literature, is subordinated to Taine's doctrine of the 'moment,' the pressure of the past upon the present. These elder contemporaries, these initiators, were nothing else in their sum but this ideal and general man. As the old birds sing, the young birds chirp. And what was the result upon the youth of France, contemporary with the youthful M. Bourget? In the spirit of analysis, in cosmopolitanism and dilettantism, in the theory of the decadence, in the multiplicity of the *ego*, in the creed of universal determinism—in all these M. Bourget found just so many components of pessimism, of intellectual despair.

This critical analysis, which was to set forth the private life of his own contemporaries in youth, this discernment of the modes of living implied in philosophical doctrines, was also a personal confession. To assimilate these chosen masters was to comprehend ideas, the germ of which he already bore within himself. M. Bourget had comprehended that which would further his own development. He could employ these states of mind and feeling for his own purposes as a novelist. And yet he was no comfortable dilettante. He was altogether too serious to employ his 'delicate science of intellectual and sentimental metamorphosis' capriciously, with the enjoyment of swift and inconsequent change. His acquired and natural pessimism was tender, with a tenderness akin to the mystico-sensualism revealed in Sainte-Beuve's early 'Volupté' and 'Joseph Delorme.' In M. Bourget the claims of the heart conflicted with the claims of the logical brain. It was the tragic conflict of faith and doubt; the problem of the poets in the early years of the century intensified by the despairing conclusions more lately derived from the natural sciences; the problem of Hamlet and Job. M. Bourget could not forbear to have pity on man, and endeavour their consolation and guidance. He was sure that the isolated contemplation of intellectual systems, the isolated pursuit of artistic joys and griefs, was a violation of right living. A psychologist, and therefore, by his own definition, unconcerned with the practical consequences of intellectual doctrines; a scientific determinist, who must away with human responsibility; he proclaimed the responsibility of artists and philosophers,

the superiority of action over contemplation, the need of that faith which is the spring of will and love and action. He had become a moralist in place of what he styled a juggler with ideas.

But the development of M. Bourget was complex and hampered in its course. The claims of his heart and his head were not, and possibly still are not, at one. His intelligence, his incorrigible scepticism, the consciousness of his special talent, for years constrained him to set forth certain modes of the soul in full detail. His heart and intelligence also urged him to add prefaces and conclusions of moral warning against these modes. Did he not remember that malady, and not health, is contagious? that warnings pass unheeded, and states of the mind, fully described, are states of the mind which—as he proved in his own person—the younger generation assimilates or seeks to assimilate? Or must the artist be profoundly immoral, as Renan said; careless of morality, like nature itself, so long as he is the artist only? In his last works, still the artist, and still the critic of life seeking to be all warning and guidance, M. Bourget employs his brain in the service of his heart. He would exhibit and defend the aspirations of his practical reason. He has joined MM. Vogüé, Brunetière, and Faguet in advocating the study of prerevolutionary conditions of society and forms of moral feeling, and their appropriate revival in the interests of solidarity.

Suppose you study writers as so many pathological cases. That also will be scientific criticism after a sort, which may be defended and oppugned. The dominant faculty—if that should be a hypertrophy of the organisation? Hypertrophy implies atrophy; and genius, Dryden told us, is closely allied to madness. Genius, then, is nervous degeneration. Thus M. Maurice Spronck could deftly diagnose the maladies of literary artists; and the same may be said of Émile Hennequin, even when he is occupied in examining idiosyncrasies of style. It would be interesting, did space allow, to discuss the treatise in which Hennequin, before his early death, sought to render criticism scientific and objective. A little dialectic might show that, against his will, he proved it to be subjective, and that he employed those judgments which science does not recognise.

But it is M. Émile Faguet who, in criticism, is the pure scientist, if science be devotion to truth. M. Faguet began his career as a dramatic critic. What new technical formulas or promises of formulas were to be discerned in the younger playwrights? he was accustomed to ask, with robust good-humour. Above all, had they any ideas? Then followed his series on the chief French men of letters during the last four centuries. Like M. Brunetière, he discovers two great literary ages in the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries, but he also adds the sixteenth. He describes alternate rise and fall rather than culmination in a single period. Throughout, 'hast any wisdom in thee?' was his enquiry. Again, like M. Brunetière, he cared to understand beauty in its intellectual relations only. He had the passion of ideas, and wished to reflect as objectively as possible—in a mirror, as it were, a reducing 'Claude Lorraine' glass—the conceptions of life set forth by representative writers. But these writers are somewhat tiresome; many of them persisted in being artists, nay, some of them even managed to 'get along,' as one might say, without any ideas at all. Therefore he has once more to set out on his quest for truth, to address himself on a larger scale to discovery. The chief sociologists and moralists of France in the nineteenth century, what did they think of the universe? State this clearly and you will have something like an image of the century. Once more he adopts Taine's method of portraiture; the deductive-inductive presentation of dominant and subsidiary qualities. Biography may be relegated to a footnote; character he will notice so far as it influenced the work produced. A short preface may serve to establish links between these various men, whose position and influence——. Influence? Thinkers have none; a few disciples exaggerate the faults of their masters. A great soul may have influence; but great thinkers—it is difficult to decide whether they follow or guide the march of human happenings. Ideas are but facts, perceived facts; though, perceived by some one and sublimated into ideas, these ideas add new force and velocity to facts. In perceiving these perceived facts M. Faguet does not 'criticise.' He only pauses now and then in order briefly to state the arguments for accepting or rejecting some important doctrine. And, in the intro-

ductions, any general considerations suggested by the systems; that he has examined may be reduced, as it were, to a few mathematical formulas.

Has M. Faguet presented these systems of thought with sufficient objectivity? Why, he has had no space or care to introduce any of his own impressions or general ideas. Besides, unlike M. Brunetière, he mistrusts general ideas. He has known too many, and their insufficiency. Is he in danger of becoming a dilettante, harbouring ever new ideas and modes of feeling for the pleasure of it? He has no time for any folly of the sort; the next thinker is waiting to be examined. Let us think, we might suppose M. Faguet to say; let us go on thinking. That is the honour and duty of the race. Our existence, yours and mine, is not long enough for us to sum up the conclusions of our thought. If, some day or other, I happen to form any conclusion, I will at once inform you. Let us think, loyally and conscientiously, and not be afraid of any social consequences. It is man's superiority and duty to think. We cannot help thinking, even if we would; therefore let us accomplish our destiny. In thinking, in organising our observation of facts, we are elevating ourselves above the utilitarian meanness of life. The stern limitations, indeed, of our human thoughts are soon ascertained; and consequently we must cherish the morals, the religion, which aid us in manly endurance and brotherly love. Natural science can give no satisfaction to our hearts; it has but made the world more violent and agitated, increasing envious and selfish desire, but not our comfort. We must return to the sources of that moral force which we have left behind us in our vain quest. We must learn to reconcile anew the positive and the ideal, reflection and sentiment. The labours of all these thinkers of the nineteenth century—the first band of them advocating individualism, or progress, or faith in natural science, which last two are one and the same; the second band endeavouring, in their divers ways, to restore some power of the spirit that might successfully combat the rising moral, social, and intellectual anarchy; the third and latest, confessing that there is no possible union of liberty and equality, that we must learn courageous despair, or console ourselves with the delights of artistic scepticism—what are all

these labours but a declaration of general bankruptcy? But then, he would say, I agree with M. Brunetière that a certain pessimism is our one safeguard and incentive to right action. I agree with him also that literature is vain unless it exercises a social function, and endeavours a social and political, that is to say, a moral, regeneration. Have I not sought to point out in two volumes of political problems some palliations, I do not say remedies, of our unhappy condition? The future will think just what it pleases of what you and I have thought. Meanwhile, let us not be disheartened: let us go on thinking.

It can readily be understood that the critics of these two extreme wings find little need for exhibition of biographical detail, whereas Sainte-Beuve is best known as a psychological biographer. He is the father-confessor of authors, and of men of action who have bequeathed some documents significant of character. Ardent in the quest of anecdote, he readily abandons the analysis and judgment of the literary product that he may employ his Protean faculty of psychological divination. As for definite results, does not one violate truth by affirmation, which is always too exclusive? Sainte-Beuve refused to affirm. But whoever now writes essays of mingled criticism and biography belongs to the centre of his school, and employs, however unconsciously, his method.

There are at least two critics of note who belong to this central group, and that not only because they wrote biographical essays. They are Montégut and Scherer. It was possible for Émile Montégut to graft Sainte-Beuve's talent of comprehension upon the stock of sympathy rather than on that of scepticism. What if love were insight; and if, the more you admired and loved, the more you understood? The converse does not indeed hold equally good. Sainte-Beuve of necessity sympathised with his subjects; it was his interest and pleasure so to do. But then, if Browning's Papal Envoy, having known four and twenty leaders of revolts, set little store by revolutions and revolutionaries, so Sainte-Beuve's sympathy, exercised again and again, was much akin to indifference. For years his intellectual curiosity seemed almost insatiable; but he lacked love, as Goethe

says of Heine. He was botanising, classifying, as he declared, with some half-intention of arranging intellectual and moral mankind into families. He sympathised, but hardly respected. How could he, since man was nature, and nature nature? Jewels have flaws and fine webs a reverse side of ravellings. Truth has its way of being unpleasant; but there was a certain pleasure to Sainte-Beuve in discovering the unpleasant. All things to all men—that was optimistic; and, if a critic should be optimistic, he must also take care not to be duped.

Emile Montégut chose to run the risk of being duped. He was all sympathy. If, for instance, Renan denounced Béranger as a corrupter of France, or Scherer scorned Gautier as a man without a single idea, Montégut would point out that they were rich in sterling ore, and generous of their treasure. One could adduce Montégut along with Scherer as sufficient proofs that it is possible to outrival foreign critics in the appreciation of their own literatures. Such was his admiring delight in literature that he felt no need of sacrificing one national standard of beauty to another. A graceful Stoic, the moral element in his criticism is implicit rather than expressed. In his 'Libres Opinions' and elsewhere, he showed himself not unconcerned with the morals and politics of his country, and was able to advise and warn in wide-minded calm. But his fortunes have been curious. Before and since his death he has not been the subject of critical estimates. His ideas are pillaged without acknowledgment, or he is mentioned with brief courtesy as worthy of trust and honour. Perchance he should have borrowed the critical bludgeon, and have committed a startling onslaught now and then. It may be that he continued his studies of English literature after French interest in it had been superseded by the study of more 'exotic' literatures. It may also be that his appreciation was at times almost too ingenious and profuse of imagery; or again, that, like Coleridge's perfect woman, he was characterless. There is nothing to be said about him, because he is so well-balanced, because he is so charming. Charm is not to be analysed. His method, in short, is almost indefinable.

The second was Edmond Scherer. Becoming a critic of literature in his later years, the links which bound

him in discipleship to Sainte-Beuve were strong. The method of criticism for Scherer, as for Sainte-Beuve, was to comprehend rather than classify, to explain rather than judge. From the analysis of the character and environment of a given writer, the comprehension of his work would spring of itself. Inheriting the Latin tradition, both came to prefer the delicate and finished to the forceful; both were exclusive and even narrow in their sympathies, and prompt in repugnance. But there was this difference. Where Sainte-Beuve was full of suavity, or even unction, Scherer was austere. Sainte-Beuve had finally become a Gallo. The contradictions of human nature amused him. He was satisfied to know that no one could know anything of that which we crave to know. His scepticism was truly a suspense of judgment. But Scherer was a stern and unbending Calvinist who had lost his creed and could not reconcile himself to the loss. The scepticism of Sainte-Beuve was airy and inconclusive, a 'soft pillow to his head,' like the scepticism of Montaigne; whereas Scherer, progressively and coldly detaching himself from his faith, and bringing philosophical dogmas in turn to the test of reason, found himself at last alone amid the ruins. He had sacrificed his all to truth; he had pursued logic thither where logic necessarily destroys itself, had pressed vainly around the flaming walls that hem in human reason. God had disappeared in the crucible of analysis, and the philosophic absolute was not long in approving itself a figment and a simulacrum. There was no sanction of morality; nothing that inspired delight in duty or compelled obedience. Unlike Sainte-Beuve, he had reached desperate conclusions and saw no remedies, however desperate. There was left him at most some secret joy in complete disillusion; some grim relish of disenchantment; that philosophical tranquillity which barely differs from agony. A large part of the '*Études*' is but an arsenal to furnish you with all the possible instruments of negative criticism. Whatsoever new philosophical, moral, or social structure arose about him, Scherer could not refrain from demolishing it forthwith.

And literature the anodyne, the charmed circle of æsthetic contemplation? Nay, Scherer was nothing if not a moralist. Criticism could only be a newer stage upon

which to exhibit the tragic conflict of his heart and his intelligence. However conscious he was that theories of ethics are naught, however slight his hope that some æsthetic morality might emerge for the happy few, his sincere austerity, at once his torment and his joy, forced him to despise everything in literature which did not grapple with the great problems of life. How could such a man be comprehensive, mobile, insinuating, nonchalant, as his programme, and that of Sainte-Beuve, required? At times he would let fall dilettante confessions of tolerance; would urge that art is concerned with art alone, is neither moral nor immoral, and perishes if weighted with philosophic intentions. But, at the turn of the page, or in the next essay, he is again the moralist, with increased severity. He will make bold to state that literature is pernicious or salutary according to the disposition of the reader; and, none the less, he will detect the plague-spot amid the fairest seeming.

Sainte-Beuve, remembering his own youthful languor and sensual tenderness, could now and then encourage some young contemporary poet who did not threaten to become illustrious, or paternally scold some wild young dog of a writer whose paradoxes had amused him at dinner. But, to Scherer, the young contemporary was a young barbarian whose barbarity was to remain perennially unredeemed. Sainte-Beuve, resenting offences against taste, and not without a certain jealous malignity, could refrain from criticising the literary idols of his time, or discreetly draw attention to the feet of clay; Scherer was constrained to denounce them as corrupters of a generation far gone in corruption. There were Wordsworth, indeed, and Lamartine, whom he had read in his hopeful youth; there was George Eliot, solemnly moral, holy without a sanction for holiness; there was Racine; but who else could evoke worthy interest, or furnish anodynes in a world of distress? Literature had become a mere thing of commerce, a fabrication of flaunting wares to catch the eye. It was idle to consider new merchandise. The world was rapidly becoming Americanised. If the idea of progress were inadmissible, the fact of degeneration was only too certain. The remnant was passing from out the land; one could only write for some half-dozen survivors of the elect. The coming

generation was not likely to listen to his warning ; to his old friends he could only make apology and seek to excuse his occasional appearance as a dilettante airily detached from seriousness.

Wider in his range of studies than Sainte-Beuve, vastly inferior to him in the divination of character, using the historical methods within the reasonable limits which Sainte-Beuve assigned, Scherer introduced that moral element in critical judgment which Sainte-Beuve had successfully neglected. Saint-Marc Girardin, the pleasantly eloquent professor, like the delicately philosophic Caro, could readily handle the element upon acceptance of the official Reid-Cousin philosophy. Vinet, yet another contemporary of Sainte-Beuve, and early master of Scherer in Genevan theology, did not hesitate to apply praise and blame. But to Scherer, tragic soul, art was a suspicious siren, vainly tempting him to abandon his devoted pursuit of the straight path—that led, as he feared or thought, nowhither.

It is ungrateful to pass with no more than a brief salutation such men as J.-J. Weiss, that impulsive, good-humoured, and paradoxical lover of the light and even frivolous aspects of the French genius ; or Paul de Saint-Victor, who, linking Taine and Gautier together, sought to resuscitate past figures and epochs by means of balanced phrases that should produce effects in literature akin to those of sculpture or painting. These died before M. Brunetière had obtained the hearing and acceptance of his doctrine that criticism, and all literature, must have a social function, should be a moral act. M. Édouard Rod, who offers one hand to Scherer and Amiel and the other to M. Bourget and M. le Vicomte de Vogüé, mystical democrat, earliest interpreter of the Russian novel and its moralities, an orator among critics—these have aided in the crusade, but we must pass them by. The massive system of M. Brunetière, his new synthesis of the necessary elements of criticism, challenges imperatively.

To M. Brunetière criticism is judgment, judgment, and ever judgment. For these many years past he and the seat of judgment are inseparable. He has magnified his office and discharged its functions with a sacerdotal zeal and gravity. We contemplate the growth of his authority

in awed amazement. It is impossible to speak of him without respect; reverence, even, were a fitting attitude in regard to his intense conviction. After writing brief reviews of a high and dry erudition that secured relegation to small type and back pages, he has come to be editor of the chief literary organ of the French spirit, and to approve himself something like a dictator of French letters. His progress has been marked by the acquisition of ever new enemies, whole groups of enemies. Belated Voltaireans and Romantics; devotees of Hugo, Baudelaire, Stendhal, or Béranger; *dilettanti* and 'Impressionists' and 'Naturalists'—all have had to endure the lash of his scorn. The folk of the *boulevard* and the worldly life affected to overlook him with light indifference as a hide-bound pedant; and he aroused the wrath of university professors by his enquiries as to the value of the results derived from their studies in history and mediæval literature. He was accused of narrow dogmatism, of sour or peevish brutality, condemned without enquiry, caricatured, declared unpopular and altogether negligible. But, with the force that comes from knowing what one wills, he was able to cope with all and sundry; in his impassioned calm, his impersonal strenuousness, he beat down the many-headed, ever-reviving Hydra. Truth prevails; and it had to be recognised that there was much of truth in what seemed to be his most harsh arraignments. He has witnessed the decline of that school of Naturalism which he long ago denounced. The critics of the younger generation, with M. Doumic notably at their head, have come under his spell; the elder are silent, or have joined forces with him. MM. Vogüé, Faguet, Bourget can only be his henchmen in the task he has laid upon himself of awakening France, by his speech and writing, to the needs of a moral and social regeneration.

Is there such a thing as the metaphysics of criticism? Criticism presupposes philosophy; and philosophy—well, philosophers are understood to object when smiling ladies, or busybodies, ask them to sum up their wisdom, their scheme of Being, in a couple of words. No doubt M. Brunetière would readily make answer that criticism is judgment. But does he require criticism to be a science? It would almost seem so. The judgment of

the critic is to be impersonal, objective, scientific. Nothing less will satisfy M. Brunetière. It is to be the judgment of that reason which is common to all men. One remembers Matthew Arnold's 'getting out of the way, and allowing humanity to judge.' And it would almost seem as if, from the material of literature, analysed and classified by his methods, there sprang certain first principles, common to all, the principles of reason itself, from which in turn you could deduce and reconstruct the body of literature. But no: M. Brunetière will not allow that criticism is a science. Science deals with the conditioned; and that only is human which is free, or supposed to be free. There is no science of the individual, as Aristotle would say; and literature is mainly dependent upon individuality. The supposed scientific study of literature is the study of that which is least literary in it. Criticism is, however, an art which may with advantage borrow something of the methods of science.

We are left, then, in presence of three habitual rules or methods, enlarged and systematised by M. Brunetière. Enlarged and systematised; for, in comparison with M. Brunetière, it might be said that Sainte-Beuve had hardly any method, and no principles at all. In comparison, Sainte-Beuve seems a mere guess-work analyst of characters hidden in literary documents, a psychologist without a text-book, who remembered upon occasion that he was also a man of 'taste.' M. Brunetière's whole philosophy would seem to have sprung, Athene-like, in full stature and equipment at the outset, just as he seems from the very first to have been in possession of that periodic style of his, sombre and weighty alike in exposition and challenge.

The first method will be readily detected by the Englishman, detected by an almost instinctive repugnance. Judgment implies a standard. That he will allow. But, by his natural instinct, the average Englishman objects to the narrowing of the standard to that of a Boileau or a Pope. He fears that criticism is being reduced to the discovery of rules and recipes for the fabrication of 'correct' works, and the pruning down of literature to fit, as it were, the standard-bed of Procrustes. He mistrusts the arguments by which, in expositions of Boileau's theory, it is shown that nature,

reason, common-sense, art, and mediocrity, are one and the same thing. If M. Brunetière declares that the English are a race of individualists, and therefore grievously in fault, he is eager to remain an individualist, to deny that individualism is of necessity rebellion against common and traditional sense and reason, or, if it is, to justify such rebellion. But these sentiments are all too instinctive. We could ill spare, for all the richness of our literature, the products of the age of Pope, of that eighteenth century which, following the classic standard, was yet characteristically English. To ignore this standard is to court failure or certain loss. Good literature will ever bear the stamp of classic qualities; though also literature may be good, and yet lack this or that quality, if the compensations offered be sufficient. With the French, their homage to the standard is innate. With the exception of Hugo, whose theory of art was an excellent definition of his own talent, and of Dumas, whom French critics, from French and classical reasons, unanimously agree to disparage as 'one who never wrote a page of literature'—with these two exceptions the rebel leaders of the Romantic school returned more or less reluctantly to the fold. Sainte-Beuve, in all the volumes of his 'Lundis,' is a timorous classic. Scherer is a breaker of foreign idols, because he is unable to endure offences against classic taste. We have seen how it fares with MM. Lemaître and France. Classicism is the French spirit, the genius of French literature. Nisard, a contemporary of Sainte-Beuve's, writing a history which is one long definition and application of it, would seem to have said the last word on the subject.

Désiré Nisard, conceiving an ideal of the human mind in its perfection, found this ideal historically realised in the French literature of the seventeenth century. Heir of classic and Christian antiquity, this literature expressed the rightful domination of reason, universal, impersonal, and absolute. Reason, the French spirit presiding, as it were, over the history of French literature, furnished models in each *genre*; and criticism, in the name of reason, has but to pronounce the degree of divergence from, or conformity to, these models. Nisard could forget that it was individual men who shaped these models; and that account must be taken of historical develop-

ment. He produced a work of stately and elegant geometry. His system wears an appearance of reasoning in a circle. M. Brunetière, being M. Brunetière, must widen and deepen this system. To him the literature of Louis XIV is truly human because it deals with the general and permanent elements of life. It is universal; it is also national, because of its originality in form, its development of strongly national qualities which yet cannot be separated from the universal; and, for a last note, it is didactic and moral, that is to say, social in its aim, as the highest literature should be. In a word, the French is the human tradition; and there is such a thing as universal truth determined by common and not by individual sense. Believing this, and acting upon our belief, we shall not only be good patriots, but escape anarchy in literature and life.

M. Brunetière pants after objectivity, after certainty of judgment. He is determined to subordinate sentiment to reason. Far from loving that which pleases him, and elevating his personal tastes into rules of judgment, he is suspicious of any pleasure that is not intellectual, and will only judge in the name of the eternal. He agrees with M. Faguet that it is only by complete self-mastery and self-oblivion that we attain to the truth of things. But are we furthered in the critical task by the full possession of the classic and æsthetical standard? There is at least this danger in it. The critic who adopts exclusively that standard is apt to behave like Robinson Crusoe. He retires to his hut and draws up the ladder behind him that he may have nothing to do with his contemporaries. Nisard found happiness and ample room for the exercise of brilliant ingenuity in the arrangement and interpretation of his beloved classics. At most he would venture to admire Byron and Musset, for whom he had a weakness—an excusable weakness, as he hoped. For Sainte-Beuve, the classical standard was compatible with, or justified, something very like envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness towards the celebrated living or recently dead. As for M. Brunetière himself, for many years there was no contemporary, except perhaps Daudet and M. Bourget, whom he did not condemn, in his impersonal way, to instant execution. But the question is whether the classic standard of æsthetical

judgment is sufficiently wide and human, however M. Brunetière may enlarge it. In criticism, should not dogma and impressibility co-exist? should not a catholic and generous receptivity house with the acknowledgment of universal regulative principles?

It was known to M. Brunetière that the French classic spirit had the defects of its qualities; that it agreed with the usual defects and qualities of the average Frenchman, and yet never produced a popular literature. After its brief and perfect flowering-time of from twenty to thirty years—the limit which M. Brunetière assigns, say from Pascal's 'Provinciales' in 1656-57 to the 'Phèdre' of Racine in 1677, or at latest to the beginning of the famous quarrel about the 'Ancients and Moderns' in 1687—was all the work that followed to be no more than failure and decline? Such considerations as these, and his constant thirst for objectivity of judgment, must have led M. Brunetière to lay stress upon that second method of his, which he had practised all along from the outset. Judgment implies comparison, classification, explanation. Literature must be explained by the history of literature. Ever since the time of Villemain, Guizot, and Cousin, criticism had been borrowing methods from the historical sciences. Now, certainty is understood to attend upon the use of scientific methods. M. Brunetière seems to have hoped that, if he placed a given work of literature in its historical sequence, and showed how it varied from its predecessors, he would escape the charge of following his own tastes, opinions, and prejudices, which the 'Impressionist' critics brought against him. He did escape, but only in so far as he refrained from submitting the results of his historical method to his æsthetical and moral standard of judgment. Once again, criticism, as he well knew, could not be a science. A man of science, M. Brunetière had often depreciated the factor of individuality, and had just as often elevated it when he found it neglected or abandoned by scientific critics. Genius, personal genius, alike in the man of science and the literary critic, is imagination, the capacity of forming hypotheses; verification is but the patient and necessary trial of the critical hypothesis by facts. Bacon seems to have supposed that one man equally with another might pry into ultimate secrets if furnished with the

correct scientific method. That is not so, even with natural science; and the results of any method in literary criticism will depend on the individual, who marshals and interprets the mass of facts as he may. What M. Brunetière has done, and does, is to renew the history of French literature by most accurate study at first hand. He verifies his hypotheses; and in the process he has shown that many things traditionally accepted as facts are but so many errors.

It also seems to have occurred to M. Brunetière that, availing himself of the theory of evolution, he might become a Spencer of literary criticism. Since the time of Hegel, the manifestations of the human mind have been studied under the aspect of the 'Becoming.' The sequence of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, depending on that of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume; the rise and fall of Greek tragedy and sculpture; the procession of Italian art from Cimabue to the Caracci—these were obvious examples. But M. Brunetière intended more than this. If Taine's theory of environment corresponded with the fixity of species as propounded by Cuvier, why should he not found criticism on the theory of Darwin that species are variable? A provisional hypothesis very possibly; but meanwhile a fair instrument of explanation. Taine's theory of the 'moment,' also, would be included in its wide embrace. Thereupon M. Brunetière issued a thorough-going programme. Evolution in its essence implied the gradual differentiation of a matter that is primitively simple. In the species there is a tendency to vary. The appearance of these slow or abrupt variations is due to the individual. These variations may be progressive or regressive by the loss of acquired qualities. Simple organisms are capable of lengthy endurance. In the struggle for existence the perfection of a species may depend on the degradation of another. If this and the like be applied to literature, *genres*, branches and departments of literature, are found to correspond with species. These *genres* live, as it were, their own life, organise themselves, are differentiated from a common substance, subdivide themselves into variations. Between neighbouring varieties a struggle for existence, a struggle to realise the definition of the *genre*, takes place. Under favourable conditions a well-differentiated *genre* may be stable for a while and

then must modify itself, grow disorganised, presently disappear. From the ruins of a *genre* other *genres* may be formed. Life, death, transformation, inheritance, exchange—such is the law of literature; and the individual, by differing from the common type, is throughout the cause of modification.

So much, at least, is sure. In the volumes issued after this programme M. Brunetière, applying his analogy, has found means to admire the literature of the nineteenth century. Previously, as is proved by his early volumes and the many essays which he has not republished in book form, he condemned almost every manifestation of the modern spirit as pernicious. Henceforth almost every noteworthy man on the later roll of French letters receives noteworthy treatment. He is able to consider writers as modifiers of a *genre*. In explaining the growth of a *genre* by successive differentiations and integrations, M. Brunetière is so interested, and finds such opportunity to draw from his rich store of general ideas, that he forgets, or lacks heart, to condemn. That is clear gain. But is there any need to lay special stress on this method? For example, in his 'Evolution of French Lyrical Poetry in the Nineteenth Century,' he wishes to show that the *genre* of sermon-writing, made illustrious by Bossuet and Bourdaloue in the seventeenth century, was gradually transformed into the lyrical poetry of the nineteenth. M. Brunetière's evolutionary method allows him at length to discover that France has added a newer to a more ancient glory. Very well; but, with never a look at the programme, he could have stated equally well that God, Nature, Love, and Death, are main themes which are common, or should be common, to sermons and lyrical poetry; that there was no poetry in the earlier century, as there are no sermons in the later; and that individualism, carried to excess in the literature of France during the first half of the nineteenth century, and wisely rejected by the writers of the seventeenth, has its legitimate and necessary uses in poetry.

Thus again, in the promised but unwritten 'History of the French Novel,' M. Brunetière would define the *genre*, and demonstrate that it culminated in George Sand and Balzac. Very well; he has been able, in the 'Manuel,' to value these two, in spite of their offences against the

classic standard. But does not the legitimacy of the definition (which is gained from the examination of George Sand and Balzac) depend on the assumption that their successors can only contribute to the degeneration of the *genre*? Again, when M. Brunetière, in his 'Manuel,' deals with the history of French literature as a whole, and not with separate *genres*, he divides it into epochs and subdivisions. How are these epochs determined? By defining, as he says elsewhere, the 'essential character' of the French nation. We recall the essential character of the English, as defined by Taine: the madly poetical Berserker who, somehow or other, was also a John Bull, too heavily laden with beef and beer to care at all about art and literature and philosophy. The 'essential character' of the French is, of course, the acceptance of the French classic standard as suitable to itself. Consequently, the history of French literature will be the exhibition of a gradual progress towards the complete and ideal nationalisation of literature in the age of Louis XIV, and of the gradual decline that followed throughout the eighteenth century. With regard to the value of the literature of the nineteenth, M. Brunetière leaves us very much to our own questionings. By his evolutionary method he traces the workings of the two chief factors, individualism and natural science. He classifies and explains; but, except in the case of the individualism which he heartily scorns, he does not judge. Nevertheless, upon classification and explanation, according to his own principles, judgment should follow; judgment by the æsthetical method of the classic standard, which is in entire agreement with the moral standard.

What, then, of this third, the moral method? Some time ago M. Brunetière issued a little address on Art and Morals. At the first glance one might infer that he had become ultra-Puritanical, inclined to condemn all art, much in the manner of Plato. At the second, it was open to suppose that, like a Ruskin or a Tolstoy, he was in sore distress how to reconcile art and conduct, painfully seeking to shape a compromise, and uneasily mistrusting any and every compromise. But no; M. Brunetière was justified in declaring authoritatively in the forefront of his earliest work that it and its successor should be the diversified expression of certain fundamental ideas, always

the same. Right literature is universally human, none the less national, and social in its aim. The literature of Louis XIV was marked by qualities which M. Brunetière judges essential to every literature if it is to be high and noble. His criticism is an application of reason. Montégut somewhere says that the true passions of the French are intellectual and moral passions. M. Brunetière, eliminating passion, is sure that reason and ethics are one and the same. He has linked together the æsthetical, historical, and moral elements of criticism in a system massive and compact. The three methods agree each with each. Take M. Brunetière where you will and you find a principle, a general idea, which involves the sum of his ideas. Ask him what question you may, his answer opens out into his whole philosophy.

For instance, suppose you ask him how the value of a piece of literature is to be measured, and for the moment do not interpose objections to his principles as they arise. M. Brunetière would probably declare that it is measured by the amount of universal humanity it contains. Reason is the common bond of humanity, the bond of union; whereas sensibility, the instinctive, animal, egoistic part of man, is particular, personal, anarchic. Therefore the critic, speaking in the name of that which is most permanent and least personal in him, and expressing, as it were, the hereditary conscience of mankind, must condemn the art and the morals which are individualistic, and thereby anti-social. Reason deals with the constant and the general. That is true art which represents humanity, not in its excessive monstrosity or ephemeral detail, but in accordance with the general and sanctified tradition of the race. He rightly innovates in art who enriches the common patrimony; that is original which restamps and shapes anew the common themes and ideas of men. The individualist, in vain pride, separates himself from humanity; even the lyrical poet then only expresses himself when he is spokesman of the general. It is not to be forgotten that art is made for man, and not man for art. Art perishes of itself and involves morals in its own ruin, unless it subserves another purpose than itself—a social purpose. Realism is the basis and beginning of all art: but French realists have failed because they lacked cordial and active sympathy, and therefore insight;

because, adopting certain ideas derived from the natural sciences, they have presented man, not as reasonable and moral, but as a creature of instinct, the slave of nature.

As morals, M. Brunetière would continue, overcome instincts, so criticism, as right judgment, supersedes personal tastes. Right morals are pessimistic and Christian, if by pessimism and Christianity you understand tireless effort to quell the nature, the selfish 'will-to-live,' within us; they recognise that natural life is bad, so that you may live in the moral order, obey God, love the brethren. The critic must define the *genres* of literature and establish an order of merit among them, for this order is that of ever higher and nobler pleasure, of increased complexity, of more humanity. Finding in the seventeenth century a literature which was fit for noble minds, which was universal and general, he must uphold this tradition of the French spirit in its height, and never slacken his warfare against the enemies of this spirit. That is inimical which fails to recognise that art, with its social function, must be in relation with, and dependent on, other social functions. In a well-ordered society, the forces of art, of religion, philosophy, and science, of tradition and progress, are in equilibrium. Finding such an equilibrium, however ephemeral, in the seventeenth century, he cannot but desire that another, haply more permanent, should come into being. For want of it, is not France in the deep waters, and lost? The critic, M. Brunetière would conclude, must also be a moralist, a statesman, and a patriot; he must tirelessly enlarge and renew the traditional synthesis, which is human and perennial.

It is certain that in the development of French criticism during the period between Sainte-Beuve and M. Brunetière, there has been a transition from the dilettante spirit of intellectual curiosity to that of the social reformer. It is also certain that M. Brunetière has had a large share in bringing about this change. The successors of Sainte-Beuve have gradually reintroduced, and M. Brunetière has systematised, the moral element of criticism. Along with M. Doumic, the most notable of the younger critics, and his own closest disciple, he employs the historical method—that method which is always in season when the subject requires it—and subordinates it

to the æsthetical, assuming, as M. Doumic also assumes, that the æsthetical judgment is the classic, and the classic the national and patriotic and moral.

Patriotism is the source of this change in criticism, and the root of the authority which M. Brunetière exercises. Thus pure literary criticism, dependent upon mingled 'impression' and 'taste,' is in abeyance for the moment; and the question arises whether M. Brunetière's massive system, the balance he establishes between the necessary elements of criticism, can be stable. Balances shift; transitions and developments do not halt. In one of his early volumes M. Brunetière pointed out that French literature was but a portion of modern European literature; that there was the same material throughout, transformable, capable of receiving from the genius of each people, predominant in influence by turns, an infinite diversity of character and form. Has M. Brunetière sufficiently taken account of this fact? Has he, in forming his universal criterion, paid adequate regard to non-Gallican literature, to the literature of modern Europe, to that of the Middle Ages, to that of antiquity?

Be that as it may, the critic has a noble, if an endless, task. In these manifestations of the human mind he will discover, here and there, in this and that nation or individual, some momentary harmony expressed, some 'Truce of God' imposed upon the conflicting factors of life. He knows he is studying that which is subject to imperfection and mutability. He will establish his standard, as widely human as may be, and judge with regard to it, but judge in mercy and the loving-kindness of comprehension. To deserve his name, he must at once be artist and philosopher, historian and moralist, with the most open of minds and the richest possible store of guiding knowledge and principles. He must endeavour that which every wise man endeavours, to reconcile the beautiful, the true, and the good; and, if he fails, he only shares the failures of other men who aim at high things.

GARNET SMITH.

Art. III.—THE STUDY OF POPULAR GOVERNMENTS.*

II.

It was shown in an article in the last number of this Review that the study of Political Science has for its primary data the same tendencies of men and groups of men as we see at work in the sphere of ethics and in the sphere of economics, tendencies illustrated by history, which is indeed nothing but a record of their action. These tendencies are general, i.e. present in all men who have entered the stage of political society, and they are permanent. They may, in their essence, be looked for in every community. But they appear under an endless variety of forms and aspects. They differ in strength and in the direction they take according to the circumstances amid which they may be working at a given point of time or of space. Human conduct is the result, not only of the action and inter-action and counter-action of these tendencies themselves, but also of the special character impressed upon them by these circumstances. Thus the general propositions, drawn from psychological or ethical observation, and illustrated by history, which may be laid down as to the behaviour of men or bodies of men in political relations, are affected and modified, when we come to apply them to any given community, by the conditions present therein. Accordingly it becomes needful, before going farther, to examine and to classify these conditions.

It has become a commonplace to dwell upon the influence exerted on institutions by what is now popularly called Environment, i.e. the sum of all the local or temporary circumstances in the midst of which any given institution has grown up and works. This doctrine of the relativity of institutions and laws and human conduct generally to conditions of time and place, dimly or occasionally apprehended by a few thinkers from very early times, was first boldly, though not systematically, developed by Montesquieu. It has been widely applied in the moral sphere, and indeed sometimes carried so far in the judging of conduct as to obliterate permanent moral dis-

* For authorities see previous article, 'Quarterly Review,' July 1905.

tinctions. Here we are concerned with institutions only. Everybody now sees that laws which may be good in one country may be bad in another. Everybody knows that an emperor in Pekin is different from an emperor in Vienna, and that the democratic politics of modern Syracuse in the state of New York cannot be judged by the democratic politics of ancient Syracuse in Sicily.

But external conditions exercise upon men and bodies of men three different kinds of influence, which it is convenient to distinguish. These three kinds pass into one another, yet they are quite separable in thought.

I. External conditions steadily acting during a long period mould the character of men and the bodies of men, superadding to the qualities and habits they have as human beings other qualities and habits peculiar to themselves. Thus races are differentiated, and nations acquire what we call a national character.

II. External conditions determine the nature of the institutions which men create, because the arrangements which are found useful in one particular set of circumstances may be unsuited to other sets of circumstances. Thus a political constitution or a system of laws grows up in a nation different from that under which another nation of the same original stock may be living.

III. External conditions determine the policy of a community, i.e. the general line of conduct it follows for the regulation of its own affairs and for its intercourse with other communities.

This third kind of influence, due to the position in which a tribe, city, or nation finds itself, with neighbours, hostile or friendly, on its borders, needs no further discussion. It is easy to understand, and it scarcely touches our present subject. But the two former kinds are so apt to be confounded that it is well to distinguish them carefully, though the distinction is sometimes hard to draw.

Influences belonging to the first class, those which modify human nature itself, diverting the originally undivided stream into countless racial and national channels, are both more important and more difficult to explain than those of the second class, which affect the development of institutions. The former may be classed generally as being either geographical or historical. They spring either from the physical features of the

country which a community inhabits, or from events which have helped to form its character. The land tells upon the inhabitant in many ways, by climate, by soil, by structure, e.g. if it is level or mountainous; by mineral resources, by forests, by facilities for communication either over land or over water; by the occupations which it prescribes, as agriculture, or fishing, or mining, or seafaring. These occupations, in their turn, coupled with the economic resources of the country, determine the lines of its economic and social progress, creating classes and fixing their relations. Thus they mould the character both of the people as a whole, and of each class in the people. They favour or retard intellectual culture. They tell upon manners and morals. The most deep-seated of all the differences between different communities are those due to race; but racial types themselves, though their origin is obscure, must be largely due to geographical conditions, which act not only directly, but also indirectly, by inducing separation from or commixture with other groups which are beginning to develop a special character. Race mixture has doubtless been a potent factor in days before authentic history begins. Some of the qualities which mark a particular race may be hard to trace to causes connected with external nature. Celts, Teutons, and Slavs have all, so far as we can tell, dwelt for untold ages in the colder parts of the north temperate zone, and under physical and economic conditions generally similar; so there must have been other forces at work, besides those of external nature, to give to each race the distinctive emotional and imaginative qualities which each now possesses. Probably the intermixture of blood in different proportions between these stocks, and between them and other stocks, may account for most of the variations.

Some of the differences between races are doubtless due to the historical group of influences, i.e. to the course which their fortunes have taken, as, for instance, if they have ruled over, or have been enslaved by, some other race. Apart from questions of race, two main factors in the character of a community are due to the historical influences it has undergone, viz. its religion and its political traditions. Religion may colour the whole mental and moral nature of a community, and may create classes (like the castes of Egypt) or institutions which in their

turn still further affect men's qualities and habits. Traditions, including the ideals a nation forms, the views it entertains regarding itself, the memories it cherishes, all imperceptibly shape its character and tastes, and, through its character and tastes, lay their impress on all that it produces, on literature as well as institutions.

As political science examines these various external influences in their power of moulding men, of forming distinctive tendencies and habits in a community, be it a tribe or a nation, a city or a class, a church or a sect or a party, so it follows out the action of the same influences upon institutions, showing how geographical causes or historical causes favour the growth of one form or another of political organisation, or affect the lines along which a particular form moves when once established. This branch of the subject has been dealt with by many writers; so all that need be done here is to present two or three illustrations, sufficient to show how varying external conditions may determine the character of institutions.

Some propositions were laid down in a previous article as generally applicable to the tendencies which men display when invested with absolute power. These permanent tendencies give its broad general character to the institution of monarchy. Now let us take a few instances to see how external conditions vary that character, and modify the action of the propensities of human nature in the monarch.

The size of a country and the number of the subjects give rise to differences. The ruler of a large country is less known personally. He is more likely to be an object of reverence if he is distant. His personal faults are likely to do less harm and excite less enmity. Caligula was less odious to the millions of his subjects than Gian Galeazzo Visconti to the citizens of Milan. In the ninth century, popes who were venerated on the banks of the Rhone were murdered on the banks of the Tiber.

A monarchy may have a military character resting on a warlike class (as on a strong army), and may be ennobled by a course of victory. This will tend to commend it to the subjects, perhaps to make them acquiesce in the loss of their own liberties, unless, indeed, the subjects are a people who have themselves been con-

quered by foreign warriors. When that has happened, bitterness may remain, as it did among the Egyptians under Persia, among the Italians under the Ostrogoths, among the Greeks under the Turks. The Manchu monarchy in China might have been expected to supply another instance; but the disloyalty which the Chinese might naturally have displayed towards a foreign dynasty has been much reduced by the peculiar conditions of China, some physical, some historical, which have made national feeling weak.

A monarchy may be legitimate (in which case it is usually hereditary, though sometimes elective), or the result of usurpation; or again, like the imperial dignity at Rome, neither the one nor the other, because force has practically superseded constitutional right. The behaviour of the ruler to his subjects, the feelings of the subjects to their ruler, will differ so much under these diverse conditions that, although some propositions regarding monarchy will be true of both kinds, each kind will require special treatment.

A monarch may stand in various relations towards the religion of the bulk of his subjects. He may not profess it, in which case he at once loses much of their sympathy and loyalty. He may be the head of it, in which case he receives a reverence which strengthens and almost consecrates his position. The religion may be organised in a powerful Church, in which case he will be subject to a strong moral restraint. The Church may have a head capable of resisting him, in which case he may have revolts to fear when his will conflicts with that of this head. All these cases find their illustration in the position of the Roman and Romano-Germanic Emperors and of the Musulman Khalifs at different periods of their history. The monarchy, always legally absolute (except in the case of the medieval emperors), was from time to time actually stronger or weaker, according to the relations in which it stood to religion. The amazing survival of the legal rights of the Japanese Mikado during centuries of practical impotence was mainly due to Shintoism, centering in the worship of the imperial house.

A few similar illustrations may serve to show how governments, other than monarchical, may also be affected by varying influences due to physical or historical condi-

tions. That some physical conditions favour freedom is an idea familiar to every one.

'Two voices are there: one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice.'

The smaller or larger area of the territory occupied by a race or people may vest power either in primary assemblies of all citizens or in representative bodies chosen to form a central governing authority. The structure of the country may lead to the growth of small city republics, as in ancient Greece, or of small rural republics, as in Switzerland.

Economic prosperity depends upon three factors: the natural resources of a country in soil and minerals, the facility of communication and transport, the industry of the inhabitants. Of these the two former are directly, and the last less directly and partially, due to physical conditions. Economic prosperity affects political development in many ways. Wealth may tend to the separation of classes, and give power to a small class. It may tempt attacks from warlike neighbours if the community is more rich than valiant. It may, in advanced stages of civilisation, enable an aggressive people to enslave other peoples.

A sea rich in fish or a coast supplied with harbours which encourage navigation, tends, by producing a race of seafarers, to form in a people a spirit of independence. It may create a class which is fond of liberty, or perhaps, as at Athens, is disposed to turbulence. A strong navy has generally proved less dangerous to liberty than a strong army.

Religion modifies not only the character of a people, but also its institutions. If they are of one mind in doctrine and worship, it confirms their unity, strengthening them for defence and attack. If they are divided, it proportionately weakens the State, and may cause civil strife or the loss of provinces; as the Roman Emperors, having incurred the anger of the Monophysites, lost Egypt to the Musulmans; as the Spanish Empire lost Holland; as Switzerland was torn by the Sonderbund war in 1847.

When the English went to North America they took their civil institutions and ideas of local self-government

with them. Both became modified under the conditions of a new country down to A.D. 1776, and were modified still further after independence had been won. Then differences, already visible, grew wider between the civil institutions of the Northern and those of the Southern states. Slavery died out in the former, where white labour was available and more efficient than black, and where severe winters forbade the increase of the black race. Slavery extended itself in the South, where climatic conditions were different. It produced large estates, and an aristocracy of planters; and, though the political institutions remained similar on paper, they worked quite differently in fact. These differences contributed to the alienation of sentiment which preceded the War of Secession in 1861.

This rapid survey may be sufficient to convey, in a broad and general way, what are the primary data of political science. They are the natural tendencies of man living in society, as modified by a great variety of external conditions and influences which were not originally a part of his own mental and moral nature, but which have moulded the nature of existing nations, making it what it is now. The process has been going on ever since the differentiation of races began. Of these influences, some had their origin in geographical facts, some in events in the career of the race or tribe or other community which they have helped to differentiate. The tendencies or habits thus created embody themselves in ideas and in institutions, and in the methods of applying ideas and of working institutions. Science, drawing from history all these facts, analyses, classifies, and summarises them. They are really the substance of political history, not given in chronological order, but systematically rearranged so as to bring out the general principles which run through them.

This, however, is by no means all that political science ought to do. That which is most instructive and most practically useful, most needed if political science is to be of assistance to those who are responsible for the conduct of human affairs, is the analysis and criticism of concrete schemes of government. It is in actual states, in their constitutions, and still more in the working of their constitutions, that the tendencies and principles

above mentioned are best understood, because they are seen in the vivid play of life, crossing one another, interlaced with one another, acting and reacting upon one another. Science must accordingly, besides collecting political data from history at large, address itself to the minute examination of the phenomena presented by different states, recording and endeavouring to account for the features each presents, and especially those which are most peculiar, and comparing them with the features visible in other states. Where the subject of study lies in the past, not only political facts, but economic facts also, and the literature of the time will of course be studied. But the states best worth studying are those of our own time, in which the materials are infinitely more complete than any which historical records can supply.

To the methods fit to be used in this investigation we may return presently. Meantime, as it is the study, not of all kinds of states, but only of popular governments that we have undertaken, it is proper to define the scope of the enquiry by considering what governments answer to this description.

A popular government or Democracy means simply that form of government which assigns ultimate power to the numerical majority of the people. If a precise test for determining whether any particular constitution is democratic is demanded, the most obvious would seem to be the qualification for electoral suffrage. Democracy would accordingly be found to exist wherever more than half of the adult male population enjoys the suffrage. This test is, however, not always satisfactory. The present German Empire cannot be deemed a democracy, although the Reichstag is elected by manhood suffrage; and the United Kingdom was virtually a democracy before the Franchise Act of 1884 had raised the number of voters to far more than half the adult males. Other doubtful instances might be suggested. But it is sufficient for our present purpose to take popular government to exist wherever the majority of the male inhabitants can make their will prevail by legal means. Thus the French Republic and the United States, with the several states comprised therein, are democracies. So are the British self-governing colonies. So is the Swiss Confederation,

and all the cantons thereof. Holland, Belgium, and of course Norway may be also so described. In other European states the element of popular power is so blent with monarchy or oligarchy that they cannot be referred to any one category without qualification. The republics of Spanish America present an exceptional group, which must be presently examined.

The expression a 'free government' is so frequently used as equivalent to a 'popular government' that a few sentences may seem needed on the relation between Liberty and Democracy. The habit, more common formerly than it is now, of treating the two notions as equivalent, has evoked protests from some censors of democracy who hold that it is not necessarily either the child or the parent of liberty.

Liberty is usually and may conveniently be taken—it is safer to avoid definitions—to denote the exemption of the individual from any control, whether legal or extra-legal, other than such control as is needed (a) to prevent him from injuring others, or (b) to compel him to discharge his civic duties, such as contributing to the expenses of the State or defending it when attacked. Taking the conception in this sense, it has no necessary connexion with any particular form of government. An autocracy or an oligarchy may secure this kind of liberty to its subjects. A democracy may refuse it by subjecting them to many needless interferences, possibly oppressive, at the hands of state officials. The citizen might conceivably be more free to live as he pleased under a mild and enlightened despot like Antoninus Pius than under the Puritan system of government in the early days of Massachusetts. But in point of fact autocracies and oligarchies, thinking restraint essential to the stability of their power, did not extend this kind of liberty to their subjects; so the natural and indeed necessary aim of the latter was to secure for themselves political power as the only guarantee of freedom from oppression. They were seldom concerned with restricting state interference, but they sought to substitute law for the exercise of arbitrary power, and to make law equal for all members of the community. Thus the participation of the majority, or at any rate of a large part, of the people became associated with the enjoyment of equal civic rights for all

citizens; and liberty, as meaning a share in political power, became a positive conception, as opposed to the negative conception of the absence of state control. This explains the historical association of democracy with liberty, but does not prove either that government by the majority is necessary to liberty, or that liberty will always be safe under it. Whether the individual has generally been or is now in fact more free under popular governments than under others is a question to which we may return, after considering the phenomena which popular governments display.

Many political terms have, like many theological terms, acquired associations which import a more or less conscious prejudice. To some ears the name 'democratic' disparages, to others it commends, an institution; for to some it suggests license and violence, to others freedom and equality. It ought not to suggest either. Science knows no preferences and no sympathies. All institutions are merely phenomena to be investigated. For a monarchy and a democracy she has no more affection or dislike than a chemist has for hydrogen or a geologist for granite. It is no doubt her business to determine 'which institutions work best, but this she must do by examining the results which each of them produces; and to set out with a predilection would destroy the value of the enquiry.

So, too, in the view of science, no institution is permanent. Hydrogen, so far as we can tell, will be the same, æons hence, that it is now. But everything made by man—every institution, every form of thought, every idea—changes under use in his hands. Some may last longer than others, but all change; and any given one may change so completely as to vanish. Popular governments are not necessarily, any more than other governments, destined to immortality. Such expressions as 'Democracy is the final result of political evolution,' or 'Democracy has come to stay,' heard during many years in America, and now heard almost as frequently in England, are no more justified than the address of his courtiers to the monarch of Babylon, 'O King, live for ever!' From the days of Virgil to the days of Dante, everybody believed that the Roman Empire was eternal. Nor is there any pre-

sumption that the present forms of government, and, in particular, the large states and representative assemblies characteristic of modern times, will be permanent. All that can be said is that the causes which have consolidated small communities into great ones seem likely to continue operative for some time longer.

We have now seen that the proper method of studying political facts, though incomparably less exact, is generally similar to that employed in the sciences of nature, viz. the method of observation, analysis, and inductive inference. We have also seen that the primary data of the science are the permanent tendencies and tendencies of human nature; that the secondary data are the conditions and influences, geographical and historical, which modify the permanent tendencies and give them their special character in different races or peoples or nations; and that, when these two sets of data have been examined, certain conclusions of general validity may be drawn from them. This constitutes the first and preliminary part of the study. When it has been completed, the enquirer must address himself to the study of particular states and governments. He will already, in his examination of the secondary data afore-said, have learnt something about modern democracies. But now he will investigate each by itself, paying special attention to the phenomena which seem most characteristic, and then comparing it with other governments, similarly investigated, so as to note the points of resemblance and difference, and thereby to elicit further general principles more specific and more definable than those which the earlier part of the enquiry disclosed. The next article of this series will try to deal, very briefly, with some existing governments in countries more or less democratic, so as to show what data for a comparative study they furnish. Concise as such a description must be, it may suffice to set forth two things: first, the diversity of the phenomena which popular government presents in different countries, and the consequent impossibility of arguing directly from one to another; and secondly, the existence of certain underlying facts common to all these governments, which, because they are common to all, may be deemed to be characteristic of democracy. To know these is to know what are the

dangers against which statesmen in democratic countries are always bound to provide.

Before, however, we approach this survey it will be convenient to consider three topics, the determination of which will give us light in examining existing governments, and will serve to fix attention upon the points in each of them which are most material.

The first of these topics is an enumeration of the things which every good government (popular or not) ought to secure to its citizens. The second is an enumeration of the institutions which experience is deemed to have shown to be generally needful in, or helpful to, a popular government. The third is an enumeration of the faults which have been usually charged upon popular governments, whether by philosophers or by historians.

It may be objected that to enter on the second and, still more, on the third of these topics at this stage is to anticipate the results of the enquiry into actual governments which is designed to determine how existing democracies work, and what have in fact been the characteristics of democratic governments. There is force in the objection; but logical propriety may give way to practical convenience. Both enumerations are merely provisional, meant to fix attention upon certain points which experience has shown to be *prima facie* deserving of consideration. In particular a statement of the evils which have been commonly, and often loosely, attributed to the rule of the people will be a useful guide in our study of the actual phenomena. We shall find that some of these evils belong to this kind of rule only under certain conditions, while others are more generally inherent in it; and thus we shall be led back to a discrimination between the permanent tendencies and the accidental manifestations of the democratic spirit.

I. Let us begin by setting down the services which it will generally be admitted that every civilised government ought to render, and by the presence or absence of which its success may be tested. They are:

Defence against foreign aggression.

Security for life and property.

The maintenance of the constitution and the administration against violence, and the suppression of disorders or revolts.

An administration of civil and criminal justice, pure, prompt, and cheap.

Laws suited to the condition of the community and keeping abreast of its progress.

Taxation so devised as not to cripple industry or press hardly on the poor.

An honest and efficient civil service.

As few restrictions as the condition of the community permits upon freedom of speech and writing, and upon free individual development, industrial, commercial, intellectual, and religious.

Responsiveness on the part of the legislative and executive authorities to demands for redress of grievances or amendment of the laws.

II. Absolute monarchies and oligarchies profess, and more or less try to secure, these nine enumerated objects through the wisdom of the ruler or the ruling class, and of the ministers whom he or they employ, all of these being, as a rule, trained men, who make administration and politics their business. Popular governments look to and rest upon the people as the source of power. In the latter, therefore, there is needed complicated machinery for the purpose of enabling a great number of persons, the vast bulk of whom have neither special knowledge nor leisure, to control the government, and to ensure that its course conforms to such views and wishes as the majority express. The construction of a frame of popular government is therefore more difficult than the construction of an oligarchic constitution, wherein there may be little or no provision for any participation by the people or by their representatives, and far more difficult than the planning of a despotic scheme, which becomes (apart from the question of succession to the throne) little more than a scheme for the organisation of a civil, a judicial, and a military or naval service.

To put the same thing in another way, most thinkers are agreed that an autocracy will provide the most efficient administration, i.e. the most steady, judicious, and skilful, assuming the autocrat himself to be a conspicuously wise and just man. They are also agreed that a popular government will best provide an administration in accord with the sentiments and needs of the people, doing for them just what they desire. The difficulty in the former kind

of government is to make sure of getting an autocrat who will respect the freedom of the citizens, and give them laws conformable to their wishes. The difficulties in the latter are: (a) to induce the people to bestow continuous and intelligent attention upon public affairs; (b) to secure the choice of wise and honest men as administrators or legislators. The organisation of an administrative system is a comparatively simple matter, and one even simpler in an autocracy than in a democracy.

It is accordingly necessary, assuming that the people are to rule, to create a somewhat elaborate body of institutions through which the people may express their will, and by which the interests of the humbler classes, who form the great majority, may be secured. What then are the institutions which popular government needs for its proper working? and how shall they be shaped so as to elicit the interest and win the support of the people for whom they are created? Some of the most obvious and vital necessities are as follows.

1. There must be a scheme whereby the will of the people can be used to select certain persons to administer on their behalf, to prescribe the lines on which these persons shall administer, and to supervise, check, and, if necessary, dismiss them should they fail in their duties.

Broadly speaking, two schemes have been employed for this purpose—the scheme of Primary Assemblies, in which all the citizens can meet, speak, and vote; and the scheme of Representative Councils, composed of persons chosen by the people to speak and vote on their behalf. Under both plans the chief executive officials are either formally or practically chosen by the Primary Assembly or by the Representative Council, as the case may be. Under a third scheme, which virtually combines the other two, the people, though they elect a representative council or councils, reserve for themselves the power of reviewing the legislative decisions of the council, and, in some cases, further reserve the power of making laws directly.

2. Voting, either in the Primary Assembly of former days or for persons to sit in the modern Representative Council or Legislature, must be honest, i.e. it must not be affected by intimidation or bribes, but represent the true will of the citizens. Voting power is given to the citizen on the assumption that he will use it for the benefit of

the community. If he abuses it to gain something for himself, the elective system is perverted, for it gives a false result, and the community suffers.

3. Sufficient inducements must be offered to lead upright and capable men to undertake public work as members of the Representative Council or as officials. Such inducements may be either positive, consisting in honour, power, or a salary sufficient to prevent a man from losing if he serves the public, yet not sufficient to make serving the public a gainful profession; or negative, consisting in the absence of deterrent influences. The prospect of being punished for resisting, however constitutionally, the will of the majority, or the prospect of death that rose before an officer who had failed, by no fault of his own, in an enterprise entrusted to him, was a strong deterrent in some ancient and medieval states. In our time the likelihood of being slandered and vituperated is said to operate as a deterrent in some countries.

4. There must exist adequate means for fixing responsibility upon all who serve the public, whether it be responsibility to a superior official, or to a council, or to the people generally. Democracies have been apt to govern through councils, owing to their dread of vesting power in individuals; and, in councils, responsibility is so divided that it often becomes hard to fix the blame for misfeasance on the persons chiefly in fault. This has led some democracies back to the plan of vesting large powers in one official, giving him the appointment of subordinates and holding him answerable for their acts.

5. Since a popular government is regulated by law as the permanent and definite expression of the people's will, the body which interprets and applies the law must be above even the suspicion of perverting it. Accordingly an honest, impartial, and capable judiciary is essential. To be impartial it must be independent of the persons who, for the time being, constitute the governing authority.

6. As all the officers of the government, as well as the members of the Council (if any), are chosen by and dependent upon the people, and therefore, presumably, unwilling to displease or resist the people, it becomes necessary to find some way of preventing the will of the people from sweeping everything before it with swift and overwhelming force. *Ex hypothesi*, it cannot be perma-

nently resisted, because it is legally omnipotent; but its action may be delayed sufficiently to enable time, with opportunities for reflection and reconsideration, to be interposed. Thus a system of checks and balances is needed. If a Primary Assembly rules, the most obvious checks are to be found in provisions requiring certain majorities, or several decisions after prescribed intervals of time. If the full sovereignty of the people is vested in their representatives, these representatives may be divided into two or more councils, the assent of both or all of which is needed for action. But the power of the representatives may be further restricted by being subjected to a constitution not alterable by them, and also limited by reserving certain matters for some other organ of the government. So, too, when certain matters are reserved for the people as a whole, the people may be required to act only after certain intervals of time or by a prescribed (say, two thirds) majority. Many other devices have been tried.

7. In order to secure that the people of each district may settle their own business in their own way, and thus both to relieve the central authority, administrative and legislative, and to stimulate the interest of the citizens in public affairs, a system of local self-government throughout the country is necessary, with provisions for leaving to it those matters which can be dealt with equally well by a local or by a central authority. Such a system tends to cultivate political aptitude and independence.

To these requirements for the success of popular government there might of course be added an element more important than the best contrivances—the self-control, intelligence, and public spirit of the people. For the moment, however, we are concerned with institutions, not with national character; with the machinery, not with the steam that is to work it. No student of history needs to be told that exceptional virtue and intelligence in a people will succeed in working a faulty constitution, or that a constitution which experience has approved for one people may fail in the less competent hands of another. Yet it must be remembered that one of the chief services which good institutions may render is that they evoke the interest and energy of a people.

III. As, in order to have a test by which to try the merits of governments, we were led to consider what are

the benefits government ought to confer on the people; and as, in order to prepare ourselves for judging the efficiency of certain actual popular governments, we were led to enumerate certain institutions and conditions which those governments ought to provide and fulfil; so is it convenient, before examining the institutions of particular states, to note briefly the chief dangers to which popular governments are specially exposed. History records some; modern experience is revealing others. Philosophers, filled with that divine discontent which condemns whatever falls short of their ideals, and dwells most upon the faults of the system under which it lives, have drawn gloomy pictures, in which some transient and local shadows are mingled with some that are permanent. It is only the permanent ones, those which arise from the constantly recurring tendencies of human nature, that we need enumerate in this place.

1. The most pervasive and least curable danger which observers have noted is the indifference of the ordinary citizen to his civic duties. Some will not trouble themselves to vote; many attend so little to public affairs that their vote is unintelligent. Apathy is found in all classes of society. Indolence which will not examine the merits of a question is as common among the rich as is ignorance among the poor.

2. The disposition to abuse civic functions for the sake of personal gain exists under all forms of government, but has been charged more constantly against democracies, partly because under other governments accusations cannot safely be brought, partly because it seems more unworthy of governments claiming to rest upon virtue. In some communities it is frequent enough to poison an elective system at its source by leading many citizens to sell their votes. As in Athens orators were bribed, so in Rome, and in England sixty years ago, were citizens. That men should vote as the interests of their class or their trade appears to suggest is natural, and less culpable or sordid than to be paid for voting, because they can easily persuade themselves that their interests are sanctioned by justice. To take or to offer a bribe is an offence against the community. Yet public opinion has seldom dealt severely with either sin. Men jested about it in England as they jest about it now in Pennsylvania.

3. The liability to be cajoled by flattery and seduced by prospects of advantage, though not confined to the masses, has been alleged as characteristic of them, because in them it is more patent to the world. Nearly every writer, since the days of Thucydides and Plato, has described it under the name of Demagogism. It is seen when an unscrupulous man, possessed of the gift of persuasive speech, reckless in assertions and shameless in tergiversation, secures power by catching the fancy of the people through electioneering arts and lavish promises. Rife in the ancient democracies, this evil had almost disappeared in the large states of modern Europe, because one man could not easily make himself personally known over a wide area. The newspaper press has, however, opened for it a new field, for the modern demagogue's first step is to get hold of newspapers and use them to report his speeches, propagate his notions, pervert or suppress facts, and exaggerate his personal significance.

4. The multitude has by most thinkers been deemed more unstable, more volatile, more impatient and disposed to change, than is a monarch or a ruling oligarchy. There are exceptions; yet it is generally true that any strong emotion is apt, in masses of men, to kindle a flame which spreads fast and burns fiercely. The sympathy of numbers intensifies passion and accelerates decisions. In the small republics of antiquity the people frequently took steps which, in cooler blood, they regretted. The swift transmission of news in our days, and the tendency of newspapers to exaggerate every sentiment, are bringing some modern communities back to the conditions of ancient Athens or Syracuse.

5. When the average citizen has an inadequate sense of the difficulty of political questions and a high conceit of his own importance, he may have scant respect for those whose knowledge or experience fits them to be representatives or officials. Hence, so it is supposed, inferior men, if loud-mouthed and positive, are, under a democracy, preferred to wise men, and the more refined and cultivated among the citizens take little part in public affairs. As it is to the educated class that historians and political philosophers belong, they have dwelt much upon this phenomenon.

6. Money was always a power in all governments.

It is alleged to be now, at least as much as of old, a menace to popular governments, because it can be employed to corrupt men and pervert politics in many more ways than was formerly the case. The bribery of a general or an orator at Athens, or a tribune at Rome, or of juries in either city, was a comparatively simple thing and comparatively easy to detect, for the passing of coin is a tangible matter. 'Putting a friend into a good thing,' or giving private information by which gains can be made, is not. Philip of Macedon boasted that he could take any city into which he could send an ass laden with gold. There are many more paths by which gold can enter the city now; and some of them excite little suspicion. Voters, legislators, officials, persons who influence opinion or manage parties, can all be approached in ways more insidious if less crude than were those of older days.

7. Party is not an unmixed evil. Burke has sung its praises. It is the cement which holds men together for high as well as for low purposes, an inevitable factor in nearly all governments, and an apparently indispensable factor in most that are popular. Yet it is described as the bane of popular governments, for there are dangers inseparable from it which may swell till they injure or even destroy the community.

In its milder forms it is apt to make the ship of State oscillate, and to break the continuity of national policy, as well as to cause the exclusion from office of those who may be the fittest men to administer some special department. When hotter, it distorts the judgment of all but the most sober citizens, and, with the unthinking, supersedes reason. It prompts to violence and palliates guilt, making base things seem honourable because done with motives not wholly selfish.* It is a snare to the good and a tool for the wicked, a thing of which most free peoples may say that they can live neither without it nor with it.

This list of the maladies which have been deemed to infest popular governments may seem a long one. The student will, however, remember, not only that it is a provisional list, but also that the faults which beset every

* Cf. Thucyd. iii, 82, 83, the classical description of the results of faction among the Greeks,

other form may be as numerous and as grave. All forms of government are imperfect because human nature is imperfect. 'There is none good, no not one.' The political reformer may cheer himself with the reflection that he will always have work to do. To whatever point of excellence an administration may be brought, grievances will never fail out of the land. However skilfully a constitution may have been adjusted, each passing age will discover fresh defects. Nothing is good enough to last; as Mephistopheles says in Goethe's 'Faust,'

'Alles was entsteht
Ist werth, dass es zu Grunde geht.'

And the forces of dissolution are ever at work, calling for fresh thought and toil to repair what they destroy.

'Sic omnia fatis
In peius ruere ac retro sublapsa referri.'*

Nevertheless there is among evils a choice of the lesser evil; and perhaps there is even a progress discernible, some slight bettering of political institutions, in the long course of human experiment.

Let us now survey some of these experiments, and, in particular, examine some of the chief countries in which popular governments prevail at this moment, in order to compare the phenomena which each of them displays, and to discover which among them have best succeeded, and how, in securing the merits and avoiding the defects incidental to democratic institutions.

We cannot, however, pass by without a word the democracies of antiquity, because, although their conditions differed widely from nearly all the states of our own time, they have been constantly cited by disputants on both sides of the long controversy over the merits of different forms of government. Moreover, the best book ever written on political science was based on an observation of their phenomena. Aristotle is profitable to-day; and to understand him one must understand them.

* Virg. 'Georgics,' i, 119 :—

'So are we doomed to speed from bad to worse,
Ever borne backwards, drifting whence we came.'

We quote from Lord Burghclere's admirable translation of a poem than which none is harder to translate.

What contributions to political science can the study of the Greek democracies be made to yield?

The only modern communities they resemble in size are some of the Swiss cantons and two or three of the smallest American states. Thus few conclusions directly applicable to the conditions of to-day can be drawn from their working. Some however may be given.

Democracies need a tolerably wide basis, not only for protection against neighbour states, possibly ruled by ambitious monarchs, but also in order to soften down the asperities and feuds which arise from personal antagonisms. These antagonisms are less apt to grow into factions in a large area. Federalism is the best expedient to which small republics can resort for securing strength against foreign enemies. It preserved the Achaean cities in freedom for more than a century after the subjection of Athens and Thebes.

Primary assemblies are not well fitted to deal with large and difficult questions either of foreign relations or of domestic legislation. They have too much impetuosity and too little special knowledge. They can seldom maintain continuity of policy.

The average citizen, however intelligent be the race to which he belongs, is not good enough for the work of civil administration in a civilised community. The Greek practice of selection by lot (which, however, was not applied to the most important offices) is the most extreme form which the disregard of special fitness can take; but it differs only in degree from rotation in office as practised in the United States; for both plans spring from the notion that the ordinary citizen can discharge civic functions. Inefficiency must needs follow.

Judicial work ought to be kept as far as possible apart from political work. The Greeks were almost forced by their circumstances to entrust the former to juries and, indeed, to very large juries, because these were thought less liable to improper influences. But justice and the quality of the law suffered.

No class can withdraw from its legitimate public functions without paying some penalty. The rich in Greek republics were apt to neglect their civic duties in order to look after their property. Their own interests as well as those of the State suffered, for they forwent

their chance of moderating popular excesses. Even in these suspicious democracies, wealth gave not only prominence but the opportunity for acquiring influence, which, if wisely used, would have helped to steady the ship.

Other lessons might be gathered from the countless experiments which the Greeks made in the field of institutions. But the real interest of their history lies less in these experiments than in the illustrations which their annals supply of the permanent tendencies of human nature. Nowhere else do we find so vivid and various a record of these tendencies in their full and free play, embodied as they are in striking characters and dramatic situations. To those experiments in the government of the people by the people, which they were the first to try, they brought an incomparable ardour and ingenuity. Their fitful life, filled with wars and conspiracies and revolutions, was illumined by a blaze of poetry, philosophy, and art, which no subsequent age has equalled. Short indeed was the career of these republics, but it was intense, and it was wonderfully fruitful for all later generations. It has for us the unfading charm of showing human thought and passion in their primal simplicity. The stream, still near its source, runs with the clearness of a mountain spring welling up from the deep recesses of the rocks. We see men as Nature made them, obeying their first impulses, eager and curious, full of invention, full of imagination. We see them unfettered by traditions and recollections, unguided by settled principles, without the habits and prejudices and hesitations which recollections of past failures implant, weaving theories, enriching the world with ideas and maxims as they move onward with the confident joyousness of youth.

The student, when he turns from the Greek cities to Rome, finds himself in a different and far later world. Rome is, indeed, hardly younger in time than they. Her chronicles go as far back as the authentic history of any Greek republic. She was great and powerful before Athens and Thebes fell at Chæronea. Yet Rome seems modern in comparison. Though we note strange survivals of primitive usage down to the very days of Cicero and Cæsar, though the consul takes omens from the flight of birds and human victims are buried alive as a sacrifice, still the contemporaries of Cicero and Cæsar seem quite near

to our own time in their conception of politics and their political habits. It is not in her remoteness, but in the exceptional position and unparalleled career of Rome that the difficulty lies of drawing from her history conclusions applicable to any modern state.

Full of political interest as her history is, and curious as is the parallel that may be drawn between her constitution and the constitution of England, especially as the latter stood in the eighteenth century—a topic which no writer seems to have worked out—her government had too strong an oligarchic element to enable us to draw from her much that bears directly on the merits and faults of popular government in our modern sense. Still there are some lessons to be learnt. One is the falsity of the belief that a government partly democratic must, unless overthrown by force, necessarily grow more democratic, as streams wear their channels deeper. The progress which Rome at one time seemed to be making in that direction was arrested. The general assembly in which popular sovereignty expressed itself did not become a more potent factor, nor upset the balance of the constitution.

Another is the value of a legal habit of mind. The Romans possessed this habit more strongly than any people have done before or since (except perhaps the early Norsemen) till the establishment of the American Federal constitution. It was specially valuable because it enabled them to allow great discretion to magistrates, in the confidence, justified during the best days, that this discretion would not be abused, and that the magistrates would conform to settled usage unless some emergency required a departure from it. The standard of duty set by the law was a high one; and men tried to live up to it both in commanding and obeying.

Their willingness to entrust great powers to the executive had, with some dangers, immense advantages for a nation placed as the Romans were. Modern peoples may hesitate to follow the example, yet it is an example to be pondered, for no harm resulted till the beginning of what was practically a revolutionary period. After the days of Marius and Sulla probably nothing could have saved the ancient constitution.

These wide powers were given—and herein there may

be a justification for the practice—generally to men of rank who had the talent for war and government in their blood, and generally to men who were personally able and experienced. The unscrupulous rapacity which they often displayed in the provinces was compatible with a sense of duty to Rome. Until the days came when wealth bought office, and office was sought for the sake of wealth, no people recognised more fully the value of skill and capacity in officials, or was less liable to be seduced by mere demagogues. The practical monopoly of the higher posts which the nobles enjoyed was no doubt mortifying to an able man of obscure origin, but it was no serious injury to the commonwealth.

Perhaps the most impressive lesson Roman politics have for us is the worth of traditions. Rome lived and thrived by traditions—traditions of valour, of patriotism, of rigorous devotion to duty, traditions also of the spirit in which institutions ought to be worked, a spirit which restrained party passion when it seemed to be endangering the common welfare. These traditions formed a standard of conduct in the ruling class, a class which was not too large to be amenable to the general opinion of the elder men who had filled great posts. Habits and understandings and conventions were formed which gained a force almost equal to that of law. Thus it was that a constitution full of anomalies, of opportunities for obstruction, and of chances of deadlock, full also of risks from the misuse of wide authority, was successfully worked for three strenuous centuries. Men like the Romans of the middle period of the republic could work any constitution. When, as a result of extended conquests, vast prizes were offered to greed and ambition; when the rural element among the citizens had vanished and the *populus Romanus* had become a city mob; when the grand traditions of public duty had decayed; then the faults of the constitution were at once apparent. They proved fatal because the spirit which had formerly counteracted them was extinct.

(To be continued.)

Art. IV.—ERASMUS AND THE REFORMATION.

1. *The Epistles of Erasmus, from his Earliest Letters to his Fifty-first Year, arranged in order of time.* By F. M. Nichols. Two vols. London: Longmans, 1901-4.
2. *Briefe an Desiderius Erasmus.* By Joseph Förstemann and Otto Günter. Leipzig: Harassowitz, 1904.
3. *Erasmus-Studien.* By A. Richter. Dresden: Pässler, 1891.
4. *Érasme en Italie.* By Pierre de Nolhac. New edition. Paris: Klincksieck, 1898.
5. *Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam.* By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D. New York: Putnam, 1899.
6. *Corpus documentorum inquisitionis hæreticæ pravitatis Neerlandicæ.* Edited by P. Fredericq. Parts iv, v. The Hague: Nijhoff, 1900-2.
7. *Kirchengeschichte.* By K. Müller. Tübingen: Mohr, 1902.
8. *The English Church from the Accession of Henry VIII to Mary.* By James Gairdner. ('A History of the English Church.' Vol. iv.) London: Macmillan, 1902.
9. *Die Vermittlungspolitik des Erasmus.* By P. Kalkoff. Berlin: Schwetschke, 1903.
10. *Erasmus of Rotterdam.* By Professor Sir R. C. Jebb. Rede Lecture. Cambridge: University Press, 1890.
11. *The Cambridge Modern History.* Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. Vol. II. (The Reformation.) Cambridge: University Press, 1903. And other works.

IN the learned and thoughtful volume which Mr James Gairdner has contributed to the 'History of the English Church,' edited by the late Dean of Winchester and the Rev. William Hunt, there is what will strike many readers as a strange omission. There is no mention of the influence exercised upon the minds of the English Reformers by the great writer whose 'Paraphrase' the Injunctions of 1547 ordered to be issued for use in the churches of England. And yet, if we were to seek for a single thinker whose opinions are reflected in the principles of the English Reformation, it would be the scholar whose name stands at the head of this article. The 'Cambridge Modern History,' in the vast multitude of details with which it is of necessity concerned, finds

space for a lucid summary of the character of Erasmus. Dr Fairbairn, to whom it falls to write of the tendencies of European thought in the age of the Reformation, is too strenuously Protestant to have much sympathy with the chief of the moderates: he would place him among the Laodiceans. We do not expect, in so wide a survey, a detailed account of a single influence, however great; but an illuminative and authoritative summary of the conditions under which the thinker was called upon to work is to be found in the chapters, written with force and precision, by Professor Kraus, Dr Lindsay, and Mr Stanley Leathes.

Modern literature, historical and theological, finds more and more of interest in the career and opinions of Erasmus. Scholars in the ancient classics have, indeed, never neglected him; for he did a service to the knowledge of the classical literatures which was in its way unique. As Sir Richard Jebb reminded us in his brilliant Rede Lecture at Cambridge, he made the northern nations 'feel the value and charm of the classics as literature.' In letters his fame as a great humanist cannot be obliterated. But it is in fields more close to the daily progress of human affairs that his interest for modern writers has chiefly been found. He is studied to-day as a man of singularly interesting, at times puzzling, personality; as a prescient theologian and biblical critic; as one who, at once a philosopher and a man of affairs, saw the significance of the problems of his own day, and foresaw those of modern time.

The bibliography of the great Dutch scholar is in itself a large subject, and the University of Ghent is doing good work in its 'Bibliotheca Erasiana'; but the critical studies of the man and of his works, both general and special, are more interesting, as they are more numerous, than the bibliographical. Among the books mentioned at the head of this article—a selection only from a far longer list—a prominent place is claimed by the two volumes in which Mr F. M. Nichols has investigated the data for the life of Erasmus in a laborious endeavour to date accurately all his epistles up to his fifty-first year, and the edition, completed by Otto Günter after the death of Joseph Förstemann, of the collection of letters (1520-1535) in the Leipzig University library.

We are now able to reconsider some aspects of his career from new materials and in a new light.

Erasmus was born on October 27, 1466,* 'ex illicito et ut timet incesto damnatoque coitu,' wrote Leo X when he gave him license to continue his life in the world. He died on July 12, 1536. Thus his life covered the most important years of the German Renaissance and the beginnings of the German Reformation. In the first he was by far the most prominent figure, in the second he was not far from being the most influential. It is this influence, the attitude which he assumed towards the reforming movement, and the origin of that attitude, which we propose now to consider.

The first, and in some respects the deepest, mark was made on his life by his monastic training. Deventer, 's Hertogenbosch, Stein, each left its impression: he became a genuine scholar as well as a canon regular of the Augustinian rule. Gradually the scholarly interest overcame the monastic. From his 'De Contemptu Mundi,' Dr Emerton is justified in saying, 'The conclusion is irresistible that the description of the charms of a monastery as a place of refuge from the distractions of the world, and as affording leisure for the higher life, is a fair reflection of Erasmus's own experience up to that time.' Study brought desires for a wider view of life, and with that wider view came a distaste for monastic restraint; but many years later he could still warn a monk against deserting the cloistered life. It is true that the famous 'letter to Grunnius' would seem to represent Erasmus as from the first an unwilling captive, as undergoing continued misery, and as being disgusted throughout with his life, his companions, and his seclusion. But Mr Nichols' remarks † on this letter seem to us fully justified: the date and the occasion have their importance in testifying to the nature of the composition.

'It may be conjectured that it was on the occasion of Erasmus's suit to Pope Leo . . . and probably during his ten days' visit to Bishop Fisher, between the 14th and the 24th of

* This is the subject of a lengthy examination by Dr Richter, 'Erasmus-Studien,' Appendix A, pp. i-xix; and an appendix by Mr Nichols, 'Letters of Erasmus,' I, 474-476.

† 'Letters of Erasmus,' II, 337.

August, 1516, that he found time to dictate in his rapid way the correspondence with Lambertus Grunnius apostolic secretary, which appears to have been first printed several years later in the twenty-fourth book of the "*Opus Epistolarum*," 1529. In the epistle inscribed "*Erasmus to Grunnius*," the writer narrates at some length the story of a certain Florentius or Florence, who had in his boyish days been induced by his friends to embrace the monastic profession, for which his character was not suited. The details of the life of Florence, agreeing with the early history of Erasmus himself, as it is narrated in the "*Compendium Vitæ*," make it evident to the reader that the author was telling his own story in such a way as left him free to modify or embellish without imputation of falsehood. But it does not appear to have been generally understood by his biographers that the correspondent to whom the letter is addressed was fictitious, and that no Lambertus Grunnius, *Scriba Apostolicus*, ever existed except in imagination.'

Grunnius, thinks Mr Nichols, was a name derived by Erasmus from his favourite author, St Jerome, who thus nicknamed his opponent Ruffinus: that it was purely fictitious, de Rossi and Carini support Mr Nichols in believing. The letter itself was an 'apology for the bold step which Erasmus had taken in rejecting his monastic profession and adopting a secular life.' It was more than coloured by the feelings of the writer in 1516; it cannot be taken to represent what he felt in 1480. And indeed it would hardly, perhaps, be rash to assert that Erasmus never felt hostility to monasticism as such; he always admitted the attraction of a life of prayer and seclusion and consecrated study; but what he denounced, so soon as he began to express his opinions freely, was the formal obedience to rules and observances when the spirit which should animate them has vanished. A sense of the neglected opportunities of monastic life he certainly possessed and uttered; but fortunately, while he subdued his mind, as he says of his imaginary Florence, he could not mould his body to obedience; as when he was at Paris, in the College of Montaigu, under the shadow of the monastery of St Geneviève, a celebrated foundation of his order, he complained of bad food, bad companions, and ill-judged restrictions. He was ill at ease in places where he could not study the pagan classics and the Fathers

and the Bible with equal freedom, or where he could not combine his studies with cultivated society and the fellowship of men conversant with a wider world. He speaks of himself when he says that the abbot should have warned Florence before he took the vows:—

'Son, it is foolish to strive in vain. Our institution is not suited for you, nor you for it. While that course is still open, choose another kind of life. Christ dwells everywhere, not only here. Religion may be pursued in any dress, if the heart be not wanting. We will help you to return to freedom with the sanction of your guardian and friends' (ii, 355).

When he left his monastery to be the scholar-companion of a diplomatic bishop, a new life began for him which he was eager to profit by and to enjoy. The painful interlude of Parisian study, and a short return to the service of Henry of Bergen, Bishop of Cambray, led on to the more critical influences of his life, those of England, Italy, and the Netherlands. His sojourns in each of these countries affected his intellectual development, and so eventually his attitude towards the Reformation as represented by Luther and by Calvin.

The English influences, as we cannot but remember with satisfaction, were gracious and kindly. Erasmus came first to England in 1499 with his pupil William Blount, Lord Mountjoy, and soon made the acquaintance of John Colet and Thomas More. A few weeks, he told his friend Faustus, made him 'almost a sportsman, a courtier of some practice, one who could bow with politeness and smile with grace, and all this in spite of himself.' He made courtly salutations to the little Prince Henry, then nine years old, and to the younger royal children. He stayed in Oxford, in the Augustinian house on the site of what is now Frewin Hall. With More, ten years his junior, he became very intimate; for Colet he formed a reverent affection.

'You will find in me' (he wrote to the latter) 'a man of slender fortune, or rather of none at all, averse from ambition, most inclined to love, little skilled indeed in letters, but a most warm admirer of them; one that religiously venerates goodness in others and thinks nothing of his own; who is ready to yield to all in learning, to none in honesty; simple,

open, free, equally ignorant of simulation and dissimulation; of a character humble but sound; sparing in speech; a person, in short, from whom you have nothing to expect but character' ('Letters,' i, 207).

Of Colet himself he wrote:—

'Such is your learning, that without the commendation of high character you deserve to be universally admired; and such is the holiness of your life that you cannot but be an object of love, respect, and veneration to every one.'

It was Colet (he wrote to Mountjoy) and the prior of the Augustinian house, Robert Charnock, 'than whose character nothing could be imagined more sweet and amiable,' who were the chief causes of the love he felt for England. Colet's was the influence, the memory, which he cherished most. It was the beautiful, trustful simplicity of the great preacher which appealed to the somewhat artificial character of Erasmus, that quaint simplicity which betrays itself in all his letters, not least in the founding of his famous school, when he hoped that in prayers for him the boys would lift up their little 'white hands.' Colet was one of those men, rare in every generation, who could speak directly of the deepest things without offence to any man.

'Ah, Erasmus, of books and of knowledge there is no end; but there is nothing better for this short term of ours than that we should live a pure and holy life, and daily do our best to be cleansed and enlightened, so as to realise that which is promised by those Pythagorean and Cabalistical ideas of Reuchlin, but will in my judgment never be attained but by the ardent love and imitation of Jesus. Wherefore it is my most earnest wish that, leaving all indirect causes, we proceed by a short method to the truth.*'

The wise and gentle Warham influenced him too. So did the religious and loyal More; but, when first Erasmus knew him, he was still writing epigrams, at times in no very high strain, and was far from the seriousness of his later days. It was Colet's influence which, at a critical time, was formative for Erasmus. He was hesitating, it is easy to guess, between pure letters and religion. It

* Mr Nichols would read 'ad Veritatem' (instead of 'brevitatem') 'brevi compendio eamus' (II, 597).

was of supreme importance that, when the scholar left the cloister and began to lay aside the canon's dress, he came into contact with the New Learning on its Christian, not on its pagan side; that he was at home in England before he knew Italy; that he was a friend of Colet rather than of Bembo, an intimate of More before he was acquainted with Leo X. The results of Erasmus's English sojournings and of the influence of his English friends were the 'Encheiridion' and the 'Novum Instrumentum.' Not in Italy would he learn to be busy with the things of God. It was in England too, there can be little doubt, that he set to work seriously to learn Greek; and here, too, Colet's influence may be traced.

'It can scarcely have failed to occur to him in his discussions with Colet' (Mr Nichols well says) 'that he should be groping in the dark if he endeavoured to become an interpreter of the New Testament without a more complete knowledge of the language in which it is written' (i, 232).

The author of the 'Adagia,' for all his wit, learned to look on life with serious eyes. The 'Encheiridion,' the 'dagger of the Christian knight,' showed decidedly that Erasmus, like Colet, knew, and did not hesitate to say openly, that the Church needed to be purged of formalism. There is a truth behind the Church's observances, but it is a truth that is too often obscured. 'To worship the saints is to imitate their virtues. The saint cares more for this kind of reverence than if you burn a hundred candles before him.' How easy is the corruption of the monastic ideals; how mechanical the saying of psalms, the keeping of fasts, may become! Yet the Church's rules should still be observed, only the spirit must inspire the observance of the letter.

'What then shall the Christian do? Shall he neglect the commands of the Church, despise the honourable traditions of the Fathers, and condemn pious observances? Nay, if he is a weakling he will hold on to these as necessary; if he is strong and perfect he will observe them so much the more, lest through his wisdom he offend his weak brother and slay him for whom Christ died. These things he ought to do and not to leave the others undone.'*

* *Erasmii Opera*, v, 37. The translation is Dr Emerton's. He very truly remarks: 'It will be noticed that, even thus early in Erasmus's moral appeal, he does not aim at destroying anything.'

From the 'moral appeal' of this striking book, written, like so much that is best in the works of Christian moralists, to meet a concrete case, and effect, if it might be, the repentance of a single erring soul, it was no far step to the source, for Christians, of all such appeals, the New Testament of Jesus Christ. The edition of the Greek Testament which Erasmus published in 1516, under the title of '*Novum Instrumentum*,' was mainly the result of his stay at Cambridge. He may be reckoned as the first of the great scholars of that university to whom students of the New Testament owe so large a debt.

Before he left England for the last time (1517), Erasmus ranked high, perhaps highest, among those who were working to draw back the thoughts of churchmen to the fountain-head of their religion. He had shown that, learned man as he was, he was first of all a Christian scholar; he had shown too, not uncertainly, whence the principles of the needed reform should be derived; for he pointed men unmistakably to the New Testament. There was the model for the Church, because the Scriptures spoke directly of Christ; and men in England, as More's verse showed, felt that Erasmus had made the sacred book shine with a new light. He thought to direct men to the truth without disguise; and so his great service to the world came from the fact that 'he proposed to find out as nearly as he could what the writers of the New Testament had actually said.' And he used the Fathers to support the Bible. His work on St Jerome—also mainly accomplished in England—was designed to show what the great father really said, and to point the lessons of his sagacity and sarcasm.

But the English influences were incomplete without a wider knowledge of the world and of the Church. Italy was to stimulate the humanism of Erasmus, and to barb the wit which wrote the '*Colloquies*' and the '*Encomium Morie*.' The '*Encomium*,' indeed, though it was written in More's house, was the result of Italian experiences.

There could hardly be a greater change than from England, still semi-barbarous as it seemed to European wits, where literature and the arts had hardly come to birth, to Italy, the home of all that had changed the outlook of the civilised world. In England Erasmus had

found generous patrons and warm friends, men who appreciated his genius and entered with enthusiasm into his literary interests, but he must have felt, as they allowed him to feel, that he was a master among scholars. In Italy he had more to learn than to teach; most of all from the very atmosphere of the place in which letters were studied by the noble, the merchant, the temporal sovereign, and the princes of the Church. Italy was not only the birthplace of the old classic literature which he knew best; it was the home of the great revival which had inspired his own work.

'The appeal of Italy to the historical imagination is, one would say, perhaps the most powerful that has ever come to a scholar's mind from that land of enchantment. It was a time, too, when men's thoughts and activities were turning eagerly to all that side of the new classical study. For a century and a half, ever since the days of Petrarch and Rienzi, the treasures of ancient art, Greek as well as Roman, had been brought to light, gathered into great collections, and made to do their part in the education of Europe. The limits of the Eternal City had been turned into one great treasure-house of precious reminders of former and presages of future greatness. The visitor to Rome or to Florence might study from the originals the choicest forms in which the art of the ancient world had expressed itself.' (Emerton, p. 123.)

It was impossible for all this not to affect the extraordinarily receptive intellect of Erasmus. Dr Emerton reminds us that all the great scholar records of his approach to Italy would allow us to believe that 'his mind was occupied with the immediate profit of the moment—his doctor's degree, his new publisher, the petty comforts and discomforts of daily life.' But this was clearly not the case. He went to Italy almost a stranger as regards personal knowledge of the great leaders of the literary revival; but from the moment of his arrival in the country it is certain that he was known and welcomed as a great man of letters, and that he had the *entrée* into the literary society which he was best able to appreciate. He soon abandoned (for the practical reason, he says, that it led to his being mistaken for a plague-doctor) the habit of the Augustinian canons; and it is not likely that any one among the easy-going clerical dilettantes to whose society he was introduced would take notice of the change or

reprobate it. When he came to Venice he was received with cordial respect by the famous printer Aldus; at Rome great churchmen stood in his presence and said, 'It is becoming for the pupil to stand before the master.'

At Bologna, Venice, and at Rome (whither he went 'to renew old friendships and make fresh acquaintances'), he entered fully into the literary and theological interests of the time and the place; and it is quite certain that he was also a most observant investigator of the political currents. But of the letters which recorded those experiences very few survive. For the ten months which he spent at Venice in the house of Andrea d'Asola, near the Rialto, there are no letters at all; and little detail remains of his visits to Padua, Ferrara, Siena, Naples. Something may be said, however, of his literary associates, of the social conditions in which he lived, of the impression made on him by the Papacy in its pride of power.

That he should thus at once be admitted into the most highly cultured society of Italy was natural. His friend Beatus Rhenanus says, with perhaps a touch of pardonable exaggeration, '*Dignitatem et eruditionem in Italiam importavit quam ceteri inde reportare consueverunt.*'* His name was well known in Flanders, France, and England; and the Italian scholars were well acquainted with the work of foreigners. Though he took his theological degree at Turin, it was as a humanist, and as an interpreter of Lucian, that he was first welcomed in Italy. There need be no wonder then that he turned his back on the monks, and at Florence, when he had, it would seem, to choose between the attractions of art and letters, preferred to the glories of Leonardo and Michelangelo the attractions of the Dialogues, which were a model for work that he was to do in the future.

It is not a little characteristic of Erasmus that he was not moved by the memory of Savonarola. '*Nous cherchons en vain,*' says M. de Nolhac, '*la trace d'un regret pour la tentative avortée du Florentin, et sommes du reste plus frappés des différences que des analogies morales entre ces deux hommes.*' Erasmus had no sympathy for such a burning of vanities as the great Domin-

* His is the best authority for the stay of Erasmus in Italy, '*Vitæ selectorum aliquot virorum*' (Bates), 1681.

ican designed. He came to Italy, as he said, to learn Greek; and it was among the humanists that he was most at home. At Bologna he found many scholars of note: among them, Scipio Forteguerra, who called himself, in Greek fashion, *Carteromachus*; and Paul Bombasio, 'professor of both the learned tongues,' whose charm of conversation is commemorated in the '*Adagia*.' At Venice he met Joannes or Janos Lascaris, a distinguished scholar who had collected manuscripts in the East for Lorenzo de' Medici; Marcus Musurus, whom Beatus Rhenanus calls 'that guardian and high priest of the Muses, who had read everything, mastered everything—modes of expression, myths, histories, and ancient rites'; Baptista Egnatius, professor of rhetoric; Fra Urbano Bolzano, who had been the tutor of Leo X; and Girolamo Aleander, with whom Erasmus made a warm friendship, later to give place to a bitter antagonism.

At Venice Erasmus was long the associate of Aldus and his circle, and very ill he liked the meagre fare and impoverished wine.* Nor did his literary affairs progress very well: and it was this experience, doubtless, that made him say tartly that he had learnt nothing in Italy. He must have known better. As M. de Nolhac says (p. 25),

'N'y a-t-il pas quelque exagération volontaire dans cette boutade? et cette année de Bologne, par exemple, dans un milieu nouveau, à portée de ressources intellectuelles de tout genre, n'a-t-elle pas été pour lui, en dépit de la guerre et de la peste, une des plus fécondes de sa vie d'humaniste?'

Perhaps there were two sides to the question; but Scaliger was outrageously beyond the truth when he represented the great scholar in the house of Aldus as capable of doing two men's work, but idle and drunken when he should have been laborious in study. It was, at the least, a valuable experience to have been admitted to the Aldine Academy, to have studied and written and perhaps spoken Greek in that renowned circle of learned men.

From Venice he passed to Padua, where he fell in with Alexander Stewart, bishop-elect of St Andrews, and natural son of James IV, whom a papal dispensation more

* The constant mention of wine in Erasmus's letters strikes every reader; and the comedy of his bad liquor and bad eggs at Venice is referred to more than once in the '*Letters*' and the '*Colloquies*.'

scandalous even than usual had allowed, in spite of his youth and illegitimate birth, to hold the highest ecclesiastical dignity in Scotland without performing any of its duties. It was with the young archbishop, a boy of twenty, who became at once his pupil and his friend, that Erasmus paid his second visit to Rome; and there the pupil said farewell to his master, 'that cunning clarke,*' returning to Scotland to die at Flodden five years later.

'Rome' (says M. de Nolhac, p. 65) 'avait pour Érasme plus d'un attrait. Outre la visite au tombeau des Apôtres, qui certainement touchait le fidèle, et la curiosité qui invitait le moraliste à la cour pontificale, le grand nom classique de *l'Aurea Roma* devait suffire à enflammer notre humaniste. Il était prévenu par les plaintes de Poggio et des érudits du xv^e siècle; il ne s'attendait pas à trouver du passé romain autre chose que des vestiges. Mais ces vestiges étaient encore considérables sous Jules II; beaucoup d'édifices qui ont disparu depuis, les Thermes de Constantin par exemple, étaient debout; beaucoup d'autres, comme le Colisée, n'étaient pas aussi mutilés qu'ils le furent dans l'âge suivant. Érasme a dû goûter la majesté de ces grandes ruines, qui dictaient alors à Balthazar Castiglione et plus tard à Joachim du Bellay leurs sonnets immortels. Il a eu un mot heureux à propos de cette ville qui étale "les cicatrices de ses vieux désastres." Mais on cherche en vain dans ses livres les observations qu'il a pu faire sur la Rome antique, sur les énormes débris qui couvraient alors l'Aventin, le Célius et l'Esquilin. Il s'est contenté d'allusions vagues et générales qui n'apprennent rien.'

Erasmus lived more than two centuries before Winckelmann and Lessing. The time of archæological research was not yet. But, if he neglected the antiquities, he imbibed the classical spirit, as understood in his day. He lived in a circle of brilliant humanists and men of letters, and was offered high ecclesiastical preferment. Tommaso Inghirami, librarian of the Vatican, nicknamed 'Phædra' from his once having played that part in the 'Hippolytus,' was his most constant companion. It is possible that he may have seen Bembo. It is certain that he made full use of the great libraries, and that his classical studies were continued with assiduity and enthusiasm. But the Roman visits, as the culmination of his stay in Italy,

* Lesley, 'Chronicle' (Bannatyne Club), p. 80, quoted by Nichols, i, 455.

exercised another and a still deeper influence on him in regard to his attitude towards the questions which were to convulse the Church.

First, he found in Rome a lack of belief in the verities of his faith: 'Ego, cum essem Romæ, non omnes reperi æque sincere credentes.' He found a 'pagana sodalitas' among the scholars, who were willing to conform to the Christian Church and profit by its endowments while disbelieving its fundamental tenets. His own sincerity of soul turned with disgust from the Ciceronians, who played at reviving classical Latin and pagan religion. He was shocked by the dishonesty of Christian priests who eviscerated their creed. Above all he was horrified at the policy, the arrogance, the military exploits of Julius II. Like More in his 'Utopia,' he saw in the acts of Julius the gravest danger to the spirit of Christianity; the triumphal entry into Bologna, the pseudo-classic sermon at Rome described in the 'Ciceronianus,' were never forgotten. The 'Encomium Moris' contains sufficient evidence of this feeling; but far more strongly is it expressed in the satire which represents Julius as excluded from heaven. The 'Julius Exclusus' can perhaps not even now be certainly declared to be the work of Erasmus;* but a letter of More's seems to show that he had a copy of it in Erasmus's own handwriting some years before it was published, and Erasmus wrote to More of the book as being in the hands of the Chancellor of Burgundy, who was highly diverted by it; while, in his rather involved denial of the authorship, he admitted that he had seen it in manuscript some five years before. It is difficult indeed to doubt that it is an authentic work of Erasmus, the genuine expression of his Italian experiences. The flatteries of humanist cardinals left the great Dutch scholar frigid and dissatisfied, for he was far more a Christian than a humanist at heart; and the 'Encomium Moris' was the direct issue of this feeling.

* Mr W. S. Lilly ('Renaissance Types,' p. 144, *note*) does not believe that Erasmus was the author, and says 'he always denied it; and veracity was one of his characteristic virtues.' But an eminent Erasmusian is of opinion that Erasmus 'is not entirely to be trusted in his statements on such subjects; for not only did he entirely believe in the principle of property in a secret, but a good many of his own works were published under polite, but more or less transparent, fictions.' Mr Nichols (ii, 610) says that the book 'was beyond doubt the work of Erasmus.'

On his return from Italy, he tells More, he diverted himself with reminiscences of old studies and old friends, and he summed up his impression of the humorous side of life in More's own house, where he composed the satire whose title a pun on his host's surname suggested. The serious part of the book is, one might fancy, but a side issue; it is only by the way that he speaks of folly in religion. But, when he does speak, how bitter are his remarks about the adoration of saints, about purgatory and pardons, about scholastic quibbles on deep points of theology, about the crowd of vicious hangers-on which surrounded the papal court, about the gross neglect of the apostolic ideal of the episcopal office. Certainly he had Italy in mind when he spoke of the mass of friars and monks who are far away from true religion, men who neglect the practice of the Christian virtues as much as the contending sects of philosophers do the actual words of holy writ. All the satire and the denunciation were directed, it is true, not against the Church's theology or organisation, but against abuses which, to the unclouded eye, were obvious. But it was a vigorous protest that reformation was needed; and the Italian journey, in its influence on the mind of Erasmus, placed him unmistakably among the reformers.

England then, and Italy, were each formative; but there was a third and, in a sense, equally decisive influence. The experiences of Erasmus at Louvain stand apart in many respects from the rest of his life, and they form a decisive epoch in the development of his opinions. It was there that his attitude towards the Lutheran Reformation was definitely decided. In discussing this we are much helped by the recent investigations of Dr P. Kalkoff* based upon the despatches of Aleander.

The nuncio was a man of cultivation, interested in the literary revival, and well acquainted with several of its leaders. His commission came to him, after a personal interview with Charles V, on September 28, 1520. He had found the bishops indifferent to the Lutheran danger. He proceeded to act for himself; and, with the

* 'Die Anfänge der Gegenreformation in den Niederlanden' ('Schriften des Vereins für Reformationsgeschichte,' Nos. 79, 81. Halle, 1903),

support of the 'September mandate' (which Dr Kalkoff shows to be identical with the Netherlands mandate of March 1521), he published the bull of excommunication of January 3, 1521, ordered the burning of heretical books and the denouncing of heretical teachers. The relations between the Netherlands and Germany were close; and Aleander watched in the former country the friends and adherents of Luther. Albrecht Dürer was prominent among them. He had visited Erasmus, and he saw the dangers of the time with a full sympathy for the extreme Reformers.

'Oh, Erasmus of Rotterdam' (he wrote in his diary), 'where art thou? Behold what the unjust tyranny of earthly power the might of darkness can do. Hear, thou champion of Christ! ride forth by the side of the Lord Christ; defend the truth; gain the martyr's crown! As it is, thou art but a frail old man. I have heard thee say thou hadst given thyself but a couple more years of active service; spend them, I pray, to the profit of the Gospel and the true Christian faith, and, believe me, the gates of hell, the See of Rome, as Christ has said, will not prevail against thee.'*

It is easy for a man who sees only just before his eyes to write wildly; but Erasmus had the wide outlook of an instructed thinker, and he would not listen to the hot-headed painter. Dürer indeed stood in a dangerous position when Aleander came to the Netherlands; and Erasmus too soon found that he was not safe. If the Augustinians tended towards Lutheranism, and the city authorities of Antwerp demanded the preaching of 'the Gospel'—which, though they disavowed either advocacy or reprehension of Luther, at least showed a sympathy for the reformers—the mendicant orders stood firm; and Aleander threw himself into the strife, singling out Erasmus as his foe. Their old friendship, based on humanism, was at an end.

Erasmus was the first to show knowledge, in the Netherlands, of Luther's writing† in a letter of May 18, 1518. He had, on the whole, been happy at Louvain, despite the theological wrangles with Dorp, Briard, and

* Dürer's 'Tagebuch' (Leitschuh), p. 83, quoted by Emerton, p. 333.

† See P. Fredericq, 'Corpus document. inq. hæreticæ pravitatis Neerlandicæ,' iv, 10,

Lee, and the troubles about the Collegium Trilingue. When the Louvain theological faculty condemned Luther's 'Lucubrationes,' Erasmus, who had made peace with the theological faculty in October 1519, stood apart. But within a few months the scene entirely changed. Erasmus's letter to Luther of May 30, 1519,* was brought up against him. It must have seemed to Luther tepid enough; but yet there were phrases, such as that in which the German's letter was declared to 'breathe the very spirit of Christ,' which could easily be used against the writer. Two enemies took up arms against him—a Carmelite named Nicholas van Symond, and the Dominican, Jacob Hoogstraten, the head of the Inquisition at Cologne, who organised the monastic faction against him and banded the monks together, Adrian Arnouts, Johann Briseldt, Nikolas Baechem, Carmelites, and the Dominican, Vincent Dirks. On the other hand, Erasmus found a confidant in the German Dominican, Johann Faber,† whom, it has been asserted, he employed to put forth his views at the imperial court. Faber's own work, 'Consilium cujusdam ex animo cupientis esse consultum et Romani pontificis dignitati et Christianæ religionis tranquillitati,' though Erasmus denied all responsibility for it, was, in tone and expression, not a little like the letters of the Dutch humanist.

More than this, it has been skilfully argued that Erasmus, driven to lay aside his dislike of anonymous writing, feeling himself in danger, and eager to oppose all obstacles to the drastic policy of Aleander,‡ himself wrote the 'Acta Academiæ Lovaniensis,' which was printed at Cologne for the sake of secrecy, and which did its utmost to prejudice the work of Aleander, among other things, by declaring him to be a Jew, and to discredit the reception of the bull by the University of Louvain as a mere farce. It was argued that the bull was spurious—a reasonable ground to take up; and the Imperial mandate of September 28 is similarly explained away. However this may be, the position of Erasmus became more and more untenable. He was hampered by the indiscretions of that irresponsible amateur in theology, Ulrich

* Opera, iii, 444.

† See 'Archiv für Reformationsgeschichte,' i, 1 ('Die Vermittlungspolitik des Erasmus' by Dr P. Kalkoff).

‡ Ib. pp. 23 *seqq.*

von Hutten. The writings which took his side, such as the 'Hochstratus Ovans,' October 1520, by Hermann von dem Busche and Hermann von Neuenahr, and the 'Epistola Udelonis Cimbri,' did not strengthen his position among the Conservatives; and, when the Louvain theologians, without Erasmus, were present at the book-burning of October 8, 1520, it was clear that they were no longer in agreement, and he was no longer invited to their official meetings. Between Erasmus and Aleander, after a meeting at Cologne, there was war to the knife.

At first the great scholar was listened to alike at the imperial and at the papal court; but soon the wind changed. 'The critical day,' as Dr Kalkoff calls it, of November 12, 1520, cast Erasmus adrift from all possible Lutheran moorings. The publication of the 'Babylonish Captivity' was a call to which he could not respond; and yet Aleander would not recognise him as orthodox or safe. The edict of Worms was carried out drastically in the Netherlands, under the legate's direction and that of the Inquisition. Books were burnt at Antwerp and Ghent; and Aleander was ready to 'burn half a dozen Lutherans alive.' Early in July 1521, Aleander had a five hours' interview with Erasmus at Brussels, and accused him of being concerned in several Lutheran writings, though he still declared that he was protecting him. Soon afterwards the approval of Leo X was given to Aleander's action, in the first instructions issued by the Curia, for the 'bringing back of Erasmus into the right way.'*

Five weeks later, further guarantees for the good behaviour of Erasmus in church matters were demanded. Matters went from bad to worse. Erasmus was ready, it seems, to write against Luther; but Aleander said nothing of this at Rome. He requested leave to read the prohibited books, but the nuncio refused him. The book of Velenus, on the primacy of Peter, was ascribed to him by Aleander, with the approval of the papal vice-chancellor; and at last, after declaring that he would go to Rome, Erasmus, in plain fact, fled to Basel. Aleander triumphed. The evangelical movement in the Netherlands was sup-

* Dr Kalkoff points to the contrast between this and the letter (Erasmus, Opera, iii, 647) from Bombasio assuring him from Leo that he may disregard the attack of Aleander.

pressed. The two old friends were never reconciled.* The humanists of the Netherlands lost their leader; and, if religion gained in unity by the suppression of German influences, the isolation of Louvain from German learning meant not a little politically as well as theologically. We look forward in thought to the struggles of Joseph II, and see their origin in the policy of Aleander.

But henceforth the course of Erasmus was decided. At first anxious to defend himself from the *odium hæreseos Lutheranae*, and blaming the inquisitors only from personal motives, he devoted himself solely to the danger which threatened sound learning. 'The world' (he said) 'can get over the death of Luther, but never that of learning.' Soon it became certain that Erasmus would definitely join the anti-Lutheran party. His association with the Rhenish Reformers was at an end. He was strong in the support of the Electors of Mainz and Saxony and in friends at the imperial court. He had been audacious enough at Cologne, in November 1520, to summarise the position in the sarcastic epigram, 'Lutherus peccavit in duobus, nempe quod tetigit coronam pontificis et ventres monachorum,' and sagacious enough to suggest that the matters about which Frederic the Wise protested on Luther's behalf might be referred to a court of arbitration of experts who were beyond suspicion of prejudice. It was a suggestion which, if men had been wise or temperate enough to act on it, might have made for reconciliation; yet nothing could have reconciled Luther and the papal system of his day. Now the very suggestion seemed treasonable. Events had moved rapidly. Luther had passed from Worms to the Wartburg. Erasmus was practically in exile at Basel, and he seemed to be defenceless and in disgrace.

How far, from the point of view of conservative churchmen, was this disgrace deserved? What was the true relation of Erasmus to the Reformation of the sixteenth century? We can answer the question in two ways, by sketching the connexion between him and the chief Reformers, and by summarising his own opinions on the matters in debate.

* Dr Kalkoff confutes the view of Pasquier, 'L'Humanisme et la Réforme : Jérôme Aleander' (Paris, 1900).

Various associations of thought have been traced between Erasmus and the most famous leaders of the anti-Catholic Reformation. Melanchthon, for example, said, '*Cinglius mihi confessus est, se ex Erasmi scriptis primum hausisse opinionem suam de cœna Domini.*'* Zwingli had undoubtedly, in his earlier humanistic days, been strongly influenced by the writings of Erasmus; and there was long correspondence between them, marked by considerable freedom. So late as August 31, 1523, Erasmus wrote to Zwingli: '*Videor mihi fere omnia docuisse quæ docet Lutherus, nisi quod non tam atrociter quodque abstinui a quibusdam ænigmatibus.*'† Then the correspondence ceased, for Zwingli defended the audacious Hutten. Zwingli, in a sermon of August 1530, decisively declared against Erasmus as rationalistic. He denounced the view that 'the hairs of your head are all numbered' was hyperbole, '*quemadmodum quidam nostro sæculo Logodædalus mundo persuadere conatus fuit.*'‡ The divergence was certainly complete, for Erasmus rejoiced at the removal of evil by the death of Zwingli in 1530.

As to the association with Calvin, there has been long controversy. The last examination of the subject that is of importance—it has, of course, been acutely criticised—is that of Professor Martin Schulze of Breslau, '*Calvins Jenseits-Christentum in seinem Verhältnisse zu den religiösen Schriften des Erasmus*' (Görlitz, 1902). Having previously, in his '*Meditatio futuræ vitæ: ihr Begriff und Stellung im System Calvins*' (Leipzig, 1901), traced Calvin's ideas of a future life to Plato, he now shows that the link between them was Erasmus. Both agree, he would say, in their view of this life, its misery and transitoriness; to both '*abnegatio suæ*' = '*mortificatio carnis.*' There is remarkable similarity, at one time at least, in their view of the will, and the nature of Christ's redemption of man from sin, and the function of faith. By parallel passages Dr Schulze succeeds in demonstrating a close resemblance in their theological work.

But may it not be said that this goes little beyond the traditional medieval view? Is not the expression of it common, not only to Calvin and Erasmus, but to

* '*Corpus Reformatorum*,' iv, 470, quoted by W. Müller, '*History of the Christian Church*,' iii, 86 (English translation).

† Zwingli, *Opera*, vii, 310.

‡ *Ib.* iv, 124.

Tauler, Luther, the other Reformers, even the Bible and the Fathers? It would be a great mistake to exaggerate the originality of the Reformers as men of letters. The emphasis which they lay on certain aspects of Christian faith is in different cases remarkable, declaratory, epoch-making; but the matter with which they dealt is common, and thus the parallels which microscopic investigators have triumphantly pointed out are often delusive. Take, for example, Dr A. Lang's paper on the 'Conversion' of Calvin.* 'Calvin und sein System ist nur zu begreifen aus der religiösen und dogmatischen Entwicklung des gesamten Protestantismus heraus'; and notably, when the All Saints' address is taken as the decisive declaration of conversion, in not a few points Calvin's system can be understood only as based on the 'Paraclesis, id est adhortatio ad Christianæ philosophiæ studium' of Erasmus. For this view again parallel passages are produced; but still more can be produced from Luther. 'The famous rectorial address,' as Dr Fairbairn rightly calls it,† 'which Calvin wrote and Cop revised and delivered' on All Saints' Day, 1533, is the evidence that the writer was deeply indebted to Erasmus; and yet Dr Straehlin has denied that Calvin had any share in the All Saints' address at all.‡ The example is worth giving as showing how much of uncertainty still hangs over details of even the critical points of Reformation history. But it is certainly true that Erasmus was a formative influence on the development of many powerful minds; he compelled them to compare the ideal of Christ with the Church of his own day.

Of the association between Erasmus and the greater Reformation leader himself, so much has been written that we may be content, most briefly, to summarise the facts and emphasise the principles of divergence.§ The Paulinism of Luther seems foreshadowed in a striking passage at the end of the 'Encheiridion,' though Erasmus had no special affinity of mind with St Paul. It is not till a letter of Luther's to Spalatin, October 19, 1516, that we have any mention by him of the great scholar; from

* 'Die Bekehrung Johannes Calvins' (Leipzig, 1897).

† 'Cambridge Modern History' ('The Reformation'), p. 354.

‡ Herzog-Hauck, 'Real-Encyclopädie,' III (3), 657.

§ See Dr Max Richter, 'Die Stellung des Erasmus zu Luther' (Leipzig, 1900), summarised by the author in 'Neues Sächsisches Kirchenblatt' (1901).

that time it is clear that, at least up to 1519, Luther had read the writings of Erasmus, and that, though the divergence which is seen in the admiration of the one for St Augustine and the other for St Jerome tended inevitably towards division, the influence of the scholarly Melancthon tended to avert a breach. It was not till after the 'Theses' that Erasmus took notice of Luther; and then for a long time he was very careful not to attack him. Contrasted with the sturdy nationalism of Luther, he was, and remained, cosmopolitan; and, so far as nationalism tended to become Protestant, so far at least cosmopolitanism was inevitably Catholic. As the struggle was concentrated round himself, Luther cared less and less for Erasmus; and Erasmus felt more and more strongly what he wrote to Spalatin on July 6, 1520: 'The truth must not always be spoken: much depends on how it is spoken.' As the 'tragedy' developed—for the comedy of which he wittily spoke did not end with the marriage—it 'burdened Erasmus with intolerable odium, for he was torn in pieces by either party, while he tried to benefit both.'* The final divergence was both political and philosophical—political in regard to Luther's attitude both towards the peasants and towards the temporal power generally; and philosophical in regard to the eternal controversy of the freedom of the will.

'The doctrine of the impotent will has produced some of the most masterful wills before which the world has ever had to bend,' says Dr Emerton; and Luther was not long before he found weakness in the philosophic Protestantism of Erasmus. The 'Novum Instrumentum' contained expressions about original sin which were dangerously lax. 'I am afraid he does not place Christ and the grace of God high enough,' was the modest way in which Luther first hinted his suspicion to Lange. But, before Erasmus had retired to Basel, Luther's condemnation was more emphatic.

Erasmus, though he disavowed Luther's opinions, did his best for some time to protect him. It was Hutten, the firebrand, who, by accusing the great humanist of 'imbecillitas' and 'parvitas animi,' stirred up the final strife.

* This is the phrase of the 'Compendium Vitæ.' On its authorship, see Nichols, I, 1-4.

Letters passed from friend to friend which reached the two protagonists; but a breach was apparent which could not be bridged over. There was, with all the accusations of personal feeling, a far more important question of principle between them.

Luther was too impetuous, too direct, too much a man of his time, in a sense too religious, to agree long with Erasmus. He is, as his distinguished German biographer remarks, 'in the first place, to be understood from the religious side. He judges everything, even on political matters, always from the religious point of view; hence the comparative narrowness of his outlook in these questions. . . . He was much less of a theologian than is generally recognised.* And Erasmus was, it may be true to say, much more. It has been a fashion among modern German apologists of Luther to declare that Erasmus was a Pelagian. It would be truer to say that Luther's exaggerated Augustinianism was met by Erasmus with a wider view of philosophy and morals.

Erasmus was long preparing for a decisive utterance: he asked the advice of others: his intention probably reached the ear of Luther, who wrote to him a letter of studied friendliness. In September 1524 appeared the 'De libero arbitrio Διατριβή sive collatio.' It was a brief treatise, and its contents may be briefly stated. It endeavoured to show that the moral judgment, Scripture, and the Fathers, all pronounced against Luther. Luther had appealed to authority; to authority he should go. But that authority should be sifted, criticised, analysed, weighed. The acuteness of the human mind should prove the freedom of the human will. His dissection of the Lutheran attitude towards authority is admirable; it is a proclamation of the historic sense against individual choice. Free interpretation cannot be severed, if it is to have any chance of rational success, from the historical process by which it was attained. Nor was it difficult to show that absolute servitude of the will would render morality impossible. Much of the Lutheran position he cordially accepted. He would never undervalue the mercy or the grace of God. But it was impossible for him to doubt that 'one ought to allow to man *some* share in his

* Dr Kolde in a letter to Bishop Creighton, quoted in the 'Life' of the latter, II, 89, 90.

own good actions; not a great share, only "non nihil."* He reviews both opinions in their extreme form. He cannot admit that a dilemma lies between them. 'I prefer the view of those who attribute something to free will, but a great deal to grace.'

A year later came Luther's reply, 'De Servo Arbitrio.' Erasmus complained of it that he was treated worse than a Turk, and he replied in 1526 and 1527 with the first and second parts of the 'Hyperaspistes.'† Melancthon urged Luther not to answer. His apologists declare that he would not condescend to do so; but he was ready enough to warn his followers against the 'Explanatio Symboli' (1533); and in the same year Erasmus wrote 'adversus calumniosissimam epistolam Martini Lutheri.' The hostility was irreconcilable. Erasmus appeared to Luther an enemy not only of Protestantism, but of religion itself. Erasmus contented himself with the view that where Lutheranism triumphed true learning disappeared. And true learning and true religion were inseparable.

Modern criticism of Erasmus has been content, perhaps wisely, to pass away from his philosophical or theological position. The complaint is that, in the free-will controversy, he was not a leader. But leadership cannot be wisely eulogised without count of the direction which it takes. It is not only that 'the "De libero arbitrio" was welcomed by all the moderates of the day, and doubtless did its work in holding to the *status quo* many a wavering spirit which otherwise might have been drawn into the reforming ranks';‡ its value lies in the emphatic demand which it records for a consideration of the whole case, the whole difficulty, the whole problem. It does not show an absolute condemnation of the position of Luther and his friends. 'While the weight of the argument is obviously thrown as far as possible on Luther's side, it calls attention sharply to the weakest points in the Reformation theology.' Erasmus, even when least Protestant, never surrendered his title to be a reformer.

In his last years he pursued his own course with simplicity. The 'Modus Confitendi' (1525) dealt with the right use of confession; the 'Ecclesiastes' (1535) shows

* Emerton, 'Erasmus,' p. 391.

† The argument of the last twenty pages of the 'Hyperaspistes' (1526) is particularly worth reading.

‡ Emerton, p. 397.

him homiletic and pastoral; the 'Modus Orandi Deum' shows him devout and evangelical, as well as conservatively reforming. Everywhere he rebuked superstition and pleaded for moderation. At the imperial court he was an advocate of peace. The Sorbonne condemned thirty-two opinions drawn from his works; it had already forbidden students to read his 'Colloquies.' Paul III wished to make him a cardinal; Paul IV put him, 'with all his books and writings, even when they contain nothing against religion or about religion,' on the Index.

How far then was he a reformer? It is impossible to deny that in his early works he satirised practically all that the later Reformers denounced, and that he did it before Luther wrote a line. Like the Reformers, he bitterly denounced those who preached continually of the power of the Pope, hardly ever of Christ. Like them the standard which he set up, the test by which he tried the existing condition of the Church, was biblical. But his view of the theology of the New Testament is infinitely wider than theirs. For them the heart of biblical Christianity consisted in the certainty of forgiveness of sins proceeding from the sinner's reconciliation with God through the Atonement. For him Christ was the divine exemplar, the model of the righteous man, the true ideal of moral and religious life. It was the doctrine of Christ which must be restored to the knowledge and imitation of mankind. To devote life to the glory of Christ and the love of man, he declares, that is true theology; and Œcolampadius confessed that it was from him that he learned '*nihil in sacris literis præter Christum quærendum.*' Christ was for him the centre, the sole object, of all Scripture. The ecclesiastical authorities of ancient and modern days are to be interpreted, or even replaced, by reference to Him alone, His gospel, His philosophy, His example. For him Christ interpreted all things; and the Church was the guide of man because she had the spirit of her Lord resting upon her.

His position is admirably illustrated by More's famous letter of 1519 to a monk* who feared that the Catholic

* '*Epistolæ aliquot Eruditiorum Virorum*' (Basel, 1520), pp. 92-138. Mr Froude, in his '*Life and Letters of Erasmus*' (pp. 135 *seqq.*), gave an extraordinary version of this letter, even inserting a sentence which has no existence in the original.

lawyer might be contaminated by his friendship with the scholar who had produced the 'Novum Instrumentum.' Dearer than the friendly monk, dearer than the dear Erasmus, was truth itself; and to truth, to learning, and to Christianity, the study of Greek was essential in More's eyes. Erasmus, in his free study of the Fathers and of the holy Scriptures in the tongues wherein they were written, represents the true mind of the Church, which obscurantist monks, and enemies of Greek and of liberal culture, distort and disfigure. More, like Erasmus, and like the aged Oxford scholar of three centuries later, was of opinion that the truth for the Church could be found if you would look back far enough for it, and it would be found to be always in agreement with scholarship and intellectual freedom. Humanism could not be unchristian, because Christ was the perfect man; nor theology narrow, because it was the science of the things of God.

Thus Erasmus was in practically the same position as the Christian humanists of the Italian Renaissance. Like Ficino, or Pico della Mirandola, he passed beyond the study of the ancient classics for their own sake; he was utterly opposed to the promotion of a new paganism; he was determined to devote these studies to the service of Christ and His Church. The Renaissance was to be the servant of the needed Reformation; it was to furnish the tools with which the true foundations of Christianity could be again revealed. The Church was to be restored to her pristine virtue, æsthetically, morally, penetrated with the spirit of the New Learning, and thus in the fullest sense reformed. Humanism was necessary to reset the expression of the Church's life in accord with modern needs, to reinvigorate and refurnish her theology; but Christianity, not humanism, was to be the motive power of reform. The ancient languages were indispensable for the recovery of the primitive Christian teaching, and only humanism gave the mind the freedom necessary for dealing with the revelation in relation to the life of the new age. The decisive doctrine of Erasmus, which contrasted with that of the conservative theologians almost as sharply as with that of Luther, was that Christ was the end of all learning and culture. Religion to him was primarily ethical. Culture divorced from ethics was

corrupt: in the plain principles of the Gospel and the person of Christ lay the salvation of mankind.

What then is the relation of Erasmus to the theology which has been developed from Reformation Protestantism? Critically, he was certainly in advance of the Reformers; his criticism had not the contemptuous intrepidity of Luther's, but it had an historical sagacity and acuteness which anticipated the attitude of modern exegesis. Thus he speaks of Homer, Virgil, and the Old Testament as it were in a breath, seems to doubt the Paulinism of the Epistle to the Ephesians, attributes the Epistle to the Hebrews to St Clement of Rome, is hardly more polite to St James than Luther himself, would doubt the authenticity of Revelation '*nisi me consensus orbis alio moveret, præcipue vero autoritas ecclesiæ.*' For him the Bible was not the object of worship, but He of whom the Bible spoke; Christ, not holy Scripture, was the true Word of God.*

It is thus that Erasmus is claimed by the newest advocates of unorthodoxy as the champion of their principles, and that modern advocates of a liberty to 'recite any one of the creeds while conscious of not really believing it' are styled by an American apologist 'Anglican Erasmians.' 'Crypto-liberalism,' we are told, 'has adopted the Erasmian morals. It advocates the "policy" of silence, education, and patient waiting for conservative funerals.'† Is the ancestry thus claimed capable of vindicating its theological pedigree? It is not. It is quite true that isolated passages from the writings of Erasmus, or, what is far more frequent, passages from Mr Froude's translations of him which do not occur in the original, are quoted to show that he maintained the view that truth might be held without the need of proclaiming it at all seasons, and that the received doctrines of the Church should be treated with tenderness even where they did not satisfy intellectual convictions. But isolated passages from many stout Protestants of the most rigid type might be quoted to illustrate the same opinion. In neither case is the quotation fair. Erasmus, when he welcomed free theological discussion, explicitly stated the

* Cf. '*Apologiæ omnes adversus eos qui illum locis aliquot in suis libri non satis circumspecte sunt calumniati*' (Basel, 1522).

† Professor Goodwin Smith, '*Hibbert Journal*,' October 1904.

Apostles' Creed to be the fundamental basis of belief. When he protested against accretions on the Catholic faith, he went no farther than the Athanasian Creed, which defines that faith as the worship of one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. In detail, there is no ground whatever for saying that Erasmus disbelieved in the doctrine of the Incarnation or the Holy Trinity as taught by the Catholic Church. Here lies his essential difference from the moderns who are compared with him.

In general, his tendency is unmistakable. It is that the Bible, learning, criticism, humanism, are each and all incomplete as guides to man without the permanent interpretative power and historic witness of the visible institution ordained by Christ Himself. His appeal is always to Christ; but it is inconceivable to him that Christ should be apart from His Church or the Church from Him. Erring, defiled, her members may be; but every scandal which his keen satire exposes is condemned explicitly as a defection from the pure standard of primitive days, which criticism will discover, and which is found to be the revelation of Christ in the Church. As critic and as historian, Erasmus found it impossible to say that Christ was right and that the fundamental principles of the continuous Church were wrong. Thus what she had regarded as essential doctrines were and must remain the permanent, unalterable bases of loyalty to the Lord. It is this very fact which points the bitterness of his contrast between the essential and the accretive, whether papal or Lutheran. So far as the modern world holds this, it enjoys the heritage of his thought, and so far only.

Perhaps no scholar the world has ever known is so certain of immortality as Erasmus. His position in the history of theology and letters is, in its way, unique. His 'Letters' and his 'Colloquies' are as fresh to-day as ever, and they will remain fresh even if his more serious work should ever be forgotten. But his memory is preserved at least as certainly by the brush of Holbein. Those sharply clever drawings on the margins of Erasmus's own copy of the 'Encomium Moriae,' which are to be seen in the Basel Museum, show the humours of the first acquaintance of scholar and painter. Perhaps the sketch there in the margin of Erasmus in his study is the first

Holbein made of him; it is answered on the next page, where there is the picture of a fat voluptuary who is a 'hog of Epicurus's sty,' and over it Erasmus has scribbled 'Holbein.' The jest was not bitterly meant; for indeed Mr Ruskin was right when he spoke of the painter as 'a grave man, knowing what steps of men keep truest time to the chaunting of death.'

The wonderful series of portraits of the great scholar which follow in long course from that date trace, it may almost be said, every change in his passing feelings as well as every step in the advance of old age. The famous picture at the Louvre, once the possession of Charles I, is just of the time when he came back to Basel. He is beginning a new book, and the lips are shut, with the suggestion of a smile lurking about them, as he writes down the title. The hair and face are ageing, but there is strength and restraint in the pose, and comfortable security in the suggestions of the three rings, the rich warm cloak, and the dark green tapestry, with its flowers of light green and white behind. Dürer's drawing of 1520 has quite a different air—fatter, younger, more sleek, and far more sly: it was drawn when the painter had begun to distrust the reforming zeal of his champion. And Dürer, with his touch of medieval knight-errantry, had not the perfect sympathy of Holbein, who was the supreme type of humanism in German art. The 1519 medal, so content and contemptuous, one may say, is a combination of the two ideas of the scholar. But Holbein remains for us the true immortaliser of Erasmus. In the portrait drawn for a woodcut frontispiece of the Works, the decoration is all classic and humanistic, the aged figure resting his hand on the head of a bust of Terminus, and pointing to it with significant gesture.

In a drawing in the Basel Museum, made at the same time as this for Erasmus, Terminus, the patron-god of settled ways and fixed bounds, is sketched, saying with decision, 'Concedo nulli.*' It was, in truth, the very attitude of Erasmus himself. With all the waverings that men thought they traced in his published opinions, with all the perplexities which are reflected inevitably

* This was a memorial of the signet which Alexander Stewart gave him in Italy. (See Nichols, I, 455.)

from time to time in his correspondence, as in that of every thinking man, Erasmus remained in deed and truth unalterably fixed in the ancient ways. The primitive order of the Church, as a thing divinely inspired, was his firm standing-ground; but what that order was he was keen to sift, criticise, rediscover. This it was that gave him the sympathy of the wise men of his time, conservative or humanistic; it was his because he had the true sense of stability in life and the true understanding of the varieties of human genius and human need. Holbein gives him to us in the pride of his success and self-confidence; but there are later pictures too, more touching and as deeply significant. There is the wonderful miniature at Basel, old, worn, and wrinkled, yet with the touch of a smile on the lips and the glimmer of a light in the humorous eye; and there is at Parma that weary face, wistful, still watchful, but ready to depart, because the scholar has 'warmed both hands before the fire of life,' and as it sinks, knows what man can tell and suffer, and in whose mercy he may trust.

The fascination of Erasmus increases as the years go on. The interest of his character, the more it is known, grows as we approach more nearly to an appreciation of it in which all the facts find place. The interest of his position becomes still more prominent as the problems of the modern world develop themselves. There is a manifest impatience of systems—of scientific systems because of their arrogance, of theological systems because of their incompleteness. Against all such systems, transitory and visibly decaying, Erasmus made repeated protest; and the language of his protests has a strange freshness to-day. But a system which is only the changing, growing expression of an enduring institution, historic through all modern life, and inspired by the breath which kindles all that is finest and best in human thought and human action, which is, to men who see, in the words of Goethe, the living dress of the Godhead, Erasmus revered and clung to as true shelter and true guide. There are words of a modern churchman which he would have made his own, words which indeed might well have fallen from his lips, and are a complete reflection of his thoughts.

'The Reformation set Scripture against the Church, and read it without due sense of its historic meaning. It must be read

in the sense in which it was written. The Reformation set aside the witness of the Church to the Lord. The reformers regarded Scripture as the revelation; but the object of revelation is the Lord Jesus Christ: God's purpose to restore mankind, manifested in the person of Christ. Faith is our grasp of Him, a faculty given by God to be used or cast away. Of that revelation Scripture is the record and the Church the witness.*

The attitude of Erasmus towards the Reformation, as well as his attitude towards individual reformers, finds its explanation in his attitude towards the Church. He believed in the Church, not as a congeries of disintegrating elements, not as a rigid inflexible machine, but as a sacred institution divinely instituted and divinely inspired, and, because it was ever in touch with divine life, continually growing and developing into the knowledge of the truth. It was thus that, in spite of personal feelings involved, blame incurred, and friendships sundered, in spite of difficulties, intellectual and constitutional, which no one saw more clearly than he, Erasmus held by the teaching voice of the Church, and strengthened himself, not by reference to an infallible interpreter, but by belief in the general judgment of the Body, past, present, and to come. The Church was to him the Body of Jesus Christ, and in Jesus Christ he profoundly believed; and, so believing, he was not impatient, not afraid to wait for light. The words that were nearest to his heart as humanist and as Christian were those which John Henry Newman took for his text the last day he preached in Oxford: 'In Thee is the well of life, and in Thy light shall we see light.'

W. H. HUTTON.

* 'Life of Bishop Creighton,' II, 507.

Art. V.—THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

1. *Ethnological Studies among the North-west-central Queensland Aborigines.* By Walter E. Roth. London: Macmillan, 1897.
 2. *The Native Races of Central Australia.* By Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen. London: Macmillan, 1899.
 3. *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia.* By the same. London: Macmillan, 1904.
 4. *The Native Tribes of South-east Australia.* By A. W. Howitt. London: Macmillan, 1904.
 5. *The Primitive Family, in its origin and development.* By C. N. Starcke. London: Kegan Paul, 1896.
 6. *Zur Urgeschichte der Ehe.* By Dr J. Kohler. Stuttgart: Enke, 1897.
 7. *Journal of the Anthropological Institute.* London: Macmillan, 1870–1900.
 8. *L'Année Sociologique.* Paris, 1898–1904.
- And other works.

THE Australian continent, so far as the aborigines are concerned, is a vast anthropological museum. The observer finds himself among men far more backward in civilisation than the remarkable artists whose works, in the caves of France and Spain, can scarcely be equalled by the pencil of the modern copyist. The isolation of Australia, and the conditions of climate, fauna, and vegetation, have not indeed made human progress impossible in every direction. In metaphysics and in religious speculation many tribes would be reckoned 'advanced' even in circles of free thought. The Australians have also reached, in the mechanical arts and crafts, the idea of chipping and polishing stone implements, and attaching them to handles, instead of merely using a rudely-flaked stone held in the palm of the hand, like the now exterminated Tasmanians. In some quarters rude canoes are not wholly unknown, and the art of plaiting is cultivated. Commerce exists: one tribe will barter its boomerangs for the stone spear-heads or red ochre of another; there are trade-routes, or rather paths, and fairs of a kind are held at intervals; dams of stones, for fish-catching (now attributed to the god 'Baiaame') attest

combined labour. But no Australian has risen to the conception of fabricating a clay pot; and no remains of native pottery have been found in the soil.

The graphic art scarcely extends beyond decorative scratches on wood and archaic designs exactly parallel to those of our 'cup-and-ring' marked stones, with spirals, volutes, and concentric circles. These patterns exist mainly in the central and north-central parts of the continent. Blacks who have seen our illustrated papers draw very spirited pictures with ink and a sharp stick, rather in the manner of Leech, and they especially shine in depicting animals. On the walls of their caves also they paint scenes from the chase, but not with so much skill as the Bushmen of the Cape exhibit. Some of their songs, of which Mr Howitt has recorded a few, are of a poetic melancholy; and there is poetry as well as humorous fancy in their legendary tales, of which two volumes, with designs by a native, have been published by Mrs Langloh Parker. They appear not to be ignorant of hypnotic methods, and practise crystal-gazing for purposes of divination. It is not so certain as was once thought that the natives have no words for numerals above five; and, if educated, they become expert calculators. 'Who can deny evolution?' said an educated black when he was shown, in a museum, the rude stone and bone implements of our prehistoric ancestors.

Far from denying evolution, the central and northern tribes, as we shall see, have discovered the idea for themselves, while admitting a certain minimum of extraneous assistance, to give the universe a fair start. When Darwin first met the Fuegians he could scarcely regard them as human beings, but he soon found that they learned English easily, while he could not learn German, and that their mental faculties were much like our own though confined to lines practically serviceable in their station of life. In this respect the Australians resemble the Fuegians; but, while we know nothing of Fuegian philosophy, the Australians have evolved a metaphysic and a religion (as we take the liberty to call it) of their own, their physical science remaining chiefly magical.

The natives, however, have applied their intelligence above all things to the structure of a complicated form of society and of a vast body of customary law. This

is perfectly simple in its practical working, while in theory it is so complex that a minute analysis of it, as Monsieur Reinach says, 'is algebra, not literature.'

It must be remembered that the Australians have not only been isolated from foreign communications, but that their country yields neither native cereals worth cultivating nor, excepting dogs and ducks, animals capable of domestication or useful if domesticated. Pre-Columbian America had no domesticable animals, but did grow maize, potatoes, and tobacco, so that the agricultural, if not the pastoral, life was possible. Australia has indeed edible grass-seeds, which are pounded and cooked into cakes. Some tribes, such as the Euahlayi of New South Wales, have advanced so far as to store these seeds; and, says Mrs Langloh Parker, have a kind of harvest-home at the gathering of them; but no tribe has thought of sowing the seeds in prepared soil, nor are we certain that the trouble would be rewarded. The people are thus, of necessity, hunters, and being hunters are necessarily nomadic, each tribe within its unmarked but well-known boundaries. Between tribe and tribe war for purposes of territorial aggrandisement is unknown. They may fight about women, or in the blood feud, for, as nobody is supposed to die a natural death, every death is thought to be caused by hostile magic. Fights are not now resolutely waged, but merely to draw first blood, as a rule; and, as there are no conquests, there are no slaves, and very little material progress. There are no hereditary chiefs, though, among some socially advanced tribes, a kind of magistracy, or a 'moderatorship' of local groups in the tribal general assembly, is hereditary in the male line.

The constitution of each tribe is thus democratic. In the absence of accumulated property, age, knowledge, courage, magical powers, and the possession of women to be given 'in commendation,' enable some men to acquire considerable influence. The chief governing powers are public opinion and customary law, which may be modified by the 'headmen,' or elders and councillors. There are no divisions of rank, except such as are constituted by degrees of age—degrees marked by initiatory ceremonies for the boys and young men. At each stage of initiation new knowledge and new privileges are acquired,

mainly in regard to the eating of foods forbidden to the young, and to knowledge of myths and ceremonies.

The initiatory rites are accompanied by whatever can strike terror into the neophyte, and by bodily mutilations ranging from the knocking out of teeth, in the south and east, to circumcision, and the much more painful, dangerous, and inexplicable operation called *ariltha* by the Arunta of Central Australia. Women, before marriage, have their own tortures to endure; but the religious myths of the tribes and the sacred objects are usually concealed, under pain of death, from the women, a custom common among savages in Africa and America.

Having thus given a general view of Australian society, we must remark that, though on a uniform level of low material culture, the tribes vary in the most surprising way as regards ceremonies, beliefs, and types of social organisation. Speaking generally, the tribes of the south and east appear to retain the more primitive, while those of the central and northern part of the continent have evolved the more advanced regulations, the more complex, prolonged, and cruel rites, the more highly organised magic, the more 'emancipated' speculation, and the nearer approach to local organisation. Our most recent and valuable sources of knowledge must first be gratefully recognised.

In 1878 Mr Brough Smyth compiled a valuable collection of reports from various hands on the natives of Victoria. Among the contributors, Mr A. W. Howitt, then police-magistrate at Bairnsdale in Gippsland, was most remarkable for his scientific interest in the problem (then brought forward by Mr J. F. McLennan and Mr Lewis Morgan) of the constitution of early human society. Throughout the years between 1878 and the present day Mr Howitt, often working with the Rev. Mr Fison, has made many contributions of value to learned periodicals. In 1904 Mr Howitt (who has received the well-deserved degree of doctor of science from the University of Cambridge) summed up the result of his personal observations, and of the reports of many correspondents, in 'The Native Tribes of South-east Australia.' As we shall see, the south-eastern tribes, though early in touch with white men, are, or were, in what Mr Howitt, with almost all enquirers, regards as the most archaic social condition.

Mr Howitt's large work is remarkable for careful investigation and caution in the suggestion of hypotheses, and is conspicuously candid in tone.

Not less valuable and admirable are the two works by Mr Baldwin Spencer, professor of biology in the University of Melbourne, and Mr F. J. Gillen, sub-protector of the natives at Alice Springs, a station in the precise centre of Australia. Here Mr Gillen won the confidence of tribes which, if not wholly out of touch with missionaries, have certainly paid (as our authors prove) no attention whatever to their teaching. We shall be obliged to differ from both Mr Howitt and Messrs Spencer and Gillen on some points of theory; but it is impossible to overpraise the matter and manner of their works. Except as regards linguistic and philological research, they are masterpieces of method. As much may be said for Dr Roth's volume on the aborigines of Queensland, in which philology receives due attention. The works of Taplin, Cameron, Eyre, Gason, Threlkeld, Mathew, Dawson, Ridley, and others, we have read and assimilated; but, as they are cited by Mr Howitt, we need not refer to them in detail, while some researches of the correspondents of Mr R. H. Mathew have proved to be in certain points erroneous.*

The first volume of the 'Native Races of Central Australia,' by Messrs Spencer and Gillen, dealt mainly with the large, or at least widely diffused, tribe of the Arunta or Aranda. The name, in Mr Curr's glossaries, means 'cockatoos.' The authors render it 'loud-mouthed,' a good name for the cockatoo. This book of 1899 was followed by 'The Northern Tribes of Central Australia' (1904). Both volumes represent a cruel amount of toil and exposure to heat, cold, and intense discomfort. The second book is the fruit of a journey, in which two Arunta tribesmen took part, from the north of Lake Eyre straight to Newcastle Waters, and thence due east to the coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, opposite the Pelew Islands. Some eighteen tribes in all were visited and examined; how conversation with peoples of eighteen different tongues was managed we do not know. Our

* Journal and Proceedings, Royal Society, N.S.W., vols xxviii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxiv.

explorers do not touch on questions of linguistics, philology, and phonetic changes.

Each Australian tribe described by Messrs Spencer and Gillen appears, as regards its beliefs and myths, to preserve a stern orthodoxy unusual among whites, and hitherto unheard-of among savages. Are there no variants, no contradictory myths? Do all Arunta or all Urabunna steadfastly believe and receive an authorised version of their myths, as John Knox believed in his own confession of faith? One important Arunta variant we have observed. Our authors, having been allowed to witness all Arunta mysteries and ceremonials, were throughout accepted as 'initiated' men, like Mr Howitt among the south-eastern tribes, though Mr Howitt's front teeth were not knocked out, nor were Messrs Spencer and Gillen subjected to circumcision.

We must now briefly sketch the social organisation, ceremonials, and beliefs of the tribes of the south-east, south-centre, centre, and north of Australia. In the matter of supplies almost every conceivable thing that comes across their path is food to them. The food-supply varies in various regions, in proportion to the rainfall and the nature of the soil. Where, as Mr Frazer says of the Arunta country of Central Australia, 'the pitiless sun beats down for months together out of a blue and cloudless sky on the parched and gaping earth,' food ought to be scarcer than in regions of a greater rainfall. But the Arunta, if we may trust Messrs Spencer and Gillen's numerous photographs, are not emaciated or anæmic. Of course the natives, as they 'live on the country' where white men would die of hunger, roam about in small family groups, in migratory camps. When several hundred Arunta meet at palavers and ceremonial assemblies which last for four months, the problem of supplies must be very difficult; unless it be solved (as it was in the brief congresses of Mr Howitt's tribes) by the bread, tea, and tinned meats of the white fellow. In a tribal ceremony inspected by Messrs Spencer and Gillen, which lasted from the middle of September to the middle of January, with one service or half a dozen services performed every day, and during most nights, how did the natives obtain supplies? Grass-seed had been gathered; but grass-seed does not go very far, even on the fertile

banks of the river Todd. The younger men hunt; but one would expect them to clear the accessible country of every lizard, blue-bottle, bat, and rat, in four months. However, they solve the problem in one way or another; and we are not informed that they are enabled to spin out their ceremonies by help of civilised damper, beef, mutton, and tea. If the natives procure food for large numbers for a long time so easily, then the Arunta country cannot be so very poorly endowed. If the natives receive European rations, then the length of time to which they protract their rites is not a natural and normal part of their habits.

Though they are all on nearly the same abject level as regards the arts of life, the natives differ, as we have said, in the most surprising degree as concerns social institutions. We take the organisation in which the kin-name descends on the female side, while the maternal kinsfolk dispose of girls in betrothals, to be the most archaic type; and on this point Mr Spencer, Mr Howitt, Dr Kohler, and Mr E. B. Tylor are agreed. Now to advance from the descent of the name of the kin through mothers to its descent through fathers is a great step in progress. Society comes, when this step is made, to be organised on a local basis; the names of the kins are no longer indiscriminately scattered, as when children inherit the mother's kin-name; but the dwellers in a district are mainly of the same kin-name, by paternal descent, like the MacIans in Glencoe. The people are now united both by ties of blood, real or supposed, and of local interests. How it happens that of two adjoining and intermarrying tribes, equally low in material culture, one reckons descent in the female, and the other in the male line—and that where there is no property worth sixpence to inherit—we cannot pretend to guess. Dr Kohler explains the change to male descent as the result of scanty natural supplies; Mr Howitt, as the result of copious natural supplies. The actual facts of the case lend countenance to neither hypothesis. However, in these varying conditions the natives are found; and some tribes, in no appreciable degree more civilised than the others, have almost entirely shaken off the yoke of archaic marriage rules.

We must next consider the local tribes, each with its own distinct language or dialect, each with its recognised,

though unmarked frontiers. A tribe has a name of its own, sometimes derived from an animal, often from the word for 'yes' or 'no' in the language of the tribesmen. It is greatly to be wished that we knew how far the various tribal languages are mere dialects, derived from a common stem, evolved under the many superstitions which induce savages to tabu old words and take up new words. The names of the great social divisions are often practically identical in tribes throughout a vast area of country, tribes who seldom or never meet and cannot understand each other's dialects. Is the identity of names for social divisions among tribes of alien speech due to borrowing from a given centre, or are they relics of a time when a single language prevailed? The natives do not know the meaning of most of the names.

Many tribesmen are bilingual; and, in the south-east, members of tribes which intermarry are invited to each other's ceremonies. In the centre and north an alien to the tribe may even be the chief performer in a given rite. Dances are diffused from tribes among which the songs have a meaning to distant communities, who sing the words without understanding them. As Mr Kipling says, in 'The Neolithic Age,'

'There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right.'

In these and other directions there is plenty of tribal intercommunication; there is borrowing of mystic objects; and there must be an unknown amount of interchange of ideas between tribe and tribe.

It is obvious that these tribes, well organised for their purposes as they are, with their councils, headmen, heralds, prophets, and internal peace, cannot be primitive institutions. We cannot suppose that a horde of pristine human beings, if such a horde could hold together in such a barren country, was organised like a tribe of the present day, or was obedient to headmen, to the inspired prophets, and to a complex and minute body of customary laws regulating marriage, food-supply, burial, ceremonial, and every detail of life.

The nature of these laws, as they affect the relations of the sexes, must now be explained. The rules vary in character and fall into a few distinct grades of com-

plexity. Everywhere certain men and women, of a certain status, are alone intermarriageable; all other unions are incestuous and are capitally punished. In two words any pair can learn, even under the most complex system, whether they are or are not intermarriageable.

The basis of the whole aboriginal marriage law is the well-known rule which forbids two persons of the same totem to marry each other. In Australia, as in some North American tribes, the rule works thus. Each tribe is divided into two 'phratries' or 'exogamous moieties' called, let us say, Eagle-hawk (Mukwara) and Crow (Kilpara). No person of the phratry Crow may marry a Crow, but must marry an Eagle-hawk, and *vice versa*. Matters are so arranged that the same totem (dog, duck, cat, kangaroo, emu, ant, or the like) never occurs in both phratries. Thus it is impossible for a person to marry another of the same totem-name; for marriage must be with a man or woman in the opposite phratry, and in the opposite phratry the same totem-name does not occur. There are other very complex divisions called 'matrimonial classes,' clearly not primitive. In some tribes there are four of these; in northern and central Australia there are usually eight, four in each phratry. No one can marry except into the appropriate class in the opposite phratry, in which his own totem-name can never occur; he or she therefore must marry out of their totem. Phratries, totems, and classes are always hereditary, whether in the male or female line.

There is but one exception to the universal rule of savage society—that marriage must be contracted outside of the totem-name, usually that of a plant or animal—which is regarded with varying degrees of respect and reverence. This exception was discovered by Messrs Spencer and Gillen among the Arunta of Central Australia, some allied septs, and their nearest neighbours to the north, the Kaitish. This tribe, though its usages are those of the Arunta, may legally marry within the totem, but almost invariably avoids such unions. Among all the rest of totemistic mankind, the totem-name is inherited from either the father or the mother; no marriage is permitted between persons of the same totem-name; and the name delimits the kin, real or supposed. There is thus no marriage within the totem-kin, 'however far apart

the hunting-grounds' of the bearers of the kin totem-name. In the Arunta 'nation,' on the other hand, the totem is not a mark of kin; it is permissible for persons of the same totem-name to marry each other, however close neighbours they may be; the totem is inherited from neither parent, though the right to perform its totemic ceremonies is inherited through the father; and each child acquires its totem by sheer accident. Persons of the same totem are merely united as members of a society which performs magical rites for the benefit and behoof of the plant or animal. 'Intichiuma' is the name of such totemic rites. The tribe is a co-operative community, each totemic society working spells for the multiplying of its own plant or animal, of which the members of the society in each case eat very sparingly in a ritual kind of way practised by the Arunta 'nation' alone.

It must here be distinctly understood that, in our opinion, the Arunta and Kaitish are not of a primitive, but of an advanced social type. That is proved by their habit of reckoning inheritance in the male line; by the consequently local character of their communities; by the existence of their Alatinja—holding a kind of magistracies hereditary in the male line; by the 'individual,' not 'group' system of marriage;* by the length, number, and elaborate character of their ceremonials; and by the nature of their initiatory rites, which have almost superseded the simpler and less cruel rites of the more primitive peoples of the south-east.† Moreover, the Arunta, like all the tribes from their southern neighbours, the Urabunna, to the sea in the north, and unlike the south-eastern tribes, believe in no 'All-Father'—though there are traces of this creed in the Kaitish tribe—but hold by a doctrine of evolution. Primary animal forms developed (they say) into human beings, and their spirits are perpetually reincarnated; they do not go to the 'All-Father,' or to any place of reward or punishment or home of the dead. We first meet a germ of this creed in the Euahlayi tribe of New South Wales. They have an All-Father, 'Byamee' or 'Baiaame'; and souls go to their own

* By 'group marriage' Messrs Spencer and Gillen mean a custom of invading actual marriage by allotting permanent paramours. It is confined to a special set of tribes.

† 'Northern Tribes,' xi, 329; 'Native Races,' p. 455.

places, but the spirits of children who die before initiation are reincarnated.*

The belief among the Arunta and Kaitish has yet another marked peculiarity; and this peculiarity is the only cause of the unique, non-exogamous nature of Arunta totemism. As all these things are so, we are unable to understand how the two explorers can regard the totemic system of the Arunta nation as the most archaic now extant. 'It is difficult,' they say, 'to avoid the conclusion that the central tribes, which for long ages have been shielded by their geographical isolation from external influences, have retained the most primitive form of customs and beliefs.'† But their initiatory ceremonies are confessed to be, in all likelihood, later than those of the south-eastern tribes. As descent is admitted to have been originally reckoned in the female line, in this important point especially the Arunta are non-primitive. Again, they are not, in fact, isolated at all. How should they be? 'The tribes are not, generally speaking, separated from one another by any natural physical barriers.' One tribe stretches over both sterile desert country and a relatively well-watered region; another, the Arunta, occupies both sides of the McDonnell ranges of hills. Men of one tribe do magic and rites for men of another tribe. In what sense, then, these tribes can be called 'isolated,'‡ and how the totemic system of the most advanced tribes can be claimed as the most primitive we cannot conceive.

Judging from the system now in vogue among the Arunta, our authors suppose that tribes were originally divided into societies, each doing magic for some object, usually edible. They had, so far, none of the existing rules regulating sexual relations, and, we presume, lived more promiscuously than deer or cattle. The rules came later—why introduced we are not told; though, in the

* 'The Euahlayi Tribes,' by Mrs Langloh Parker (MS.).

† 'Northern Tribes,' p. xii; cf. pp. 13, 18, 22.

‡ On page 18 of 'Northern Tribes' we read that, at the present day, the various groups are frequently shut off from communication with one another by long stretches of absolutely impassable country. On page 18 we are told that 'the tribes are not, generally speaking, separated from one another by any natural physical barriers.' On page 31 we read that the tribes dwell in each others' midst, as visitors. We cannot reconcile these contradictory statements.

south-east, Mr Howitt thinks that a prophet or medicine-man, believing himself to be inspired by the 'All-Father,' pointed out to the headmen that it would be well to institute the phratriac division (as into Kilpara and Mukwara), and to make each division marry exclusively with the other.* The 'reason why' of all this, 'Kutchi' or 'Daramulun,' the All-Father in question, alone knows. As to the reason for making the division and the rule, Mr Spencer has not committed himself to any opinion, or has not done so consistently. Mr Howitt's theory, of course, postulates that the tribe of to-day, with its All-Father, its councils, its headmen, its inspired prophet, and its co-operative magical stores, was already in being before marriage was regulated at all. The theory leaves the origin of exogamy unexplained.

Admitting the imperfect hypothesis merely for the sake of argument, we arrive at the following results. Each primal totemistic tribe was well equipped with magical societies, doing spells for the good, say, of ravens, wolves, and so on (in America), as articles of food-supply, each magical society bearing the name of the plant or animal which it breeds. Who would breed ravens and wolves? The first marriage law was then introduced—we are not told why—and divided the tribe into halves. All known totemists arranged these halves so that the same animal or plant for which sets of men did magic never occurred in both divisions; and thus persons of the same totem-kin can nowhere intermarry. The Arunta 'nation' alone neglected this precaution; here the same totems occur in both divisions; and therefore in Aruntadom, though nowhere else, people of the same totem may intermarry if they are in the right opposite intermarrying 'classes.' Now such classes are a late institution. Or perhaps all totemistic mankind began in the present Arunta condition, and later, with one consent, before developing 'classes,' abandoned Arunta totemism, making it death for people of the same totem to intermarry.

To the system of Mr Spencer the logical objections are nearly as numerous as they are obvious. Even granting the primitive existence of a prehistoric tribe with

* Howitt, 'Native Tribes of South-east Australia,' pp. 89, 90,

legislative powers, how did the magical societies arise? As Mr Howitt himself asks, 'How was it that men assumed the names of objects, which in fact must have been the commencement of totemism?''* There is no answer, unless we postulate the existence of magic at this remote date, and then suppose that each group (what sort of group?) was named after the object for which, either spontaneously or by tribal decree, it wrought a form of magic unknown to the south-eastern tribes of primitive organisation. If that be asserted, what directed the special attention of each magical group to only one out of the innumerable articles of food? They could not have lived, as in an absurd Arunta myth, on one article of food alone; for many articles have as short a season as the may-fly, while all, if exclusively eaten by a group, would speedily be exterminated.

Once more, such groups or societies, doing magic for the behoof of one animal or plant, are found best organised, and in the most flourishing condition, not in tribes of the archaic type (where they are not found at all), but in American and Torres Strait Island tribes, with male descent and with agriculture.† They flourish most as society deserts the archaic type, and not (Mr Howitt says) among the primitive Australian tribes with female reckoning of kin and inheritance. It cannot be argued that these tribes gave up totemic magic because they had a larger rainfall and better natural food-supply than the Arunta; for Red Indians and Torres Strait Islanders, far more prosperous than any Australians, and living in better conditions, work co-operative magic with peculiar energy. The same practice, once universal in Europe, survives in folk-lore.‡

Next, the Arunta, with male descent, with loss of the pristine phratry names (now superseded by the eight 'classes'), with local self-government, hereditary Alatumja, relatively novel ceremonies, and 'individual marriage,' are peculiarly advanced. How then should they alone of mankind retain what is primitive? It is *prima facie* improbable; and, what is decisive, without their present

* 'Tribes of South-east Australia,' p. 153.

† Dorsey, 'U.S. Bureau of Ethnology,' 1881, 1882, pp. 238, 239; 1885, 1890, p. 537; 'Journal of the Anthropological Institute' (new series), I, 5-17.

‡ See 'The Golden Bough,' in many passages.

advanced social organisation and local totem groups the Arunta system cannot possibly exist.

With the confessedly earlier reckoning of descent in the female line the Arunta form of totemism does not, because it cannot, exist; and Messrs Spencer and Gillen themselves make this a matter of mathematical certainty. The Arunta, reckoning descent in the male line, have necessarily local totem groups. In each district one totem is dominant; in fact, each district has its totem. As the Arunta live in this style, their legends preserve no memory of a time when descent in the female line prevailed and when totems were therefore indiscriminately scattered through all districts. Consequently the Arunta myths represent the legendary first ancestors as dwelling or moving about in groups, each of which contained persons of but one totem. These persons 'went into the ground'; and their ghosts—ghosts all of one totem in each case—now haunt the spot where they 'went into the ground,' and the trees or rocks that rose up to mark the place, as in *Märchen* and in our old ballads. The ghosts especially haunt the small, oval, stone slabs, with archaic markings incised, which each of these ancestors possessed (*churinga nanja*). When a child is born to-day it is merely an ancestral ghost of this, that, or the other local totem, which is reborn from any woman who comes past. The mother fixes its totem by mentioning the place where she thinks that she conceived it. The local totem of that place—say, cat, emu, grub, or whatever it may be—is the totem of the child, whose totem is thus not inherited but fixed by accident. The oval stone slab which the child possessed in the 'dream-time' is sought for on the place of his conception, and sometimes it is found; if not, a wooden slab is made. By this method one totem gets into both of the exogamous sets of classes, so that a person of the grub totem, in one set of classes, can marry a person of the grub totem in the opposite set. That in the prehistoric 'dream-time' no totem was ever in both sets of classes (as by universal rule elsewhere) is averred by one Arunta myth. That the reverse, as at present, was the case is asserted by another Arunta myth. Both traditions are historically worthless. But that the existing arrangement is a departure from the universal rule is certain.

As Messrs Spencer and Gillen write, 'it is the idea of spirit, individuals associated with *churinga*, and resident in certain definite spots, that lies at the root of the present totemic system of the Arunta tribe.' Now this idea cannot possibly be primitive. With female descent each mortuary local centre would be haunted by ghosts of an indefinite number of totems, not of one totem only; and no woman could possibly pretend to guess, as in Aruntadom she is certain, what totemic spirit was reincarnated as her child. Male descent, confessedly later than reckoning in the female line, alone makes the Arunta system possible. Again, except the Arunta and their neighbours, the Kaitish, the Ilpirra, and one or two other adjacent tribes of the 'nation,' no known people believes that souls are attached to stone slabs, each inscribed with the marks of the local totem, though many tribes believe in reincarnation. Consequently, where no such stones and no such belief exist, the Arunta system does not and cannot possibly exist; nor does it occur among tribes which believe in reincarnation but have no stone slabs. If it had once existed, say among the Binbinga tribe, the stone amulets would be found outside of Aruntadom; but none such are said to be discovered.

Again, let us suppose that the Arunta to-day were to abandon their stone slabs and the belief about them, and make totems hereditary in the male line, as do their northern neighbours. In that case their totems would still be non-exogamous, for the same totems already exist, and would continue to exist by inheritance, in both of the opposed and exogamous set of classes. But among the northern tribes this is not so; totems are therefore exogamous, which they could not be if these tribes had once held and then abandoned the Arunta belief.

We cannot surely be asked to suppose that male reckoning of descent, local totemism, the belief in reincarnation, and the belief in these haunted stone slabs, are all primitive; that all have prevailed wherever totemism exists or has existed; and yet that these four necessary conditions have been preserved intact by only two or three tribes in the known world, while these tribes, in fact, are remarkable for their advanced social conditions and non-primitive ceremonies and rites. The Arunta and Kaitish belief in the myth about the stone

slabs (*churinga nanja*) is as entirely peculiar as is the Urabunna or the Euahlayi creed as to reincarnation.*

It follows from these arguments that, so far as the Arunta vary from the universal exogamous rule, their totemism is decadent; they are far advanced on the way out of totemism. This is just what we should expect from advanced thinkers who are said to have emancipated themselves from religion altogether. By 'religion' we here mean the belief in superior non-natural beings who made or arranged the world of things, and to whom some measure of reverence is paid. The Arunta have magic of the usual symbolical kind, and sorcerers, who know that they perform their own miracles by imposture, or do not perform them at all, but believe in the magic of other sorcerers. They also impress on the women and children the belief in a supernormal being, called Twanyirika, who is concerned with the rites of initiation; but the initiated know that he is a mere bugbear, like the Melanesian Duk-duk or the African Mumbo-jumbo.

The creed of the tribe is evolutionary. Rudimentary living forms arose, it is said, somehow, and were released from their husks by two entities named Ungambikula, meaning 'without beginning.' These 'inapertwa,' or rudimentary forms of life, developed into what we may call Titans, magically powerful shape-shifting beings, half human, half bestial. They traversed the country, inventing implements, instituting rites and ceremonies, acting, in short, as 'culture heroes'; and, when they died, their souls were reincarnated in each new generation. Thus the Arunta have no room for a god, for heaven, or for a place of future punishment. Their two speculative ideas, evolution and reincarnation, have made religion impossible. The interesting point is that these ideas do not seem to be primitive. If we may judge by a number of facts, the Arunta have worked their way out of an early religion, that of the more primitive south-eastern tribes, just as they have nearly worked their way out of totemism. Their neighbours, the Kaitish, who still do not marry, or only very rarely, within the totem-name, retain manifest survivals of the south-eastern

* There seem to be traces of stone *churinga* in the Warramunga and Waagal tribes.

religious belief in an All-Father. The Kaitish are a link, as regards totemism and religious belief, between the primitive south-eastern and the advanced central and northern tribes.

As regards religion, the tribes examined by Messrs Spencer and Gillen, being convinced evolutionists, with a belief in reincarnation, 'have not the vaguest idea of a personal individual, other than an actual living member of the tribe, who approves or disapproves of their conduct, so far as anything like what we call morality is concerned.' The Kaitish believe in a 'very great man' who, far behind the age of evolution of animal forms, 'made himself and gave himself his name'—Atnatu. 'He has another sky and sun beyond the place in which he lives.' He 'made the Alcheringa,' the mythic dream-time, behind which the Arunta do not look. He expelled many of his sons from heaven because they 'performed no sacred ceremonies for him, as they ought to have done.' These sons of Atnatu are the ancestors of some blacks; other blacks were evolved out of lower animal forms. The Father gave his sons 'everything which the black fellow has.' Atnatu insists on the performance of circumcision, on the whirling of the noisy bull-roarer, and so forth. Atnatu is a survival, not yet obliterated by the evolutionary theory, of the All-Father, whom Mr Howitt finds in his socially more primitive south-eastern tribes. He answers minutely to the Nzambe of the Fans of West Africa, as described by M. Allégret.* Even among the Arunta, Mr Gillen, some years ago, in the report of the Horn expedition, spoke of a belief which he and Mr Spencer do not mention in their recent works, perhaps distrusting the evidence. It is not the reincarnation belief. We quote Mr Gillen:—

'The sky is said to be inhabited by three persons, a gigantic man with an immense foot shaped like that of an emu, a woman, and a child who never developes beyond childhood. The man is called Ulthaana, meaning "spirit." When a native dies his spirit is said to ascend to the home of the great Ulthaana, where it remains for a short time; the Ulthaana then throws it into the Salt Water, from which it is rescued by two benevolent but lesser Ulthaana who perpetually reside

* 'Revue de l'Histoire des Religions' (1904), p. 14.

on the sea-shore, apparently merely for the purpose of rescuing spirits who have been subject to the inhospitable treatment of the great Ulthaana of the heavens (Alkirra). Henceforth the rescued spirit of the dead man lives with the lesser Ulthaana.*

This information, linking Arunta with Kaitish belief in a sky-dwelling anthropomorphic being, and depriving them of the belief in reincarnation, is omitted from the two books by Messrs Spencer and Gillen. We have seen another account of such an Arunta belief, in a paper of 1882, from a missionary among the Arunta.† We do not quote the evidence, as it is from a missionary, who might be said to be unconsciously the author of the creed which he records. Other testimony tallies strangely with parts of the Euahlayi myth about their All-Father, 'Byamee' or 'Baiaame.' It is not easy to get at the more esoteric beliefs of savages. In one of the tribes near Lake Eyre an informant of Mr Howitt's, Mr Siebert, found traces in legend of a sky-dwelling being, 'Arawotya,' who made deep springs on earth and then ascended.‡ There is probably more to be known about 'Arawotya,' perhaps a fading All-Father, like the Huron 'Ataentsic.'

If a tribe had the belief in the All-Father, and held that souls of the dead go to him, that creed would be wrecked by the rise of the native evolutionary hypothesis and the myth of reincarnation when these occur to the tribal thinkers. But, if they began with these advanced ideas, how did they come to invent the notion of the All-Father? Messrs Spencer and Gillen think that whites, conversing in pidgin-English with blacks, might misunderstand them and erroneously suppose they believed in an All-Father. But the existence of the belief in the south-east is attested by missionaries who could write native languages, such as Kamilaroi; which perhaps few anthropologists are able to do. Mr Howitt is not a missionary, and many of his correspondents are not; nor is Dr Roth, who finds in Queensland a being called 'Mulkari,'

* 'Notes on Manners and Customs of the Aborigines of the McDonnell Ranges belonging to the Arunta Tribe.' Gillen (Horn Expedition), iv, 183.

† Kempe, in 'Proceedings of the Geographical Society of Halle' (1883). The name of the being is given as 'Altjira,' not 'Alkirra,' as by Mr Gillen.

‡ 'Native Tribes of South-east Australia,' pp. 793, 794.

much on a par with Mr Howitt's All-Father.* Mr Howitt himself knew nothing of this belief till he was initiated into the Kurnai and other tribal mysteries. Among the Narrinyeri he is called 'Nurrundere,' and 'is said to have made all things on earth,' instituted all laws, and ascended to the sky. He has other titles: 'Nurelli' of the Wiimbaio, 'Pirnmeheel' of the Mount Gambier tribes, 'Bunjil' among many tribes, 'Mungan-ngaua' of the Kurnai, 'Tha-tha-pulli' of the Wathi-Wathi, 'Baime' of the Kamilaroi, Wiradjuri, and Euahlayi, 'Daramulun' of the Yuin and cognate tribes: but, 'under many names, one form,' he is a supranormal, anthropomorphic, sky-dwelling being, regarded as 'Our Father.' He is kindly, the giver of laws, the maker of things, or of many things, the guardian of tribal morality. He is not a 'spirit,' he is a being *sui generis*. He has no temples built of hands; his images are made in the mysteries and destroyed when these are over; he receives no sacrifice; and, except in cases recorded by Mrs Langloh Parker among the Euahlayi, he is not addressed in prayer. He frequently welcomes the souls of the dead in his sky country. He is a child's idea of God; and he is mixed up with puerile or evil myths, just as Zeus is in Greek mythology.

Mr Howitt believes that he is not the result of missionary teaching—if he were, the women would know all about him, but they do not know—and that he is not the flower of ancestor-worship, which does not exist. Mr Howitt (pp. 498–509) finds in this being 'no trace of a divine nature.' This failure will surprise some mythologists; but Mr Howitt holds that, 'under favourable conditions, the beliefs might have developed into an actual religion.' To us the beliefs appear to be an actual religion already; but that is a question of terminology, and Mr Howitt gives no definition of 'religion.' There are dances round the image of 'Daramulun,' and the medicine-men 'invoke his name.' Mr Howitt probably thinks that religion cannot exist without prayers or sacrifices, or both. As for the idea that the blacks borrowed their conception of the All-Father from the whites, we might as well say that they adapted their evolutionary hypothesis from the 'Origin of Species.'

* 'N.W. Central Queensland Aborigines,' §§ 207, 260, 269, 280–291.

So far as the evidence enables us to judge, Messrs Spencer and Gillen have made a most curious discovery. They have found tribes in a state of very low material culture who have actually, by the aid of what may be called rudimentary scientific speculation, emancipated themselves from a naïve early stage of religion, the stage of the Fans, the Dinka, and the Masai of Africa; the Masai, however, are a prayerful people, in this respect unlike the Australian believers in 'Baiame.*' The Arunta belief in the 'Alcheringa' (dream-time) and Alcheringa ancestors is the Greek belief in shape-shifting, magical, primitive beings who introduced rites and ceremonies. When the tribes of the north-centre act the adventures of the Alcheringa ancestors, they anticipate the Eleusinia of the Greeks. But they have no mythical being who answers to the Greek All-Father Zeus. The tribes of the south-east, on the other hand, have the germs of Semitic monotheism, the belief in an ethical All-Father, as yet but rarely approached in prayer, and, fortunately, never propitiated by sacrifice, which, in the absence of domesticated animals, would probably be human sacrifice. Neither in the north and centre nor in the south-east of Australia do we observe any trace of ancestor-worship, regarded as the origin of religion in many popular theories.

Our hypothesis is the converse of that apparently entertained by Messrs Spencer and Gillen. They probably regard the Arunta lack of religion as primitive, just as they think the totemism of the Arunta most archaic. They do not indulge in the comparative method in either case; and it is the comparative method that leads us to our conclusions. By recording the instance of the Kaitish, who have adopted Arunta ideas, but not thoroughly; who have the *churinga nanja*, but still refrain from marrying within the totem; who retain the All-Father creed, but partially adopt the evolutionary theory—Messrs Spencer and Gillen enable us to watch the process of religious and social development in Central Australia.

ANDREW LANG.

* 'The Masai,' by A. C. Hollis, Oxford (1906), pp. 345-351.

Art. VI.—THE RIGHTS AND LIMITS OF THEOLOGY.

1. *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom.* By Andrew Dickson White, LL.D. Two vols. New York: Appleton, 1903.
2. *Histoire du Dogme de la Divinité de Jésus-Christ.* By Albert Réville. Third edition. Paris: Alcan, 1904.
3. *Die Anfänge unserer Religion.* By Paul Wernle. Tübingen: Mohr, 1901.
4. *Les Religions d'Autorité et la Religion de l'Esprit.* By A. Sabatier. Paris: Fischbacher, 1903.
5. *The Varieties of Religious Experience.* By William James. London: Longmans, 1902.

DR ANDREW WHITE's volumes appeared first in 1895. They are a collection of magazine articles that had been published from time to time in the 'Popular Science Monthly.' If they are popular they are none the less the fruit of serious research and reflection. However disputable his main conclusion may seem to some, and his subordinate conclusions to many others, none will dispute the great value of the work viewed as evidence arrayed for judgment, as a repertoire of facts and documents that must be reckoned with and explained, not so much one by one as in their collectivity and accumulative force. Much as he admired Professor J. W. Draper's well-known work on 'The Conflict between Science and Religion,' Dr White tells us that he himself felt that the conflict were better understood and described as one 'between science and dogmatic theology,' or 'between two epochs in the evolution of human thought—the theological and the scientific' (vol. I, p. ix). His aim, then, is to separate the causes of religion and theology, which Professor Draper confused, and to exonerate religion from a burden of guilt that we should lay wholly on the shoulders of theology. As being in the interests of religion, the treatment throughout is religious and reverent.

In support of his contention that theology has invariably, and therefore presumably of its own nature, been hostile to the interests of both science and religion in the past, and that it must be so in the present and future, he shows us how, as regards the matter, manner, time and date of creation, and its sundry details; as regards

the form, the delineation, and the size of the earth, the possibility and existence of the antipodes, the geocentric theory, the nature and movements of the heavenly bodies and their causes; as regards natural signs and wonders, comets, eclipses, earthquakes; as regards geology, the deluge, the antiquity of man, prehistoric remains, the theory of man's decadence; in the matter of chemistry and magic, causes and remedies of diseases and epidemics; in the explanation of lunacy, hysteria, and exceptional psychic phenomena; in the matter of philology and the origin of languages; finally, as regards the origin of religion, of Christianity, of the Church and her institutions, and of the sacred Scriptures—as regards all these matters he shows us how theology has been invariably the bitter persecuting foe of scientific truth; and this because she has claimed a divine and supernatural, and therefore supreme, jurisdiction over the whole realm of truth. In each several case he shows how the innovations of science have been repelled, often violently and injuriously, as being blasphemous and heretical, as calling the divine veracity in question, as contrary to the sacred Scriptures, to the consensus of the Fathers, to the very substance of Christian revelation; how, in each instance, science, beaten back again and again, has at last come out victorious, while the theologians have been reduced, first, to disingenuous compromises, and finally, to discreet silence; and how what was defended as the very essence and substance of revealed doctrine has been quietly let drop into the class of non-essentials and accidentals, and the whole episode buried in edifying oblivion.

Much as we appreciate the ability, the sincerity, the religious purpose of Dr White's work, we raise an objection to it analogous to that which he raises against Professor Draper. We feel that the conflict is not between science and theology, but between science and what, for convenience, may here be called dogmatic theology. We use the term 'science' and its derivatives throughout in that widest sense in which Dr White uses it, not in the sense of naturalists, who would build up their whole philosophy according to the categories of the purely physical sciences; we use it in the sense of reasoned, as opposed to revealed, knowledge, based directly or indirectly on experience, such as can be attained by man's natural

faculties, unassisted by extraordinary divine interference; in a sense therefore that will include ethics, metaphysics, and theology no less than physics or mathematics. We would submit therefore that, so far as theology is a science, it can raise no other conflict with reason than such as exists at times between one science and another; and that, so far as any other sort of conflict seemingly exists, it is only between science and that pseudo-science which we call dogmatic theology. To establish this contention and, as a corollary, to determine the true relation between theology and revelation, is the purpose of this article; or, in other words, to suggest a supplementary chapter for Dr White's book on the transition, now in process, from dogmatic to scientific theology.

'On appelle *dogme*' (says Réville, Preface, p. ix) 'une doctrine religieuse formulée par ceux qu'on regarde comme ayant le droit d'exprimer officiellement la croyance de la société religieuse dont ils font partie.'

When theologians take the dogmas or articles of the creed and use them as principles or premisses of argumentation, when they combine them with one another, or with truths outside the domain of faith, so as to deduce further conclusions to be imposed on the mind under pain of at least 'constructive' heresy, the resulting doctrinal system is what is here meant by dogmatic theology. We have called it a pseudo-science, not because it takes its principles blindly on faith—given the testimony of an omniscient and infallible witness, what could be more reasonable?—but because it treats prophetic enigmas and mysteries, which of their very nature are ambiguous and incapable of exact determination, as principles of exactly determinable intellectual value, and argues from them accordingly. We propose to call this the dogmatic fallacy, and may now proceed to make good our contention.

It may here be assumed that the divine which is immanent in man's spirit does naturally and inevitably, at a certain stage of his mental and moral progress, reveal itself to him, however dimly, as a *vita nuova*, a new sort of life, the life of religion, with its needs and its cravings for self-adjustment to realities lying beyond the bourne of time and place; that, reflecting on this need, man seeks to explain it to himself by various religious conceptions

and beliefs ; and that, with regard to such explanations, it serves the purpose of an instinctive criterion or selective principle, as the appetite of an animal does in regard to its fitting dietary. It is chiefly and more immediately as a determinant of conduct, as consciousness of right and wrong, that this manifestation of the divine will is experienced. Man lives long before he possesses a scientific theory of life, even before he reaches those ruder practical explanations of its nature and functions that are forced on him at the very dawn of reflection. Yet the science is there from the first, implicit in life itself. So too the practices and observances of religion precede the explicit formulation of those truths by which, nevertheless, the said practices are determined. They form the skeleton which grows in and with the living body ; it is not first constructed apart and then clothed with flesh, and nerves, and sinews.

What revelation (considered actively as the self-manifestation of the divine in our inward life) first defines for us is therefore a certain mode or way of life, action, and conduct. It is only later, and in the second place, that our intelligence begins to reflect on this process and tries to picture it and understand it, to invent a philosophy or a history to explain it, and still more for the practical purpose of registering or fixing our experiences, of communicating them and comparing them with those of others. If we consider the generic characteristic of these explanations, to wit, the affirmed existence of super-human transcendent beings beyond the range of ordinary experience, with whom, nevertheless, man stands in close practical relations of subjection and dependence, it is plain that the way of life or mode of action whereof these imaginings are explanatory must have reference to a world or order of existence beyond, above, yet closely related with, the world of daily experience. In this sense the teaching of religion is a popular substitute for metaphysics, so far as this latter stands for that part of philosophy which deals with the ultra-phenomenal ; but they differ radically in that metaphysics, in obedience to a merely intellectual need, is deduced from a scientific reflection on the totality of phenomena, whereas religious beliefs are, in obedience to a practical need, explanatory only of the facts and phenomena of religious

life, and are therefore only indirectly representative of the world to which those phenomena have reference. They are determined by life, sentiment, and conduct, whereas the rational 'theology' of the metaphysician precedes and determines his practical life so far as it affects it at all.

In the main, then, religious belief is directly explanatory and justificatory of religious life and sentiment. These latter are, in the first instance, determined by the nature and action upon us of that order of things to which they have reference, and not by our knowledge of that order. Certain suggestions or occasions first wake the religious need into consciousness; and then, by experiment, co-operation, tradition, we determine a complete code of *fas* and *nefas*, of piety and impiety. Lastly, reflection sets the imaginative intelligence to work to construct some picture, idea, and history of the world to which this code strives to adjust our conduct.

So far, then, revelation (considered objectively) is a knowledge derived from, as well as concerning, the 'other world,' the supernatural. But its derivation is decidedly indirect. What alone is directly given from above, or from beyond, is the spiritual craving or impulse with its specific determination, with its sympathetic and antipathetic responses to the suggestions, practical or explanatory, that are presented to it, whether casually or by the industry of the reflective religious intelligence. Here is the true 'Urim and Thummin,' laconic as the voice of conscience, deigning no information beyond 'yea' and 'nay,' according to our questionings. To find the object which shall explain this religious need and bring it to full self-consciousness is the end and purpose of the whole religious process.

Every man has the power of shaping some rudimentary language for himself—a power which tradition and education render unnecessary, except so far as the language he has been taught may on occasion prove too narrow for his needs. So too revelation, in the above sense, is accorded to most men; but religious tradition and education are usually beforehand to wake up the religious need and to overwhelm it with the treasures of the collective spiritual experience and reflection of the past. They are few who ever master this tradition in its entirety; fewer

still who rise above it or revolutionise it. It is these last, however—the great founders and reformers—who alone are credited with being the recipients of revelation from on high, whereas in truth they often but reap what has been sown by multitudes of forgotten labourers. There is, however, little doubt that an intense feeling, passion, or emotion will in some instances incorporate itself in congenial imaginations and conceptions; that from the storehouse of the memory it will, as it rushes outwards, snatch to itself by a sort of magnetism such garments as may best set it forth on the stage of thought. In respect to such conceptions and visions the recipient is almost as passive and determined as he is in regard to the spiritual emotion so embodied. Hence these presentments of the supernatural world seem to be quite specially inspired, to possess a higher authority and to come less indirectly from God than those that are deliberately sought out in explanation of the life of religion. Yet in fact their only superiority is that they may indicate a stronger, purer, deeper, impulse of the divine spirit; not that they are any more directly representative of those invisible realities known to us merely by the blind gropings of love. All revelation truly such is in some measure or other an expression of the divine mind in man, of the spirit of God; but it is not a divine expression of that spirit; for the expression is but the reaction, spontaneous or reflex, of the human mind to God's touch felt within the heart, much as the dreams of the sleeper are created or shaped by outward disturbing causes; and this reaction is characterised wholly by the ideas, forms, and images wherewith the mind is stocked in each particular case.

But in thus allowing that the rudest religious beliefs are inspired so far as they originate purely in a spontaneous effort to interpret the workings of grace in the heart, we do not for a moment equalise them otherwise than generically; nor do we forget that there is here, as in other spheres of human life—in art, in science, in politics, in ethics—a true progressive tendency and a firm criterion of such progress, the criterion of life amplified and invigorated, or life contracted and impoverished. If the whole field of experience, if that world from which the philosopher draws his metaphysical theology, may in some sense be called a revela-

tion of God, yet we shall be keeping closer to the original and historical sense of the term 'revelation' if we refer it to those presentations of the other world which are shaped and determined by man's inward religious experience, individual and collective. Here it is that man seems to be guided and taught, not through the ordinary ways of knowledge, but more or less supernaturally, by a divine spirit in direct communication with his own; and this in the interests of conscience and duty and worship, not in those of speculative curiosity. Hence the peculiarly sacred character attached to revelation as distinct from theology. For the former, God is felt to stand guaranty, whereas the latter is fallible with the fallibility of the human mind. And yet it is to their eventual confusion as truths in the same order, to the ascription of divine authority to theology and of scientific or philosophic exactitude to revelation, that the mischievous results of dogmatic theology must be traced.

But in what sense are religious revelations divinely authorised? What sort of truth is guaranteed to them by the 'seal of the spirit'? In accordance with what has been already said we must answer—a truth which is directly practical, preferential, approximative, and only indirectly speculative. What is immediately approved, as it were experimentally, is a way of living, feeling, and acting with reference to the other world. The explanatory and justificatory conceptions sought out by, or even forced spontaneously from, the mind, as postulated by the 'way of life,' have no direct divine approval; they are at best a purely natural reaction of man's mind to a supernatural stimulation of his heart. Again, the divine approval of the way and the life (and therefore indirectly of the explanatory truth) is mostly preferential, it is a favouring of one alternative, not as ideal and finally perfect, but as an approximation to the ideal, as a 'move in the right direction.'

To take revelation as representing the divine mind in the same way as a philosophy or science represents the human mind; to view it as a miraculously communicated science, superseding and correcting the natural results of theological speculation, is the fundamental mistake of dogmatic theology. Yet like all wide-spread and persistent errors it is a very natural one, as natural

as the belief in geocentricism. It needs no slight degree of critical development to distinguish *momenta* in a phenomenon that seems to be given all at once and is therefore taken in the lump, i.e. to discern the soul of the act from its body, its essence from its accidents, the action of grace from the reaction of nature, the warmth of the heart from the light which it kindles in the mind, the infusion of divine love from the ideal or image in which it clothes itself or is clothed by our reflection.

The story of the birth of our dogmatic theology is now fairly well made out. Dr Paul Wernle, in his 'Die Anfänge unserer Religion,' with perhaps a somewhat too indiscriminate antitheological bias, shows the process by which a religion that in its origin and spirit was so largely a protest against that dogmatic fallacy which builds a theology on the letter-value of spiritual and prophetic utterances and makes the Word of God of none effect through the vain traditions of men, came itself to lapse into that very same fallacy. While admitting that religion without some sort of dogmas, some sort of beliefs and symbols of the other world, is as impracticable as ordinary life would be without some rude practical knowledge of ourselves and our surroundings; while even allowing that theology, though not essential, may be as helpful to religion as science is to daily life, yet it is all but impossible to imagine the Christ of the synoptics, the advocate of the poor and simple against the intellectual tyranny of lawyers, scribes, and theologians, attaching the slightest religious value to the theologically correct formulation of the inscrutable mysteries prophetically symbolised by the Heavenly Father, the Son of Man, the kingdom of God, etc., or making salvation to depend on any point of mere intellectual exactitude.

In its first form the Christian revelation was altogether apocalyptic, prophetic, visionary in character. The ethical teaching of the Gospel was not considered as part of it, or as in anywise new. The kingdom of heaven, its nature, the circumstances of its advent—this was the 'good news'; but the repentance, the preparation for the day of the Lord, lay simply in walking in the paths of holiness already trodden and marked out by the saints and prophets. But of these apocalyptic teachings

the prophetic spirit was the criterion, even as it was the author; they were at first avowedly the setting forth of the future ideal order in figurative and imperfect language, borrowed from a lower order of reality; and, while thus understood, the only opposition with natural experience which they had to fear, and did encounter, was with the history of the future which they ventured to predict more or less ambiguously. Very early, however, arose the apologetic desire to show that, as the spirit gave to children and weaklings a virtue and self-control exceeding that of the philosophers, so it gifted them with a miraculous wisdom or philosophy which turned pagan light into darkness. Hence the endeavour to argue deductively from prophetic enigmas to scientific conclusions; to discover the highest philosophical systems embedded in the Christian revelation, and then to find gropings after Christianity, thus interpreted, in all the best philosophies. Forthwith the resulting system, compounded of prophetic revelations and philosophical theories and conceptions, is proposed for general belief as a divinely revealed *Weltanschauung* or general philosophy, as having all the oracular authority of a prophecy with all the exactitude of a scientific theology. Here we have dogmatic theology full-blown in all its hybrid enormity, i.e. a would-be science governed, not by a scientific, but by a prophetic criterion.

Concurrently with this transformation of revelation into a revealed theology there arises a parallel and dependent perversion of the notion of faith into that of theological orthodoxy. Faith is now an intellectual assent to this revealed theology as deriving directly from the divine intellect; it is no longer the adhesion of the whole man, heart, mind, and soul, to the divine spirit within—primarily a spirit of life and love, and only thereby a guide or beacon leading the mind gradually to a fuller instinctive apprehension of the religious truth implicit in the inspirations of grace.

So long as the Christian revelation was felt to be an utterance of prophetic enthusiasm, a communication of visions whose correspondence to the felt realities of eternity was more or less enigmatic and inexact, variations of form were not considered prejudicial to its truth. Prophets, like poets, may deal quite differently, yet quite

truthfully, with the same theme. But, as soon as it pretended to be a revealed philosophy and to possess a more or less literal and exact correspondence to fact, substantial variations of form were felt to be inconsistent with the oneness and unchangeableness of truth. As mysteries of faith the threefold personality of God, or the godhead of Christ, could not come in conflict with theological monotheism or the metaphysics of nature and personality, but as literal fact-statements they had to be squared with the requirements of intellectual unity.

One inevitable result of this intellectualising and stereotyping of revelation was the sterilising (due to other causes as well) of the sources of prophetic inspiration. Under the tyranny of a dominant classicism, art and poetry dry up; yet this at most is the tyranny of a fashion, not that of a divinely-revealed immutable standard. To force prophetic or poetic vision to take certain shapes and forms under pain of anathema is to silence and quench that spirit the breath of whose life is freedom. Tried by such standard orthodoxy, the prophets who could not prophesy to order and rule were discarded as charlatans and impostors, and gradually their whole caste fell into discredit; nor was their function as agitators and reformers compatible with a conservative ecclesiastical institution such as that into which the primitive communities were being fast welded. Such additions and modifications as the canonised doctrinal system subsequently received were chiefly the work of theological reflection, deduction, explanation, controversy, definition. Hence, too, the early conviction that the period of prophecy, inspiration, and revelation was but a necessity of the gestation and infancy of Christianity; and that it was in no wise necessary for the conservation of the results then attained, which conservation might be trusted to natural means supplemented by special providences. Thus, although the prophetic spirit has never ceased working in the hearts of every living member of the Church, has never ceased revealing God to man in new ways and aspects, yet all this spiritual harvest has been largely ignored and ungarnered by the guardians of revelation. Eventually, in spite of the explicit promise of an ever-abiding source of further revelation (John xiv, 16, 26), a fixed and surely most

gratuitous belief obtained that, since the death of the last of the twelve apostles, there had been and could have been no addition to the Christian revelation.

The current theological, philosophical, and historical beliefs and conceptions, in which the original Christian afflatus or enthusiasm embodied itself, being thus canonised as part and parcel of the divine revelation, and as being therefore God's own philosophy of existence and of human history, the whole force of the Christian religion, with all its highest sanctions and motives, was thrown into the scale against the progress of knowledge and, thereby, of civilisation. All those categories, philosophical, scientific, and historic, all those readings of the world and of history, that were involved and presupposed in the canonical traditions and scriptures, were imposed by conscience upon the understanding as the Word of God, as matter of divine faith, to be questioned only at the peril of one's immortal soul. So closely interwoven are all the parts of the kingdom of knowledge that this meant its entire subjection (at least in the event of conflict) to the ultimate control of revelation now identified with dogmatic theology. The superiority of this so-called revelation over reason was no longer that of a higher kind of truth over a lower, excluding the possibility of conflict in the same plane, of prophetic mysteries veiled from the impertinent scrutiny of reason, but only that of a higher truth in the same plane or order.

Quite apart from the juridical and physical coercion so freely resorted to by ecclesiastical authority, the very conception of a divinely revealed doctrinal system, ramifying out into every corner of the field of knowledge, held the Christian intelligence for centuries captive to the Christian conscience. No philosophical speculation, no scientific or historical discovery, could merit consideration or toleration which seemed to come into conflict with a divinely revealed theology. Reluctantly, as time went on, and as the hopes of a near *παρουσία* yielded place to a prospect of possible centuries of delay and of an intervening ecclesiastical era, the idea of development or growth had to be admitted to justify undeniable additions and alterations forced on the Church by the necessity of adapting her teaching to new times and regions and circumstances, to new forms of thought and speech.

Yet in theory, at least, this theological development allows of no transformation of those scriptural and primitive conceptions, with all their now largely obsolete historical and philosophical presuppositions, in which the spirit of Christ first uttered itself. These are to be developed, like the immutable first principles of geometry, by combination with one another, or with truths of natural reason and experience outside their own order. Revelation having ceased with the apostles, it is only in and through these primitive conceptions that we retain any sort of distant and mediate contact with the facts and realities which dogmatic theology defines, and by which its truth may be experimentally verified and criticised. In sight of these facts and realities, were they still present to us, we might venture to readjust these their earliest expression to our own mode of thought and speech; but now such a criticism is impossible. It is therefore a necessary supposition of dogmatic theology that the scriptural and apostolic utterances were faultlessly and divinely perfect; that it is itself practically like an abstract science in being delivered from those revolutions and changes of governing categories which befall sciences ever confronted and controlled by the experiences which constitute their subject-matter. Such, then, is the theoretical immutability of dogmatic theology. Needless to say, it is an impossible and unattainable ideal.

Two causes at least have at all times resisted this attempt to petrify the whole body of knowledge by thus giving divine certainty and finality to one of the governing members of its organism, i.e. to theology. First, the theologico-apologetic necessity (already indicated) of trying to demonstrate the harmony between the revealed and the scientifically assured conceptions of philosophy and history. Secular knowledge moves on by a process of true development and transformation, the old ever dying away and dissolving into the new. Dogmatic or revealed theology professes to stand still; to say, to mean, the same to-day as two thousand years ago; to be as exactly and finally true. In all cases, as Dr White's induction shows, the first artifice of self-defence employed by dogma is to throw discredit upon those innovations of science which seem proximately or remotely irreconcilable with the obsolete scientific con-

ceptions involved in the language and symbolism of the primitive tradition; to denounce them as heretical and blasphemous; to muster all the forces of religion and conscience to the task of their suppression. But, in proportion as this repressive effort proves impossible, as science marches forward heedless of anathemas, and as the credit and authority of religion seem likely to be the only losers in the conflict, the next self-defensive artifice is that of accommodation and compromise, of reinterpretations and distinctions between the letter and substance of revelation—all resulting in an ungracious concession to pressure, whereby, under cover of mere comment and explanation, the substantial sense of the ‘form of sound words’ is quietly transformed into something different. He would be a bold theologian who should affirm that such articles of belief as the Creation, or as Christ’s ascent into heaven, His descent into hell, His coming to judge the living and the dead, and many others, are held to-day in the same substantial sense as formerly. We may say that what we still hold is, and therefore always was, their substance or essential value, purged of non-essential accidents. But these accidents were once held to be essential *sub anathemate*; and those who questioned their necessity were (as Dr White shows abundantly) persecuted and condemned as blasphemers, denying integral parts of the divine revelation. Theologians find it convenient to forget these chapters of history, but we cannot afford to forget them. What guarantee have we that what theologians impose on us to-day as substantial may not in like manner be explained away as accidental in some future generation? In consequence of this stealthy process of accommodation, the professedly immutable dogmatic teaching of the Church has been reluctantly dragged in the wake of general mental progress, always lagging behind far enough to incur the reproach of obscurantism, yet not so far as to merit the dubious if not damning praise of absolute immutability, purchasable only at the sacrifice of all vital connexion with the mind of the age.

The other cause which hinders the attempt to petrify revelation is to be found, not in the theological and ecclesiastical, but in the spiritual and religious life of the Church. However perverted from its original use,

the Christian creed is, according to its primary intention, an instrument of the spiritual life; it offers a construction of that mysterious world to which the spiritual life has reference, in the light of which construction the soul can shape its conduct and school its sentiment, profiting thus by the registered collective experience of the whole Church, and building, not from the ground, but from where former generations have left off. That this construction has not been excogitated *a priori*, nor revealed miraculously at one burst, nor addressed immediately to the understanding, but has been suggested, bit by bit, by the instinctive movements and blind gropings of the soul after its rest and centre, has already been implied. But the developments of the spiritual and religious life, both social and individual, require, like those of the mental life, a continual alteration and transformation of categories. Its belief is, as it were, its shadow, which grows and moves with its growth and movement; it is the index and register of the degree of correspondence between the soul and its supernatural environment; and of that environment it gives but an indirect, more or less symbolic, presentment, capable of endless modification and adjustment. It is as though we had to walk backwards towards the light, and to guide our steps by the shadows cast in front of us by the objects behind us.

For the exigencies of this ceaselessly developing life an unalterable creed, such as dogmatic theology dreams of, would be a strait-waistcoat, a Procrustean bed; every day it would become less helpful, and at last hurtful and fatal. The soul that is alive, and wants to live and grow, must have a congenial, intelligible idea of the world it would live in, and will therefore either adapt and interpret the current creeds to suit its requirements, or else break away from them altogether and make a home for itself. To the irrepressible vigour of the spiritual life we owe those movements of religious revival within the Churches which have ever been opposed by the theological schools, and yet, when victorious, have always exercised a modifying influence on dogmatic *intransigence*, even when the victory has been at the cost of a revolt or schism.

If dogmatic theology cannot afford to quarrel utterly with the scientists, still less can it afford to split with the

saints, for nine tenths of its strength are due to the fact that it can enlist, and has so largely enlisted, conscience and piety in its cause. Its great power in the past and present is principally due to its pretence of being at once a revelation and a science, of possessing all that spiritual authority over conscience which is due to the promptings of divine grace, as well as all that logical authority over the intellect which is due to apodeictic demonstration. If it has been unable to maintain its immutability absolutely, yet in the effort to do so it always has been, and will be, detrimental both to intellectual and to religious progress. It has crucified Christ, and 'which of his prophets has it not persecuted?' and yet always in the name of God and truth and conscience and religion.

We have thus, in accordance with our proposal at starting, endeavoured to pass from the merely inductive conclusion of Dr White's volumes (namely, from the fact that dogmatic theology is naturally and always the rival of science) to some more or less *a priori* understanding of the necessity of this hostility; and we have seen that it lies not so much in the general idea of theology as in its specific differentiation as dogmatic, oracular, or revealed. Hence we may understand, what Dr White's investigations make so evident, why there is so little to choose between Catholicism and Protestantism, at least in its extreme form, so far as hostility to science is concerned; and that such difference as exists is just proportional to the different amount of 'revealed theology' accepted by the two confessions. If the dogmatic fallacy is excluded by the spirit of the Reformation, yet that spirit has been very slow to arrive at adequate self-consciousness and self-utterance on this point. The Reformers took over with them the greater part of the old theology; their quarrel was with some of its conclusions rather than with its fundamental principles and presuppositions. And, even in its most anti-ecclesiastical developments, Protestantism has clung fast to the dogmatic fallacy in retaining the Augustinian conception of scriptural inerrancy in other than purely religious matters.

But it would be an unpardonable exaggeration to lay the blame of all obscurantism at the door of dogmatic theology, even though it is responsible for its frequently

religious and fanatical character. The inertia of customary ways of thinking, speaking, and acting is as much a factor of social development as is the progressive spirit with which it is ever at war. A permanent and entire predominance of one or the other would be equally fatal. It matters little whether societies, institutions, systems, sciences perish by petrification or by disintegration. Every new discovery, practical or theoretical, is met at first with a very wholesome public scepticism, and is expected to struggle for, and prove its right to, existence. Besides this, it often comes into collision with various vested interests, and threatens existing monopolies and privileges; and hence it is almost sure to encounter a more active and unscrupulous opposition than that of mere inertia. Moreover, some one with Dr White's skill might easily fill a couple of volumes with the 'warfare of science with the scientists,' for these too have their tradition, their 'authority,' their inert resistance to all innovation, nay, more, their class-interests, their jealousies and bigotries; these too, 'the priests of science,' build up the sepulchres of those prophets whom their fathers persecuted. Also it must be allowed that, in the common conscience, what is customary and comes to us with all the weight of universal agreement is so nearly synonymous with what is moral that the opposition offered to the innovator is largely sanctified and authorised in the name of morality. Still, this is as nothing to the force, heat, and vehemence with which novelty is opposed, in the name of faith and religion, as blasphemy, heresy, atheism—a vehemence due to the belief that certain philosophical and historical propositions were miraculously revealed by God; a belief which has consecrated and set free some of the worst passions in some of the best and holiest of men.

But, whatever advantages (as well as disadvantages) have accrued to Christianity from the process which so soon transformed it from a movement inspired by a belief in an immediate consummation of all things into a permanent institution and world-religion, the like must be credited to dogmatic theology as part and parcel of the same process. However great the price paid, it must be allowed that, but for the said process, Christianity could not have survived the disappointment of its primitive hope, or have lived to understand itself better and to

determine its own essence more fully. In the creed of the Church there survives for us, as gold in the ore, the spontaneous self-expression of the most primitive, and yet most vigorous, stage of her spiritual life, clothed in the now largely obsolete forms and categories of that day; while in her dogmatic theology, which is professedly but the further definition and the extension of that creed, we have the product, not merely of apologetic and theological ingenuity, but also of the spirit of Christianity struggling to adjust the forms of the past to the religious needs of the present. If less legible and more sparing, the testimony scratched on the intractable but durable rock is worth more to posterity than the most elaborate record written in the sand. A patient pondering and criticism of that testimony may enable us to discern those elements of our creed that have been selected, if not fashioned, purely by the exigencies of the spiritual life from those shaped by theological curiosity and other causes, good, bad, and indifferent.

If M. Réville's account were the whole truth, we should have to say that the central dogma of Christianity, the divinity of Christ, was a somewhat unskilful accommodation of theology to the demands of that by no means purely ethical or religious enthusiasm of popular hero-worship which insists on the unqualified glorification of its object, and which, owing to the unsettled state of theological thought and to other contingencies, was able at last to win more for Christ than it could ever win for Confucius, or for the Buddha, or for Mahomet, or for the Madonna. But, as Mr W. James points out in his 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' the value of a belief is not determined by its origin. A false argument may have a true conclusion. 'Every plant which my Father planted not shall be rooted up.' It is by the fact of their survival, by the experimental test of spiritual fruitfulness, that the underlying mystical truth of such dogmas receives the 'seal of the spirit.' No doubt, to our very abstract and incomplete understanding of the conditions it would seem that the 'theologising' as well as the 'catholicising' process might conceivably have been conducted on other lines and have secured similar gains superabundantly and without any losses to speak of; but the ideal rarely obtains, least of all in the embryonic stages of a process.

Suffice it that every error at length works itself out and demonstrates its inherent contradiction. Taught thus, we hold and value the truth as otherwise we never could have held and valued it.

It is just this slow working-out of the dogmatic fallacy that is revealed to us chapter by chapter in Dr White's work. When, in opposition to the wisdom of the Greeks, the Christian revelation first claimed to be the 'true gnosis,' miraculously delivered by way of oracle and put within the reach of the poor and simple, to the confusion of the learned and cultured, this gnosis was hardly considered as a theology in our narrow restricted sense, but rather as a philosophy in the wider sense, a comprehensive view of all known truth under its widest and deepest aspects. As such it was inclusively a revelation of science and of history, of all those matters whereof it was avowedly a divine interpretation.

The fields of sacred and secular gnosis were much more largely coincident then than now, and gave the spectacle of one and the same territory under a double jurisdiction. The conflict was not so much between dogmatic theology on one side and science on the other as between sacred knowledge and profane, between the miraculously and the naturally obtained knowledge of the same matters. Thus, for the Christian, the Church became, if not the exclusive, yet the supreme arbiter of truth in every department. Subordinate to revelation as to the ultimate criterion, natural methods of investigation might have free play, but their conclusions could have no weight if opposed by the Word of God. Conscious of this, no Christian enquirer could enter upon natural investigations unfettered and with a perfectly open mind. His faith, his conscience, bade him bring to the task certain revealed conclusions that, *ex hypothesi*, would have aided and lightened his labour and given him an incalculable advantage over the unbelieving enquirer, but which, in fact, were only so much dust thrown into his eyes, rendering impartiality impossible and even criminal. Never were fact and hypothesis more diametrically opposed.

One unfortunate result of the tension thus created between the interests of conscience and candour, of faith and intellectual sincerity, was the gradual identification

of the cause of scientific truth with that of irreligion; for, just so far as a philosopher or historian was a conscientious churchman, he would shrink from lines of investigation that might lead to heterodoxy, and would count it a matter of devotion either to torture inconvenient facts into agreement with ecclesiastical tradition, or else to bury them in a shroud of edifying silence. Hence the light of profane knowledge, if occasionally kindled, more or less innocently, by the dutiful and devout, was kindled more often by the inquisitiveness of minds less scrupulously religious. Certainly, in all cases where the glare of truth has been too strong for orthodox eyes, it has been mainly through the opposition of the heterodox and of the irreligious that the efforts to extinguish it have failed in the end. Thus even the religious and orthodox have come to acquiesce in the very embarrassing admission that, as a fact, science and religion are mutually hostile, that candour and freedom of enquiry are dangerous to faith. To have thus falsified one of the first principles of morality, which tells us that conscience and truth are inseparable allies; to have perverted conscientiousness into a cause of mental darkness rather than of light, is the deadliest fruit of the dogmatic fallacy.

Dr White, then, shows us the process by which the sciences, practical and speculative, broke away, one after another, from the control of faith and from the jurisdiction of revelation, and asserted their independence under the control each of its own proper criterion—a process by which the domain of revelation has been steadily narrowed down till at last little is left to it beyond the still disputed territory of theology and ethics, over which its hold grows weaker as that of science grows stronger. But in his final chapter ('From the Divine Oracles to the Higher Criticism') he consciously or unconsciously passes to another plane. Science having wrested the various matters just enumerated from the dominion of scripture, and of dogma based on scripture, at last turns its search-light upon the sacred writings themselves, on the history and causes of their formation and canonisation. This plainly is a more radical attack, a criticism of principles and presuppositions. Yet, here too, the dogmatic conception of the Scriptures as *verbally* dictated by a divine voice has been driven for ever off the field, and the

claims of miraculous inspiration have been narrowed and altered out of all recognition. Needless to say that the claims of ecclesiastical infallibility, so far as they rest on, and are implicated with, those of scriptural inerrancy, must suffer a corresponding and even a greater enfeeblement. Moreover, the scientific history of the current creeds or dogmatic systems, like that of the sacred records, offers proof conclusive that they too have not been created in full perfection once and for all in a remote past, but have grown like rivers from a confluence of innumerable tributaries deriving often from insignificant and untraceable sources. They are not the work of a week of flats but of the slow struggling of the spirit of light with the spirit of darkness in the heart of man.

Driven thus from one department after another of the field of knowledge, the last and of course the most vital claim for which dogmatism holds out is that of ultimate jurisdiction over reason within the strict limits of theological science. If all other assertions and implications contained in the divine tradition, written or oral, must be excluded from the substance and kernel of the inspired Word as so much protective husk, as accidental or incidental, as *obiter dicta* or what not, yet surely our notions as to the nature of the other world, and as to the conduct of our life in reference thereto, pertain directly to religion. If these matters are to be delivered over to the disputations of philosophers, what will become of the crowds? What, moreover, will be left of the once universal sway of religion over the human intelligence? Here the time-honoured arguments for the necessity of a divine revelation of some sort are plausible, and of course owe their plausibility to that mingling of truth and error whose hybrid issue is fallacy.

Religious truths, it is said, are of two kinds—those that can, absolutely speaking, be reached by man's wit, and those that cannot. Of the latter class are such strict mysteries as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, etc., where neither are there premisses given, within the range of natural experience, from which such conclusions could be deduced, nor are the conclusions themselves capable of exact apprehension and statement. To the former class belong some of the most vital and fundamental beliefs of religion, such as the existence of God

and the immortality of the soul; yet so feebly, rarely, and hesitatingly are these all-important beliefs reached by the individual reason, that a divine revelation of them is necessary for the salvation of those multitudes who have neither ability nor inclination for philosophical dispute.

What is true in this view is the perception of the utter inadequacy of human philosophy to the practical ends of religion; what is false is the idea of fetching a ready-made philosophy from heaven as a substitute, or in other words, the implied 'intellectualism,' the notion of revelation as a direct instruction of man's intellect by God. In what sense it is indirectly instructive we have already seen, namely, in offering us experiences which the mind must strive, as best it can, to represent and explain, and in constantly shaping and correcting such explanatory presentments by further and fuller experiences.

This last struggle of dogmatism is doomed to the fate of its predecessors; theology and ethics as intellectual interests must inevitably be free from the control of faith with its practical and religious interests. The notion of dogmatic theology will prove as incoherent and fallacious as that of dogmatic astronomy, cosmogony, chemistry, medicine, or any other sort of dogmatic science. For indeed the imaginary compromise by which dogmatism resigns the control of every science but one is daily proving itself impossible. The scientific system is one, and its parts are too closely knit together and interdependent to admit of the severance of one of the principal members, if not the very head and heart of its organism. In the realm of science the dogmatic criterion must be '*aut Cæsar aut nullus.*' If Cæsar, then our attitude towards the natural criteria of truth must be one of conditional or suspensive submission—whence that tendency to a sceptical or agnostic habit of mind which so often goes with blind traditionalism, and gives plausibility to the definition of faith as an act of intellectual suicide or desperation.

Abandoning the idea of dogmatic theology as incoherent, we have therefore to enquire as to the true relation between theology and revelation, that is to say, between that philosophical construction of the other world which has been built up from the data of general

experience by the reflection and labour of the understanding, and which belongs to the unity of the whole system of our organised knowledge, and that other construction of the same world which has been more or less instinctively created out of materials supplied by popular beliefs, sentiments, traditions, and views in obedience to the requirements of the religious life, which is the spontaneous mental self-embodiment of the collective religious experience of whole peoples and communities.

Accustomed for centuries to the notion of a theology that professes to be revealed, and of a revelation which professes to be theological, it is hard for us to fancy a relation of comparative independence which never has obtained and perhaps never can obtain altogether; for the intellect has always been curious about God and the other world, and about problems of ethics; so that, amongst the materials from which religious experience seeks a garment wherein to clothe and communicate itself, there are usually many theological and ethical conceptions, and these, in the measure that they are felt to be apt and congenial, are likely to be credited with a directly divine origin, or at least adoption. As known to us, the Christian revelation is largely expressed in the language of theology; while, on the other hand, theology, if truly scientific, must take account of the phenomena of religion in general and of Christianity itself, i.e. of a revelation embodying certain individual and collective religious experiences. Hence we can only clear the point by some sort of abstraction from the condition of complication which actually obtains.

Given a long-continued working of the religious spirit under favourable conditions in some people or society, the result will necessarily be the growth and development of a certain system of conduct and observances by which man's life in reference to the world beyond is found experimentally to be fostered and extended. Explanatory of such observances, there will arise a publicly accepted body of beliefs and dogmas representative, at least figuratively, of the nature of that world beyond, whose growth and modification will, if disturbing influences are left out of account, be determined *pari passu* by that of practical religion.

But, intellectualism and theological curiosity apart

—which they never wholly are—the truth of these revelations or explanatory beliefs is best described as ‘prophetic’ in relation to historic and philosophic facts and realities. No prophet feels or would allow that his utterances are merely poetical or allegorical; he feels that they are not less but more truly representative of reality, or representative of a truer and deeper reality, than the prose language of historical narrative or philosophical affirmation. Yet he feels that the said reality is transcendent with respect to clear thought and perception, that it looms through clouds, is revealed piecemeal by glimpses and vague shadowings; and hence that the fact-value of his enigmatic utterances is not closely determinable and may be subject to the correction of other criteria without any prejudice to the supremacy of faith over reason. Philosophic or scientific truth is always more or less abstract and hypothetical, and owes its definiteness and certainty to this fact. Under such abstraction much may be true which in the concrete is false, and yet is incapable of scientific disproof. Hence the justice of the claims of intuition, of common-sense, and of practical experience against many a scientific theorem. Our religious experience being the sense of the dynamic relationship obtaining between our spirit and the Universal Spirit, affords us a practical criterion in virtue of which we can set aside any theory inconsistent with such experience. As merely a human explanation of our supernatural religious experiences, revelation has no standing against science or even against theology, so far as theology is a science; it is simply the artless explanation of a child as against that of an instructed mind. But the child’s story, because artless, has another value as an unsophisticated statement and direct product of experience; and in this sense too revelation and prophetic utterance are worth more than theology or science, because they are simply the natural shadow of experience, of religious fact. Hence, too, traditional belief, so far as it is the product of the collective and continuous experience of the community and has not been sophisticated by theology, has that critical superiority over science which the concrete has over the abstract; it is critically valuable, not as an explanation, but as embodying or implying the phenomenon to be explained. Its artless

constructions of history and science and philosophy may crumble under the touch of criticism; but this latter will be condemned unless its reconstructions find room for all that revelation strove to shelter.

It is impossible within these limits to give perfect precision to this notion of prophetic truth whose object, unlike that of science or history, is the ideal rather than the actual; the future, or else the eternal, rather than the past or present; what ought to be and is in process of becoming, rather than what is. The character of what, by way of contrast, we may call fact-truth is coherence or consistence with that systematic reconstruction of the world which is slowly built up by the labour of the understanding. Though such coherence is no proof of truth, yet any historical or scientific assertion which is out of joint with the rest of our systematised knowledge must be rejected, or else the whole system must be modified to make room for it. Prophetic truths, as incapable of exact determination, cannot be thus systematised. Misinterpreted as literal statements of fact, they are often inconsistent with one another and with the world of fact-truths.

Prophecy has a twofold utterance. It expresses itself in deliberately sought-out symbolism, observance, ritual, parable, and fiction, or else in a more or less idealised reading of history and nature. The moral and religious sense of man is determined by his fundamental unity with the source and end of his being and of all being, of what ought to be and is in process of becoming, as well as of what is. It is ever seeking to understand and interpret itself, and to find that ideal or object in which its satisfaction will be complete. In its reading of history and nature it is ever keen and impatient to see its own desire realised; to interpret the kingdom of God as near; to believe that what, according to its limited outlook, ought to be, already is, that what ought to have been, actually was; to narrow up prematurely to a sudden apex the slowly convergent lines of God's providence stretching out beyond all range of our vision; and to find the fullness of his scheme in the brief pages of our recorded history. Hence it is ever at war with common-sense and with fact as a bias, a principle of falsification. Yet each is right in its own order of truth; each wrong in its

trespass on the other's territory; both right only when they listen to and learn from each other, and strain after that perfect accord which belongs to their ideal perfection. Eventually prophecy justifies and gains through the resistance offered by common-sense to its impatience of fact, even as common-sense comes at last to justify the instinct, though not the critical judgment, of prophecy. Still, at any given stage, the prophetic reading of history is truer to the deeper and more distant realities than is the common-sense reading; it is more like what ought to be and what will be than to what is, more like what therefore is in the deepest stratum of reality than to what is on the surface.

Plainly the attitude of prophecy towards historic and scientific truth can never be so indifferent as that of poesy and art. Religion and morality claim the supreme government of man's life, i.e. they imply that the ultimate purpose and reality of life are religious. To see God working in history and in nature, not merely as power and wisdom, but principally as goodness and love, is an exigency of religion. Prophecy, unlike art, is not merely contemplative, but is primarily practical and directive of that life which man lives in history and in nature, and with reference to God as working in both one and the other. Poetry has no such function. For the poet the æsthetic value of the Gospels is independent of their prose-truth; for the prophet this prose-truth is the very subject-matter which is transfused and perhaps transfigured by the glow of his spirit.

Considered as true with the truth of prophecy, which, as utterances of the prophetic spirit, is all that they can claim, the dogmas of revelation would rarely, if ever, come into dialectical conflict with one another or with science and history, and, as time went on, would insensibly modify their form of expression so as to retain their symbolic value unaltered. Their exponents would rightly refuse to be tied to exact statements of their speculative value, insisting rather on their pragmatical, provisional, and approximative truth, so far as the 'fact-world' is concerned, and on the necessarily undefinable nature of the 'ought-world' and its eternal realities. The development of such a body of dogmas or mysteries would not be dialectical, like that of abstract sciences, nor quasi-

organic, like that of natural sciences, but analogous to that of ecclesiastical ritual and observance, which preserves its substantial unity of signification in spite of local variations and a continual process of obsolescence and accretion; and, like ritual, it would call for and be subject to the unifying control of the Church. As there is a continuous development of the Christian life and spirit in the Christian people, so there would be a unity and continuity in the varying symbolism of successive ages by which that life and spirit is interpreted—such a unity as might belong to an educated man's conceptions and explanations of his own nature and character at the different decades of his life. The unifying principle is not any 'fundamental dogma,' but that spirit of Christianity which is characterised by what God *is*, and man *is*, and Christ *is*, not by our *notions* of what they are. Our notions of what they are are embodied in dogmas and prophetic mysteries; and of these some, such as Christ's divinity, are fundamental in the sense that certain rites (baptism, or the breaking of bread) are fundamental, binding ages and nations together, making a permanent core round which is clustered a body of variable usages, and serving as an outward and effectual sign of an all-pervading unity of the inward spirit. To demand, as some liberals do, an up-to-date restatement of such fundamental dogmas is really to ignore their prophetic character and to interpret them scientifically as dogmatic theology does.

But, both for good and evil, theological curiosity (as well as other obstructive influences) hinders the course of true religion from running so smoothly. The exponents of religion are early tempted to claim dominion over all knowledge in consequence of their close relation with the deity, and to present revelation as a miraculous gnosis. Moreover, in assuming current theological notions as congenial vehicles of self-expression, the spirit is too readily supposed to seal them with a divine finality and certainty. Finally, as soon as revelation is credited with scientific, instead of prophetic truth, it is at once petrified and begins, as far as possible, to resist all adaptation to the growth of the spirit, and thereby even to retard its growth by refusing it room to expand, and forbidding it to seek room elsewhere.

Turning now to theology as such, we must remember that merely intellectual curiosity about the gods and about another world was bound to be awakened early in history by the facts of religion, as well as by the facts of nature, whose governing forces were conceived human-wise and were dealt with accordingly. In the endeavour to answer these childish questionings we have the first germs of theological science. But, in so far as it is a science, theology is but one department of that systematising and unifying of all knowledge by which the understanding turns universal experience to account and makes from it an instrument whereby we can pass from the near to the distant, from the present to the past and the future, and thus adapt our action to an indefinitely wider view of the world than else were possible. If, 'in the intention of nature' (to use a convenient phrase), the purpose of this systematising is practical and directed to a greater fullness and range of life, yet, 'in the intention of the individual,' the effort is oftener stimulated by the interest and pleasure naturally attached to speculation; and men of thought seek to perfect and integrate the system without any very explicit reference to its practical utility in the cause of general progress. Obviously, so important a section of human experience (individual, social, and racial) as is religion must find its place and connexion in this synthesis; while the whole of experience (in which this section is included) must raise questions as to the ultimate what, whence, and whither of that totality which are more commonly answered by means of theological conceptions. So far, therefore, as the understanding reflects on the data of religious experience (that is, on the revelation of God as given in the general religious movement in the world), and upon the ultimate problems raised by the totality of all sorts of experience, and then strives to frame a theory of these matters harmonious with the rest of its systematised knowledge, it gives us a theology. Needless to say that, like every other science, its tendency is to twist and warp experience by omissions and rearrangements, and even by fictitious additions, into agreement with the schemes, hypotheses, and categories of its predilection; whereas experience always strains against the sides of these bottles, stretches, and at last bursts them.

The same thing happens, though more slowly, to the totality of our systematised knowledge, which makes for unity in its entire complexus as well as in each of its parts. A revolution in any one such part involves a readjustment of the whole, either as cause or as effect, or as both. Hence the science of theology will be always liable to revolutions according as the accumulation of its own proper sort of experience calls for restatement of its theories and conceptions, and also owing to the progress of the whole complexus of knowledge whereof it is a part or member. Nor will mere patchings and lettings-out suffice; there must be transformations, the dying of form into form, the new containing the old virtually and effectually, explaining as much and far more, but altogether differently, and not merely by an extension of the same principle of explanation. And, side by side with this quasi-organic development of theology, we ought, in an ideal state of things to which we may ever approximate, to find a living and growing creed or body of dogmas and mysteries reflecting and embodying the spiritual growth and development of the community, one, not with the coherence of a logical system and according to the letter-value of its statements and articles, but with the coherence of divers manifestations of one and the same spirit, a living flexible creed that represents the present spiritual needs of the average, the past needs of the more progressive, the future needs of the less progressive members of the Church.

This 'revelation,' viewed rather as an immediate and natural reflex of experience, nearly equivalent to experience itself, than as (what it also is) a popular and practical explanation of that experience, supplies theological reflection with new subject-matter. Theology, on the other hand, more even than any other department of general knowledge, furnishes the religious spirit with new living categories for its self-expression in harmony with the general thought of the time. To look for a perfect adequation between two such totally different orders of truth—the prophetic truth of revelation, the scientific truth of theology—is the root-error of dogmatic theology. Neither can be independent of the other without paying the penalty of sterility. A revelation that ignores the check of theology, that speaks in a dead language,

that uses an obsolete and unintelligible thought-system; a theology that ignores the check of revelation, the continual progressive self-manifestation of God in the religious life of humanity, and seeks Him only in the sub-human—both these are alike fruitless. Neither, however, has any right to trespass on the other's territory, or to hamper its free development on its own lines and according to its own principles. This is what happens whenever revelation asserts itself to be a divine theology and offers its prophetic enigmas as scientific truth, or when theology *en revanche* would force revelation to keep to the lines, methods, and pace of theological development, thus equivalently putting fetters on that religious experience which is its own subject-matter, and cutting off its own food-supply. Thus, however intellectually and theologically untenable, there might be more religious truth, and therefore ultimately more intellectual truth, a fuller, richer, and better embodiment of the divine, in a polytheistic pantheon of personified excellences than in a sterile and possibly non-moral monotheism. Intellectual unification might be purchased at too great a sacrifice of ethico-religious values. Idolatry or heresy, as a merely theological mistake, is harmless compared with the moral idolatry of the heart. What is intellectually a superstition may not be so ethically or religiously; many a prayer or sacrifice to the true God may be more unworthy and superstitious than those offered to idols. Hence a premature intellectualising or theologising of religious beliefs may be eventually detrimental to theology no less than to religion.

If, therefore, this delimitation of territories, this determination of the true relations of dependence and independence, between revelation and theology should obtain clearer recognition as time goes on, it will not be due to religion alone, which cares nothing for philosophical interests, but seeks itself everywhere and in all things; nor will it be due merely to philosophical reflection, which cares as little for the interests of religion, and has no patience with revelation and prophetic enigmas. It will be due to the shock and clash of their interests in the soul of man; it will be the work of philosophical reflection originated and stimulated by the religious need. Philosophy will not endure the pretensions of

dogmatic theology; religion will not endure the negation of that world-wide experience to which dogmatic theology seeks to give expression.

But at present dogmatic theology holds, as for centuries it has held, the field; it is as old as the 'catholicising' of Christianity, is an important element of that process, and shares, among its other inevitable limitations, the tendency of that process to make law and rule not merely an aid to, but a substitute for, the creative spirit of light and love. As given us in the creeds, and in their orthodox theological extensions, the Christian revelation retains only a few relics of its original prophetic form of expression, and still fewer traces of influence from the subsequent workings of the prophetic spirit in the Church. Its forms and phrases are partly scriptural, prophetic, evangelical, but mainly theological. Still worse, they are the forms of a theology belonging to a bygone and all but obsolete thought-system. It is not a living theology that might be induced to relax its grasp, but a dead theology whose roots are wrapped round those of the Gospel of Christ and forbid their expansion. Yet what is dead is no longer able to withstand the expansive forces of an imperishable life, and will soon fall to pieces.

To such a crisis we are undoubtedly hastening; and the hearts of the men of little faith are failing them for fear. Let them remember, first of all, that men's lives and conduct are and have been proverbially little influenced for better or for worse by dogmatic theology, for the simple reason that it is only our implicit unformulated convictions, our inward response to revelation, that influence us practically; that the most theologically orthodox peoples and periods have been anything but the most religious and edifying. If we see that a break-up of social morality is normally coincident with the casting-off of dogmas, let us ask which is cause and which effect. In truth, neither; for there is a solidarity between all the factors of man's spiritual life which advances or recedes as a whole. It is idle to ask whether a man is better because he is more religious, or more religious because he is better. Because the cause of dogmatic theology has so long been confounded with that of religion, those who are intellectually constrained to abandon the former

often erroneously fancy their quarrel is with religion, while in heart they are implicit believers. Others forsake dogma simply because they are irreligious and corrupt. In neither case is the abandonment of dogmatic theology the cause of social decay; in the latter it may be the effect, but not necessarily in the former.

Once more, let us remember that the discrediting of dogmatic theology is not the discrediting of revelation or of theology; it is not even their divorce *a vinculo*, but simply the establishment of a truer and better relationship between them. The criticism of the creed, in the light of science in general or of theology in particular, cannot touch that religious value which, quite independently of the external history of its origin, it has been proved to possess as an instrument of the spiritual life of the Churches, cannot assail its truth as a prophetic utterance (at least by adoption) of the spirit of Christ and of the mysteries of the kingdom of God. It can and must destroy its illegitimate claim to be a body of premisses for exact theological argumentation, i.e. a source of schism and hatred among men rather than of unity and love. Not only will the Churches still retain all their functions as guardians of prophetic or revealed truth, and of a flexible unity of dogma analogous to the unity of rites and observances, but, liberated from all the entanglements of an indefensible claim to scientific inerrancy—a claim as obsolete as that to temporal or coercive jurisdiction—will recover their sorely compromised dignity and credit. Moreover, their doctrinal divisions, the bitterest fruit of the dogmatic fallacy, will cease to be regarded as differences of faith when the prophetic nature of dogmatic truth is more intelligently recognised. After all, their doctrinal rulings have ever been avowedly in the name of prophecy, not of theology; as imposed by the spirit, not by theological reasonings. The spiritual authority of the traditional creed, as of the product and expression of the collective religious experience of the community, will ever be needed to waken, foster, and educate the Christian spirit in the individual.

Art. VII.—GOETHE'S MOTHER.

1. *Die Briefe der Frau Rath Goethe*. Edited by Albert Köster. Leipzig : Poeschel, 1904.
2. *Briefe von Goethes Mutter an die Herzogin Anna Amalia*. With a preface by K. Heinemann. Leipzig : Seemann, 1889.
3. *Goethes Mutter*. By Karl Heinemann. Sixth edition. Leipzig : Seemann, 1900.
4. *La Mère de Goethe, d'après sa Correspondance*. By Paul Bastier. Paris : Perrin, 1903.
5. *Cornelia, die Schwester Goethes*. By Georg Witkowski. Frankfort : Rütter and Loening, 1903.

THE literature of Goethe is notoriously immense. Within three-quarters of a century of his death it has embraced, not only every phase of his life and work, but every personality of mark who had the slightest share in moulding his genius. There is not one of the long array of ladies who held their passing sway over his heart but has been made the text for some essay or monograph ; not one of his dramas but has been seized on by a hundred commentators and tracked to its sources in his own experience. Naturally enough, his immediate family has received a special measure of this attention. His father and sister are the subject of one good-sized book apiece and of numerous shorter studies ; but the amount of labour already bestowed on his mother by German writers is prodigious. Even in France the figure of 'Frau Aia' has been made familiar by M. Paul Bastier's charming sketch ; but in this country we have as yet no formal biography, though a partial translation of her letters by Mr Alfred Gibbs has appeared in America.

It was the intention of one whose too early death has robbed us of a beautiful and inspiring presence, to remedy this deficiency ; and no one could have been better qualified than William Thomas Arnold to undertake such a task. Nephew of Matthew Arnold and grandson of the great headmaster, he had his full inheritance of critical and literary power ; and though, as sub-editor of the 'Manchester Guardian,' he devoted the best years of his life to journalism, he never allowed the toil of every day to interfere with his passion for what was truly 'the best

that has been thought and written in the world.' Whether in English, French, or German, he read with a swiftness and retentiveness that would have rivalled Macaulay's; his knowledge of our own literature, from Chaucer to George Meredith, was such as few amateurs can boast; and his little well-worn volumes of the classics were always at his elbow, to be read and tasted with a keen enjoyment rare indeed in this overworked generation. More than this, his critical edition of his grandfather's 'Second Punic War' and his brilliant essay on 'Roman Provincial Administration' gained him a position in the first rank among students of Roman history; and it is hoped that, before long, the only fragment he lived to complete of a history of the Augustan age will be given to the world. To these powers of mind he added a native sweetness of character which endeared him to all who had so much as an hour's talk with him. His last eight years were years of illness and suffering, and of continual plans for fresh work, which were as continually frustrated; but, throughout, he never lost his dancing fun and humour, his gaiety and malice, which lighted up his talk like flashes of sun on the water of his own northern 'becks.' He had a genius for friendship, for, as he hated all shams and dishonesties, so he felt a spiritual bond uniting him to the generous and warm-hearted wherever he found them among men dead or living. It must have been this fundamental cheerfulness, this absence of any trace of egotism, which first drew him to study the personality of the delightful woman who is the subject of this essay; for 'Frau Aia' too kept through good and ill a serene and happy temper, bubbling over with humour and with the milk of human kindness, and she too had learnt by sad experience the philosophy that makes the most of the small joys of life.

In the last year of his life William Arnold devoted himself to Goethe's mother. He had been engaged in a study of the great man himself, with a view to writing, if health allowed, a critical biography for which he claimed that there was room, and even need, in addition to that of G. H. Lewes. But as the gigantic nature of the task grew more and more apparent, and health grew less instead of greater, he finally decided to abandon it in favour of the slighter and perhaps more congenial enterprise of a study of the mother. He plunged with ardour into the subject,

read and noted with his usual discernment all there was to be read, and made a large collection of extracts from other writers, interspersed with pithy observations of his own. But again the clouds descended; and the work had perforce to be postponed to a brighter time, a time which, alas, never came, for his long fight ended as the spring of 1904 was passing into summer. The present essay is founded on the materials he collected; and any interest it may possess is due to his energy and his inspiration alone.

It happens that within a few months of William Arnold's death there has appeared the first complete collection of the Frau Rath's letters, edited by Herr Albert Köster. This collection does not claim to offer new materials, but it is an immense advantage to the reader to possess at last a clear sequence of all Frau Goethe's letters, instead of having to seek them through the three or four partial collections which had hitherto held the field. Herr Köster's edition is also furnished with a graceful introductory sketch of his heroine, an excellent biographical and general index, a synopsis of the letters, giving the *provenance* of each, and some explanatory notes which are most useful in elucidating the numerous allusions scattered through them. We trust that the book will take its place as a real contribution to German classics, for, by virtue of the personality revealed in them, these letters possess a fascination seldom equalled by the more polished epistles of literary women known to fame.

It may perhaps be worth while to cast a general glance at them before considering more particularly what manner of life their writer led, for they give so faithful a mirror of that writer's character that letters and personality must in an unusual degree be judged together. On first opening the book, the reader will be struck by the quaint peculiarities of spelling and punctuation. Though a daughter of the chief magistrate of Frankfort, Elizabeth Textor had had but a scanty grounding in the humanities; her German orthography indeed, while by no means conventional, is generally kept within bounds; but, when it comes to the Germanised French words which were then becoming the rage, her imagination asserts itself and fairly runs

riot. With sovereign independence she turns 'Conducteur' into 'Contontuckter,' 'Contribution' into 'Contiportion,' 'engagiren' into 'angaschiren,' 'jabot' into 'schapo'; she knows there is a difficulty somewhere in that troublesome word 'Physiognomik,' and so gives it triumphantly as 'Phisionockmick,' while her awe of the great Napoleon comes out in the rolling 'Bononaparte' to which she expands his name.

As might be expected, these things are only the outward symptoms of a general tone of rattling straightforwardness and spontaneity which makes the peculiar charm of these letters. As their author once confessed, she 'hated stylifying nature'; and everything that comes into her head is transferred hot to the paper. Yet this does not prevent her from packing all she writes with illustrations, images, and anecdotes, which come tumbling one over the other, springing straight from a mind that naturally gave a pictorial turn to whatever it envisaged. For Frau Aia can no more help being picturesque in her language than in her spelling; though her hatred of 'stylifying nature' is deep and genuine, nature to her is picturesque, and therefore her expression of it becomes so without any effort on her part. She has, in fact, that rare combination of faculties, the story-telling and visualising powers joined with a shrewd sense of humour, which produces the perfection of conversational letter-writing. Whether addressing her 'dear, best Princess,' Anna Amelia, the Dowager-Duchess of Weimar, or little Fritz von Stein, or Wieland, the patriarch of letters, she always hits the right tone without the least sense of strain; and the delight produced in these friends by the receipt of a letter from her may be seen from a remark of Wieland's: 'When the Duchess has a letter from Frau Aia, she speaks of it just as if it were some great piece of good luck that had befallen her, like the woman in the Gospels who called her neighbours to rejoice with her when she had found her lost piece of silver.'

This enthusiasm of her correspondents surely points to something very lovable in the character of the letter-writer, and to something individual and arresting too, which distinguished her letters from those of other lively and lovable women. As we read on we find indeed that every letter is more or less deeply stamped with a sort

of hall-mark, the mark of Frau Aia's philosophy, which becomes ever more clearly defined as she goes on her way through life. The keynote of it is, 'Be cheerful and don't fuss; take the rough with the smooth and be thankful it isn't worse'; or, in her own words, 'If you've got to swallow the Devil, gulp him down without stopping long to look at him.' She adopts Götz von Berlichingen's motto, 'Cheerfulness is the mother of all virtues,' and is persuaded that 'a man who laughs can do no deadly sin.' But she was fond of expatiating on her own attitude towards life, and we cannot do better than quote two or three of her best characters of herself. The first is from a letter to the Frau von Stein, written in November 1783.

'I am very fond of my kind, and they all feel it, old and young alike—I go through the world with no great pretensions, which suits my fellow-mortals, both male and female—never bemoralise anyone, always try to find out the good side of people, and leave the bad to Him who created us all and knows best how to file off the rough edges. And on this system I am always well and happy and contented.'

Yet, although she was 'very fond of her kind,' there was one class of persons of whom she could never speak with patience—the sentimental or insincere. To be sentimental seemed to her a sin against the sanctity of true feeling, just as a forced composure seemed to her unnatural and false. The former type was embodied for her in the circle presided over by the elegant novelist and *femme savante*, Sophie von La Roche, who, as the mother of Goethe's Maxe and the grandmother of Bettina, holds a curious and important position in the history of the Goethes. Frau Aia's humorously disparaging references to her throughout the letters are exceedingly characteristic, and involve the tacit implication that, as her own emotions were all genuine and straight from the heart, she had no need to manufacture new ones. On the other hand she did not approve of suppressing them.

'Since God has mercifully granted' (she writes) 'that from youth up my soul has never been made to tight-lace, but has been able to grow and flourish and to spread its branches in all directions, and has not, like the trees in those stupid ornamental gardens, been cut and mutilated into a shape like an umbrella, I find I can see whatever is true and good and

honest better than perhaps a thousand others of my kind. When in the storm and stress of my heart, at a performance of "Hamlet," the turmoil of my feelings makes me gasp for breath, someone sitting next me often turns round and stares and says: "But you know it isn't true—they're only acting." Well, this strong and unadulterated natural feeling is what keeps my soul, thank God, from plague and corruption.'

Finally, in the last year of her life, she tells us:—

'I rejoice in my life while the lamp still burns—don't look for the thorns—if the doors are too low I stoop—if I can kick the stone out of my way I kick it, but if it's too big I go round—and so I find something to be pleased with in every day. And then the corner-stone—faith in God! That is what makes my heart joyful and my countenance joyous.'

For the rest, all she asked of the world was an atmosphere of peace and quietness. 'Peace, peace, that is my real delight,' as she writes to little Fritz von Stein, in 1785; but at the same time no one was more capable than she of dealing with worries when they came, as she was to show to admiration in the long turmoil of the years of war, when the tide of French invasion came rolling backwards and forwards through the streets of her beloved Frankfort. She had, besides, the secret of loving and making herself beloved; she was a grand citizen of one of Germany's proudest cities, and she gloried in the fact. But there is one fact of still greater import, without which perhaps not even her vitality would have sufficed to save her from the company of the delightful dead: she was the mother of Goethe. It was this which pre-disposed her own generation to do her honour; and it is still this which induces us moderns, who have, perforce, to be fastidious in our acquaintance with the past, to bestow our attention on Frau Aia, and even to follow with kindly interest the outlines of her history.

The life of Elizabeth Textor, daughter of the 'Schultheiss' or chief magistrate of Frankfort, was governed by two things, her love of home and her love for her son; and the tragedy of it lay in the fact that she did not transmit the former among her other qualities to the child whom she adored. Goethe's life, for good or for ill, was spent, from his twenty-eighth year onwards, at Weimar; his mother was so staunch a Frankforter that

only once, under the stress of a hot bombardment, could she be induced to leave it for three days. Born in 1731, she saw the pageant of the eighteenth century, from Fritz to Napoleon, pass in strife and heat before her eyes; and she lived to see the downfall of that Holy Roman Empire which to her, at least, had been a reality, bringing colour and romance into the life of the old town. For Frankfort-on-the-Main was one of the few Free Cities of the Empire which had survived the deadly torpor left by the Thirty Years' War; thither the merchants from far and near still came for the two annual fairs (*Messen*); and thither, above all, came the Emperors for their crowning, ever since, in 1556, Ferdinand I had braved the thunders of Pope Paul IV against a prince who had favoured heretics, and had improvised a coronation at the Free City instead of at the Aachen of Charlemagne.

As a girl of eleven, Elizabeth had seen the first-fruits of Frederick's activity in the coronation of the ill-starred Emperor Charles VII, and had developed a passionate adoration for his beautiful and melancholy figure. As a privileged person, she had watched the coronation from the clock-gallery in the old town-hall; and, when the Emperor returned to Frankfort next year, she had followed him about in a tremor of awe as he made his pilgrimage from church to church and knelt always 'at the very back, among the beggars.' So at least we are told, nearly a hundred years later, by Bettina, in that fragment of narrative which Goethe took as the foundation for his piously planned, but never executed work, the 'Aristeia'; and the vivacious authoress, reporting the story as she had it from the Frau Rath's own lips, goes on to say:—

'She told me that this was the first time in her life that she had divulged it to anyone, for it had been her first real passion, and also her last. Later she had had various likings, but never one which had come as such a mighty revelation, and at the very first step had opened such new and heavenly regions to her.'

As the melancholy Emperor died in 1744, when little Fräulein Textor was thirteen, we must certainly conclude from this that she was a precocious maiden, or else that we have in the passage one of the finest flowers of Bettina's artistic imagination.

When, four years later, her hand was applied for by the grave and middle-aged councillor Herr Caspar Goethe, she submitted to her parents' choice without any thought of revolt, but also without the smallest pretence of being in love. The Herr Rath was twenty-one years her senior, a doctor of laws, and withal a rich man, being the son of a master-tailor who, besides thriving in business, had married as his second wife the proprietress of a popular tavern. He had, however, received the best possible education, had studied law at three universities, and had then been sent on the grand tour to Italy, returning through France and Holland. This journey, though he wrote of it with almost comic dissatisfaction at the time, became in after years the one recollection in which all his romantic feeling centred. He hung his walls with Piranesi engravings, which planted the first seeds of a mighty longing for the South in little Wolfgang's head; and he was never tired of repeating his stories of Rome and Naples to a dutiful but perhaps slightly bored circle of wife and children.

These, however, were the relaxations of the Herr Rath's life; its main business lay, first, in training the sadly miscellaneous mind of his young wife, who came to him without even a knowledge of French, still less of Italian, and then in superintending the education of his children, or at least of the only two out of the six born to him who survived the illnesses of infancy. The question of Herr Goethe's share in his son's genius and character has been much debated, but no modern analysis has proved truer than that son's untranslatable little rhyme, in which he assigns his parents their different parts in words as just as they are happy:—

'Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen;
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
Die Lust zu fabuliren.'

Which is variously interpreted by the admirers and the detractors of the Herr Rath to mean, either that Goethe inherited from him his fundamental virtue, or else that the Olympianism which became so marked a feature of his Weimar development was directly traceable to his taciturn

and pedantic parent. At any rate, we must admit that the old man was stiff, self-willed, and narrow-minded in his dealings with his family, though always well-intentioned; in carrying out his joyless, cut-and-dried system of education he would stand no nonsense either from the fiery Wolfgang or from the morbidly sensitive, shrinking Cornelia; so that in due time he reaped the bitter dislike of his daughter, whom yet he dearly loved, and the impatient contempt of his son.

In that son's youthful scrapes, of which there were not a few, it thus fell to the tactful little mother to act the mediator—a task in which all her sympathies lay with the boy, for was she not actually nearer to him in years than to her husband? Moreover, in him she had found an outlet for all the pent-up stores of love which she could not lavish on the husband of whom she stood in awe; he was her first-born, and, as she watched over the unfolding of his passionate, sensitive nature, as she told him fairy-tales with his great black eyes fixed upon her as though he would devour her and the story together, she had felt an ever surer presentiment that this was no ordinary being whom she had brought into the world. It is to be feared that she spoilt him as much as she dared. 'Children want love,' she used to say; and in that spirit we must needs confess that she aided and abetted him in certain follies and delinquencies which had better have been sternly suppressed. At the time of the French occupation, for instance, when Wolfgang was twelve years old, she not only prevailed upon her husband to allow him to use a free pass to the French theatre, but even supplied him with a latch-key in order to conceal from his father the taste he thus early developed for midnight wanderings. The unhealthy impression left on the precocious boy's character by the bad company into which he was thus thrown was never wholly effaced, and remains the one serious charge that can be made against the Frau Rath for her too blind interpretation of the law of love.

In 1765, when Wolfgang was sixteen, his father decided to send him to study law at the University of Leipzig; and there ensued three years of dreary existence for two beings who, though their unhappiness sprang from the same cause, were yet prevented by a deep gulf

of temperament from diminishing it by mutual sympathy. The story of the Frau Rath's relation to her daughter Cornelia, or rather of her complete absence of relation, is very curious; for the daughter appears to have entered the world, not only without a spark of her mother's natural joyousness, but with a tendency towards a melancholy, introspective brooding upon which that joyousness must perpetually have jarred. A diary which she kept about this time, now brought to light by Georg Witkowski, reveals, amid a confusion of pathetic vanities and self-pities, the true secret of her foolish heart. She knew that she was plain, and that neither for her outward nor her inward qualities would she ever win the love of man. In the very first entry she wrote the sad words:—

'Je serais à blâmer si je désirais d'être une grande beauté; seulement un peu de finesse dans les traits, un teint uni, et puis cette grâce douce qui enchante au premier coup de vue; voilà tout. Cependant ça n'est pas, et ne sera jamais, quoique je puisse faire et souhaiter; ainsi il vaudra mieux de cultiver l'esprit, et tâcher d'être supportable du moins de ce côté là.' And again, a little later: 'Mon miroir ne me trompe pas, s'il me dit que j'enlaidis à vue d'œil . . . je vous dis que j'en suis quelquefois pénétrée de douleur, et que je donnerais tout au monde pour être belle.'

But Goethe bears emphatic testimony to her qualities of mind; and when the young student, stricken for once with genuine remorse, came back from Strassburg and from Friederike, it was to her, not to his mother, that he opened his heart; he consulted her freely in the writing of 'Götz,' and reproduced at least some traits of her character in his picture of the gentle, patient Maria. Indeed the parallel was perhaps closer than he knew, for six months after the appearance of 'Götz' (in November 1773) Cornelia, like Maria, married a worthy fellow for whom she felt no love. His name was Schlosser, and he tried to make her happy; but, separated from Wolfgang and all else that was dear to her, her natural melancholy grew stronger; she became nervous and hypochondriacal, and with the birth of her second child in 1777 she died. The parents' grief was piteous, though it does not seem to have been tinged with any

bitter sense of their own failure; and the Frau Rath writes in touching words to her friend and 'son' Lavater of her anguish in breaking the news to the old father, who had 'loved his only daughter above all else.'

But Cornelia's story has taken us too far on, for the years covered by her marriage were perhaps the most eventful and inspiring of her mother's life. They saw the young doctor's sudden blaze into fame with the appearance of 'Götz' in 1773; they saw the old house in the Hirschgraben become (much to its master's disgust) a caravanserai for the throngs of young enthusiasts or venerable patrons who came to press their homage on the new divinity; they saw the gigantic vogue of 'Werther,' true offspring and climax of the *Sturm und Drang*; and they saw the rising and setting of the star of Lili. In all this turmoil of life the Frau Rath took a delighted part; she welcomed her son's worshippers and boon-companions with open arms, and bestowed the much-coveted title of 'son' on a select band of them—on Klinger, author of the now forgotten play which gave its name to this agitated period, a dear boy who declared he could 'sit for hours nailed to his chair listening to the Frau Rath's fairy-tales'; on Lavater, prophet, mystic, and quack, who combined the piety of the 'Herrnhuter' with a new theory of physiognomy to which he went about converting the world; on Merck, the intellectual luminary of the Darmstadt Court, whose critical, Mephistophelian spirit must have had so wholesome an influence on the author of 'Werther,' and finally on the genial Wieland himself, who, after a sharp passage of arms with Goethe, was to capitulate to him at first sight on his arrival at Weimar, and to become his mother's lifelong and devoted friend. Early in 1775 the list was swelled by the addition of the brothers Stolberg, two young Counts of the Empire, who had long worshipped the author of 'Götz' and 'Werther' from a distance, and now hurried to Frankfort to make the personal acquaintance of the 'glorious Goethe, that wild but splendid fellow, so full of genius and fire.' Their coming gave rise to the famous incident which earned for Goethe's mother the immortal nickname of 'Frau Aia.'

One evening at dinner, when they, with Goethe and another fiery spirit, Baron Haugwitz, were declaiming

with unusual bloodthirstiness against the accursed race of 'tyrants,' she, to give a cheerful turn to the conversation, hurried down to the cellar and soon reappeared with a bottle of marvellous old Rhine wine, which she deposited on the table with a flourish, crying, 'There is the true tyrants' blood! Drink that, but let me have no more of your slaughter-breathings in my house!' Then the four youths declared that she was like Dame Aia, the mother of the four sons of Aymon, who entertained her own sons unawares and treated them to just such a generous wine as that with which their hostess had regaled them. She adopted the idea with enthusiasm, and soon took to calling herself nothing but 'Frau Aia' or 'Mutter Aia' in her letters to her intimates, from the Dowager-Duchess down to little Fritz von Stein.

By this time, the spring of 1775, Goethe was already deep in the romantic episode of 'Lili.' His parents' part in it was most characteristic. In spite of the evident and genuine mutual devotion of the young couple, neither father nor mother could endure the idea of having a fine lady as their daughter-in-law; and as such they could not help regarding the daughter of the rich and aristocratic banker Schönemann. The Goethes were *bourgeois*, in spite of Wolfgang's fame; and the notion of the airs this young lady would give herself in the common *ménage* was intolerable to their pride. Unfortunately there are no letters of the Frau Rath now extant which give her views of her prospective daughter-in-law—for the pair had succeeded in becoming formally, though not publicly, betrothed, in spite of all opposition—but it may be supposed that she was not very urgent in holding Wolfgang to his plighted word, when, after a summer of unworthy waywardness and vacillation, he finally decided to break free. The invitation to Weimar came most opportunely; only the carriage which was to convey him thither was more than a fortnight late in its arrival; and readers of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' will remember his dramatic account of that fortnight, during which he dared not go out by day lest he should meet Lili, but crept up to her window one night with longing at his heart—longing, and, let us hope, an uneasy consciousness of having played but a weak part. Long afterwards, when, as an old man of eighty-two, he had a

visit from Lili's granddaughter at Weimar, he wrote the sad confession :—

'I was never so near attaining my true happiness as in those days of my love for Lili. The obstacles which parted us were not in reality insuperable, and yet . . . I lost her.'

Wolfgang's departure for Weimar was not accomplished without strenuous opposition on the part of the old Rath, who saw in the whole affair only another device for wasting time and spending money, whereas the young doctor ought, in his eyes, to be settling down as a practising lawyer at the bar in his native city. His consent was only won at last by Frau Aia's intercession; yet, when Wolfgang's carriage had finally rumbled away from the door of the old house, it seemed as if it bore with it the sunshine of Frau Aia's life. Could she have looked into the future, could she have seen the thirty-three long years that were to pass with only six visits from the son who was all in all to her, her courage might indeed have failed. But she steadily put the bright side of the business before her, and refused to mope; she threw herself with ardour into the details of his Weimar life, of which she kept herself informed through 'Dr Wolf's' servant-secretary, Philip Seidel, for a letter from Dr Wolf himself was of the rarest occurrence; and she welcomed with pathetic eagerness any wanderer from that holy city who would sit and give her an hour's gossip about her beloved 'Herr Legationsrath.' Her centre of gravity was in fact transferred to Weimar; she was soon to set up a special room for Weimar treasures—presents from the Duchess, silhouettes, busts, and the like, and to express her chronic hunger for Weimar news in a letter to her 'dearest Princess':—

'If my little ship is to travel at all, its sails must be swelled by a wind from Weimar; the rest of the world is a vale of tears to me and I never trouble my head about it. Even the postman knows that, for when he has a letter from Weimar to give me he pulls the door-bell nearly out, while for others he only goes "ping-ping." And I've given him a double New Year's tip for it too, because he understands Frau Aia's inmost thoughts so well.'

Her correspondence with Wieland began in the spring of 1776, on the strength of the latter's enthusiastic

adoration for Goethe, whom he called 'the greatest, best, and most glorious human being God ever created'; and the opinion he formed of the mother from her letters was so high that he could scarcely wait for the time when he should be able to make the journey to Frankfort and meet her face to face. She on her side was equally eager; and when at last, in December 1777, he actually appeared, with Merck and a young Weimar musician named Kranz, her rapture knew no bounds. They spent four blissful days together in the 'Casa santa,' as Wieland had already christened it, dining at the family table and making friends with Frau Aia's special intimates; and the feelings of the whole party are reflected in Kranz's letter of thanks, written six weeks after their departure, when one would have thought that their first intoxication would have had time to cool:—

'Here in Weimar I can't get used either to the air or the people; and quite natural too, for those days I spent with you were—I say it without any hesitation—the happiest of my whole life. It is impossible to describe to you my feelings as I sat at your round table, next to Goethe's dear parents, and with Wieland and Merck—such a band of pure souls! O, how I have grown to love my fellow-men since then! . . . The Herr Rath used to sit there quite silent, but I think inwardly pleased (though he didn't manage to express it), and just said once or twice, "O, that was good, that was very good." But you sat opposite to me in all your glory. However much you might be interested in the conversation, nothing else that went on in the room escaped you. . . . Your *servante* might occasionally forget something in the waiting—*schnups*! she would get a smack, and on you went with your talking, while I just sat there and sucked it all in.'

The accounts spread by the returning guests of their Frankfort entertainment soon reached the ears of no less a personage than the Dowager-Duchess herself, Anna Amelia, mother of Goethe's young Duke, a woman of whom her uncle, the great Fritz, had said that 'her talents for ruling were too great for so narrow a kingdom.' She was also a woman of learning and a duchess of delightfully unconventional views, and had from the first taken Goethe's part against the strait-laced section of the Weimar Court, which had looked with horror on the sudden rise of a mere *bourgeois* who could not boast

a single quartering. Her desire to make his mother's acquaintance grew with the reports of her which continued to reach Weimar; and in the summer of 1778 she took the opportunity of a journey to the Rhine to stop twice at Frankfort and enter into the closest personal relations with the Frau Rath. She and her lively lady-in-waiting, Fräulein von Göchhausen, made daily visits to the house in the Hirschgraben, to the immense delight of its mistress; and a friendship, resting on the surest of all foundations for Frau Aia—a common admiration for her 'Hätschelhans,' as she loved to call him—sprang up between the three. Naturally this friendship found vent in a lively correspondence when the exalted guest had departed; and it is in her letters to the Duchess that Frau Aia perhaps reaches the zenith of her remarkable epistolary talent. They are effusive, yet never beyond the point of absolute genuineness; sometimes comically reverential, yet never in such a way as to justify a charge of servility; and always full of racy anecdotes, confidences, and humorous descriptions of her own doings, such as would have won the heart of a far less appreciative reader than the Duchess Amelia. Perhaps the tone of this correspondence will best be seen from a letter written at the time of the great spring fair of 1779. She has been describing the universal pandemonium by a somewhat ribald quotation from Goethe's 'Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilen,' when she suddenly pulls herself up:—

'But keep a civil tongue in your head, Frau Aia! Madame La Roche is here!!! Dearest Princess! If Dr Wolf could only see the son-in-law that the authoress of 'Sternheim' is going to hang round her second daughter's neck, he would gnash his teeth and swear most godlessly, in his usual praiseworthy fashion. Yesterday she introduced me to the monster—good Lord!!!! If that man wanted to make me queen of the whole world, including America, I should know how to send him about his business. He looks—well, like the Devil in the seventh prayer of Luther's Shorter Catechism, is as stupid as a maggot, and on the top of everything else he's a *Hofrath*. May I be an oyster if I can see what it all means. A woman like the La Roche, with brains decidedly above the average, passably rich and a person of some rank and importance too, setting to work like this to make her daughter miserable!

And then writing "Sternheims," and those precious "Letters from a Female" too! In short, my head is going round like a mill-wheel. I hope Your Highness will forgive me for going on in this way, but I have just had it all before my very eyes, and the tears of that poor dear Luise are more than I can stand!"

To this the Duchess replies:—

'I showed your letter to Dr Wolf, but, as court life has made him very polite, he didn't gnash his teeth, still less swore, but just shrugged his shoulders over the lamentable event.'

We may guess from this that the 'Wolf' whom Frau Aia remembered, warm-hearted, impetuous, and outspoken, was already undergoing his metamorphosis into the stately Jupiter of the German Olympus.

The Duchess on her side was never weary of provoking Frau Aia to fresh ecstasies, by sending her little gifts and tokens of her friendship; once it is a pair of garters embroidered by the Duchess's own hands, on which Frau Aia candidly remarks in her letter of thanks: 'But Your Highness must have a tremendous idea of my corpulence, for one of them would make just two!' Another time she sends a miniature of herself, rightly guessing that nothing in the world would give her impulsive friend so much pleasure. These treasures were then placed on show in the Weimar room, whither, if ever Frau Aia felt depressed, she would go to cheer herself by examining them one by one, 'first reminding herself,' as she tells the Duchess, 'that the best of all princesses used once to walk up and down here.'

Indeed there must often have been lonely times to go through in the deserted house. The old Rath was beginning to fail more and more; visitors from Weimar were at best but few and far between; and above all, the long-desired visit from her 'Hätschelhans' seemed no nearer at the end of three years than of one. There was much talk instead of the Frau Rath's going to Weimar; the Duchess pressed her to come, and even proposed to send the court musician, Kranz, to cheer the father in her absence. For a time she coquetted eagerly with the idea, but decided at last, towards the end of 1778, that it would be impossible for her to leave the old man, 'for,' as she tells the Duchess regretfully, 'he has such sad

ups and downs; at one moment he thinks it might be managed, and the next the mere thought of my going away makes him ill.' So Frau Aia stayed at home, and at last she had her reward; for in August 1779 Goethe announced that he and his Duke would be passing through Frankfort on their way to Switzerland, and that Karl August actually wished to lodge in the house of Goethe's parents. Their arrival is inimitably described by the Frau Rath in a letter to the Duchess.

'The 18th of September was the great day, the day on which the old father and Frau Aia could not envy the gods either their dwelling on high Olympus, or their nectar and ambrosia, or their vocal or instrumental music, but were so happy, so supremely happy that I don't think any mortal can ever have tasted any greater or purer pleasure than we two happy parents on that day of rejoicing. Well—His Highness our Best and most gracious Prince, in order to give us a real surprise, got down a little way short of the house, so that they came to the door without making any noise at all, rang the bell and marched into the Blue Room. Now Your Highness must just picture to yourself Frau Aia sitting at the round table—suddenly the door opens, and before she can turn round her Hätschelhans has fallen on her neck—the Duke stands a few paces apart watching her maternal joy—till at last Frau Aia runs up intoxicated to the best of Princes, half crying and half laughing, and not knowing in the least what she's doing! Then his introduction to the father was altogether beyond description—I was quite afraid the old man would die on the spot—and at this very moment of writing, when His Highness is already far away, he has scarcely recovered his senses, and Frau Aia is no better off.'

Five rapturous days she spent with them; and so delighted was Karl August with his hostess and his entertainment, that he carried out his plan of returning by way of Frankfort, and arrived at the old house with Wolfgang for the second time, and for a longer stay, in the last days of December. Proud days were they for these plain *bourgeois* folk, who had thus captured a reigning duke under the very noses of the *noblesse* of the Free City. Yet, for all Frau Aia's profound satisfaction, the housekeeping for these distinguished guests, with the Duke's gentlemen-in-waiting, servants, etc., must have given her many anxious moments; and rumour ran that

the old Rath was exhibiting his usual closeness, reigning Duke or no. However, on his return to Weimar, the Duke contrived to send her, unknown either to husband or son, a handsome present to indemnify her for the heavy charges he had caused.

The travellers had bidden farewell to Frankfort on January 11, 1780; and more than twelve years were to pass away before Goethe revisited his native city, or set eyes on his mother again. In these long years of waiting, Frau Aia's philosophy of cheerfulness was put to a hard test; but by its help she rose triumphant over all temptations to grumbling and peevishness, when grumbling and peevishness would have seemed the natural outlet to many a human being with less cause to indulge them. At first she was fully occupied with tending her poor old husband, who was becoming quite childish, and used even (so it is credibly reported) to amuse himself by cutting patterns in his clothes—a practice which Frau Aia found some difficulty in concealing from the prying eyes of her acquaintance. A severe illness of his in the autumn of this year coincided, much to Frau Aia's chagrin, with another visit of the Duchess Amelia to Frankfort; but in the winter he recovered sufficiently to take pleasure in the visits from Weimar, especially in that of Kranz, at whose departure he wept bitter tears. But his existence all through 1781 was, as Frau Aia put it, more that of a plant than of a human being. In the spring of 1782, the end came, and the 'strong, silent man,' as William Arnold calls him, 'from whose masculine grit his son inherited so much,' passed out of a world which had not always been just to him. In Arnold's opinion it is not just to him yet; and the final estimate in his note-book explains the reason: 'The poor old gentleman had no power of self-expression, whereas wife and son had it in the highest degree. So naturally they get the best of him with posterity.'

There is no record of what passed between the mother and son on this occasion, for the letters of neither have survived; but it is at least certain that Goethe did not go to Frankfort to assist her with the manifold business arrangements entailed by the old man's death. Wolfgang was, in fact, becoming more and more closely chained to Weimar, partly, no doubt, by the claims of

public business, but also, let it be clearly understood, by the fascinations of the woman who, for good or ill, exercised for ten years the dominant influence over his life. Whatever may be the truth about that much-debated question, the precise relations of Goethe and the Frau von Stein, it is, at any rate, clear that his passion for her absorbed his powers both of mind and heart to an ever larger extent, and that one of the victims of this state of things was the mother who bore him. Goethe himself confessed in a letter to Lavater about this time: 'She has gradually taken the place of mother, sister, and sweetheart to me; and a bond has been forged like the bonds of nature.' Twice during the years 1783 and 1784 he was within two days' journey of Frankfort, yet could not make up his mind to extend his absence from the enchantress even to that small degree. On the first of these occasions he was travelling with her son, the little ten-year-old Fritz, who already cherished an eager desire to make Frau Aia's acquaintance, and implored Goethe to take in Frankfort on their tour; but the great man was inexorable. On the second, in June 1784, when Goethe was at Eisenach on business, there is an almost sinister note in his confession to Frau von Stein.

'They tell me I could be in Frankfort in 31 hours, and yet I cannot entertain the most fleeting idea of going thither. You have so drawn my nature to you, that I have no nerve left for my other natural duties.'

One benefit, however, Frau Aia did reap from this strange attachment—her delightful correspondence with little Fritz. This boy, Frau Charlotte's youngest son, had been almost adopted by Goethe in the early part of 1783, and actually lived in the house with him till his departure for Italy in 1786. As we have already seen, he soon developed a keen interest in his patron's mother; and Frau Aia on her side saw her chance. The little fellow opened the correspondence himself early in 1784; and in her reply she suggests that he should keep a diary of everyday events—such as, 'Yesterday Goethe went to the play, and afterwards to pay calls. To-day we had a party, and so forth'—and send it to her each month. 'For,' as she tells him mournfully, 'the fonder you are

of him the more easily you will believe me when I tell you that my absence from him often gives me melancholy hours.' When Fritz responds gladly to her proposal with the first instalment of the diary, her delight is touching to behold. He becomes her 'dear little cherub'; she constantly sends him presents to stimulate his ardour; and once, when he has sent her a silhouette of himself and Goethe, she returns the compliment, not only with a silhouette of herself, but also with the best description we possess of her personal appearance. She tells him that she is 'rather tall, and rather corpulent, with brown eyes and hair, and flatters herself that she would not do badly for the mother of Prince Hamlet.'

At last, in September 1785, Fritz is able to accept her repeated invitation to come to her at Frankfort; and the woman of fifty-four and the boy of twelve have three weeks of pure fun together amid all the excitements of the autumn fair. Her correspondence with him goes on actively for the next three years, and through it we obtain delightful glimpses of Frau Aia's everyday life.

'Here in my little household things are still much as they were when you saw them, only, as the sun chooses to stay in bed longer, I do too, and don't get out of my feathers till half-past eight; nor do I see in the least why I should upset myself, for peace, peace, that is my real delight, and as God grants it me I enjoy it with a thankful heart. On Sundays I go to dinner with Frau Reck, and in the evening three or four friends come to play *quadrille* or *l'hombre*, at which we have the greatest fun. On other days God always vouchsafes me something; and so one trudges along through the world enjoying the little pleasures and not asking for big ones.'

In another letter she tells him that she has four 'hobby-horses'—reading, playing the piano, lace-making, and the theatre—which carry her cheerfully along through the lonely days. The whole episode of Frau Aia and her 'little cherub,' in fact, is the feature which, together with her continued correspondence with the Duchess, lends grace to this period, in which one might otherwise see a mere record of a starved existence, all the more pathetic for its gallant efforts to survive cheerily on half rations.

Whether her fortitude was ever crossed by a shadow

of complaint it is hard to tell, for the sources of our knowledge run dry at the critical point. In 1797 Goethe, for some unexplained reason, destroyed all his mother's letters of the years 1772 to 1792, so that the glimpses we have of their intercourse during this long period of absence are especially few and far between. Even of his letters to her but three have survived, and of hers to him only two of any length, the first dated June 17, 1781, in which we find a characteristic description of her alarm at a report brought her by Merck that her 'Wolf' was ill, and the second addressed to him in Rome, in November 1786, in answer to one from him giving news of his mysterious journey. Its tone certainly betrays no shade of resentment at his treatment of her (for on his sudden departure two months before he had left her, as well as every one else, in the dark as to his intentions), but rather rejoices at his promise to return by way of Frankfort.

'Dear Son, an appearance from the nether regions could not have startled me more than your letter from Rome. I could have shouted for joy that the wish you have carried in your heart from your earliest youth is at last fulfilled. . . . Those words of the poor Klettenberg will always stick in my memory: "When your Wolfgang goes to Mainz, he brings more back with him than others when they come from Paris or London." But oh, how I wish I had seen you when you first set eyes on St Peter's! However, as you promise to come and stay with me on your way home, you must tell me everything then, down to the very tiniest detail.'

She allows her imagination to play upon the glorious day of his arrival—how all the friends must be invited and treated to a splendid dinner, 'Venison and game like the sand on the seashore—it shall be done in style.'

So for a year or more she lived in a state of eager anticipation of this visit, kept informed as to his movements by his journals to the Frau von Stein, which were sent on to her at his request; but, about the beginning of 1788, Goethe seems to have changed his mind about the return journey, for in a letter to the Duke (March 17) we find the sentence: 'I have already undeceived my mother about seeing me on my way home, and have consoled her with the hope of some other occasion.'

Four years more were to pass away before she actually

set eyes on him. But at last, when the storm had broken in earnest over the West and the indignant monarchs had set their armies rolling, Goethe came. His Duke was commanding a Prussian regiment, and summoned his chief minister to join him at Longwy, so that he was able to take Frankfort on the way. Of this long-desired meeting no particulars have survived; but his departure was softened by another promise to come again on his way home—a promise which was destined to be as lightly held as the last. For in the interval Mainz had fallen; and in October Custine had occupied the Free City itself. He could only maintain himself there long enough to exact an immense contribution from the burghers, and in December he was driven back again on Mainz; but the whole district was now in the war radius, and Goethe preferred to return to Weimar by a quieter and more circuitous route. In the next year, however, he was again obliged to travel westward to join Karl August at the siege of Mainz; and this time he managed to stay at Frankfort both on the outward and homeward journeys.

These visits, especially the second, leave a very pleasant impression. He was evidently concerned for his mother's comfort, and advised her to try to sell the old house, which only involved her in endless expense from war-taxes and billetings, and to move to a more manageable lodging; while, in case of need, he pressed her to come and take refuge with him at Weimar. But all idea of her giving way to the general panic she laughed to scorn. Frau Aia's roots were struck too deep in the life of the old Free City for wars and rumours of wars to tear them up so easily; and all through these years of terror and disturbance her *sang-froid*, one might almost say her enjoyment of the situation, was amazing. Her contempt for the alarmists comes out in a letter to Goethe of January 1794, when the French, under Hoche, had just overrun the Palatinate.

'A panic terror has seized on Frankfort' (she writes), 'and it would not be surprising if one were carried away by the stream, for fear is just as infectious as a cold. . . . People here will believe anything, if it only sounds frightful enough; whether probable or not they don't trouble to enquire, but the madder it is the more they believe it. As a proof, here's just one story out of a thousand. On the 3rd of January, at
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about 7 o'clock in the evening, Frau Elise Bethmann comes running over to me in her dressing-gown, quite out of breath. "Räthin, dear Räthin," she pants, "I felt I must come and tell you of the fearful danger: the enemy is bombarding Mannheim with red-hot balls: the Commandant says he can't hold out more than three days," and so on and so on. I kept quite calm and asked her coldly: "And how are they managing to bombard Mannheim? For they haven't got any batteries, so they must be shooting across from the flat river-bank, and then the balls will have plenty of time to get cold in crossing the broad Rhine. And as for what the Commandant means to do, he is hardly likely to trumpet it forth to all the world. Where did your correspondent get all this from? If I were you I should tell him he's a *harefoot*." . . . All this muddle and confusion hasn't worried me at all, thank God; I sleep my eight hours through every night, eat and drink as much as I want, and—which is the best part of it—am in excellent health. They didn't send me the wounded lieutenant after all, but instead of him a Prussian Major with four of his men; and I can tell you they think they're in Paradise! But the amount of food they get through!! They were so starved out that they went to one's heart. So yesterday I sent them a dish of roast pork for their dinner, and you can imagine what a royal feast they had.'

She busied herself during this year with making preparations for her move from the old house by selling the books and the 'old gentlemen,' as she affectionately called the grand wines laid down by her husband long ago; but the change was not accomplished until the summer of 1795, when, after much trouble and worry, she was able to sell the historic 'Goethehaus' for the sum of 22,000 florins to a young wine merchant, tempted by the wonderful cellars which had housed the 'old gentlemen.' She moved to a delightful apartment in a house overlooking the Rossmarkt, Frankfort's chief open space, whence the burden of her letters now is, 'Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!' The town was full of soldiers, who drilled in the square and marched past with bands playing all day long; and she could see straight down the Zeil, the busy old street leading to one of the main gates of the city, through which the wounded came in on carts from Mainz, and the peasants from all the country round with provisions for the garrison. For the war still raged in the Rhine country, though the

treaty of Basel, in the spring of this year, had detached Prussia from the alliance; and Frau Aia was yet to pass through an ordeal to which all her other anxieties had been mere child's play. The year 1796 was to see the great advance on Vienna; and in June Jourdan crossed the Rhine at Neuwied and ordered Kléber to occupy Frankfort. The city was not a fortress, yet the Austrian garrison could not make up its mind to surrender without a blow. Kléber accordingly opened a bombardment, and Frau Aia at last grew uneasy. She tells the story of the terrible three days in a letter to her son.

‘The idea of the French marching into the town hadn’t frightened me at all, for I was firmly convinced they wouldn’t plunder; so why should I trouble to pack? I left everything as it was and kept quite calm, for no one dreamt that the Austrians would hold the place; and, as the sequel showed, it *was* the purest madness. But, as they decided to all the same, things began to look serious. . . . The Austrian Commandant was staying just opposite to me, so I could watch all the hullabaloo—the French with their eyes bound up—our burgo-master—everyone in terror of what was going to happen next, etc., etc. On the 12th, towards evening, the bombardment began; and we all went down to our landlord’s room on the ground floor. When it slackened a little I went up to bed; but towards two in the morning it began again, and up we had to get. Now at last I began to pack—not for fear of the French, but for fear of fire, and in a few hours everything was down in the cellar—all except the iron chest, which was too heavy for us. . . . Up to this point I was still quite serene, but now such fearful news began to come in—how this person and that (and people I knew, too) had been hit, one struck dead by a shell, one having his arm and another his foot shot away from his body—that at last I began to be frightened and made up my mind to get away, though not very far, only just so as to escape the bombardment. But now I found that no vehicle was to be had for love or money, till at last I heard that a family near me was going to drive to Offenbach. I sent to ask if they would take me with them, and they very politely said they would. Well, I’m not one of the timid souls, but this awful night that I was able to pass quite quietly at Offenbach with Mama la Roche might perhaps have cost me my life, or at least my health, here in Frankfort. So the 18th and 14th I spent in my sanctuary, but early on the 15th came news that they had signed the capitulation

and that there was no more danger to life or limb—only one must be sure and get back that day, as the French were going to march in on the 16th, and then the gates would be shut. Now I wouldn't have stopped at Offenbach for anything—first because they might have treated me as an *émigrée*, and secondly because they might have taken away my beautiful rooms, which were standing there quite empty (for I had taken the maids along with me). So our old friend, Hans André, took pity on me and lent me his nice little gig, and soon I was back in the *Goldener Brunnen* again, thanking God for preserving me and my house.'

Until the peace of Lunéville in 1801, the Frau Rath was never quite free from billetings, though she usually managed to compound for them with her landlord at so much a head; but, though the treaty brought definite release from this burden, she is nevertheless disposed to grumble at it.

'Things are only middling with us: the Peace gives us no very extraordinary delight, though they do assure us that Frankfort is to remain what it is—a Free City of the Empire. Well, God grant it may be so!'

Free City it remained indeed for another uneasy five years, during which the star of 'Bononaparte' rose to a height ever more ominous and threatening; but its decline began on the field of Austerlitz. When the Holy Roman Empire was no more, Frau Aia felt as if she had lost an old familiar friend.

'The doctors tell you there is no hope; you know he is going to die: and yet, in spite of all your certainty, it is a shock when the news comes that he is dead. That is how it is with me and the whole town. Yesterday for the first time there was no prayer for the Emperor and the Empire in church. Illuminations and fireworks go on, but without any sign of rejoicing; it's more like so many funerals.'

Yet she took quite kindly to Frankfort's new master, the Prince-Primate of Dalberg; and the last picture we have of Frau Aia in a public capacity is her grandson's account of a dinner given in her honour and his by the Prince in 1807.

'The Prince went to meet Frau Rath as a special mark of courtesy; but, as he was wearing his ordinary clerical dress she took him at first for an Abbé, and did not pay him any

particular attention. Also, when she was sitting next him at dinner, she began by looking the reverse of pleased; and it was only in the course of conversation that she gradually found out from the behaviour of the other guests that this was the Primate himself.'

So the last years of Frau Aia's life by no means lacked their setting of great events, yet their essential note of domesticity never changed through all the din of change around her; nay, it even gained a new intensity by the accession to her family circle, about the time of the beginning of the war troubles, of one whose position of intimacy made her a factor of the first importance. Christiane Vulpius, Goethe's wife by a 'conscience marriage' ('Gewissensehe'), as he grandiloquently put it, has now at last got her rights, thanks to the efforts of Heinemann, Philip Stein, and others; she has been recognised as the good, self-devoted 'Hausfrau,' whose presence was essential to her lord's happiness and ease, and who was even capable of taking an interest in his scientific pursuits. But the patronage of posterity is still bestowed on her in a grudging spirit, very different from the whole-hearted way in which Frau Aia welcomed her when once the first barriers had been broken down. At what precise point Goethe first told her of his connexion with Christiane it is impossible to say; but probably it was not until his visit to Frankfort in June 1793, when his little son was already three and a half years old; for Frau Aia's first mention of Christiane occurs in a letter written shortly after his departure, and runs, as though in reference to a promise made him during his visit: 'I am going to write to your sweetheart.' And write she did in the most friendly tone, preparing the way beforehand by sending her a gift of some little personal adornment; and presently we find no letter of hers to Goethe without its complement of greetings to 'his whole house,' 'all who are dear to him,' and even to 'dein Liebchen' or 'dein Bettschatz'! The irregularity of their relations seems scarcely to have troubled her; and only once, when a new grandchild was expected in 1795, does she venture to hint at matrimony.

'My best wishes for the little citizen-to-be' (she writes); 'but my only trouble is that I mayn't announce my grandchild's

arrival in the "Gazette." Still, as nothing perfect is to be found under the moon, I console myself with the thought that my Hätchelhaus is more content and happy so than he would be tied up in a regular marriage ("fatalen Ehe").

In 1797 Goethe was able to bring both Christiane and his little boy August to stay with Frau Aia—a thrilling event for both women, and luckily a complete success. On their departure the mother writes: 'Though your stay here was so short, we were none the less happy and hearty, and the hope that I may some day see you, my dear, for a longer visit, already gives me pleasure. Now that we know each other the future will, I am sure, become ever brighter and better for both of us.' No doubt Frau Aia's cordiality arose partly from the fact that Christiane could not, from the very nature of the case, give herself any airs, such as the former would have dreaded in a Lili or a Frau von Stein, and that she only made appeal to what was at all times uppermost in her mother-in-law's nature—her spontaneous human kindness; but there was also a real community of temperament between them. Christiane too had her full share of 'Frohnatur,' and liked her little pleasures, so much so indeed that the spiteful society of Weimar spread sad tales in later years about her so-called coarseness; tales which luckily seem never to have reached the mother's ears. All that Frau Aia knew was that her 'dear daughter,' as she very soon began to call her, escaped sometimes from the oppressive atmosphere of Weimar to enjoy herself at a student's ball at Jena, a practice which she encouraged in her usual hearty way: 'Dance away, little woman, dance away! Merry people are all my joy, and when they belong to my family I love them doubly.'

Christiane's boundless devotion to Goethe was another sure road to Frau Aia's affection. When he was dangerously ill in 1801, she earned his mother's undying gratitude by nursing him back to life; and the climax was reached on that famous night after the battle of Jena, when her timely intervention saved Goethe from the drunken violence of two French soldiers, who had actually penetrated into his bedroom with arms in their hands. 'Tell her how I love, prize, and honour her,' Frau Aia writes in ecstasy; and the news that the adventure has precipitated Goethe's intention of legalising his union with the 'poor

creature' (as he had called her long ago to Frau von Stein) gives the mother genuine delight. We can imagine with what satisfaction she addressed her first letter to the 'Frau Geheimerath von Goethe,' and how she enjoyed having her to stay at Frankfort in the next year, 1807, and introducing her to all the old friends. It was Christiane's hour of triumph.

'You may indeed thank God' (writes Frau Aia to Goethe on her departure); 'for it is rare indeed to find such a dear, splendid, unspoilt creature as she. I can't tell you how easy I feel (now that I know her well) about everything that concerns you. And what gave me unspeakable pleasure was the way everyone, all my friends, liked her—I assure you they were so at home together that it was as if they had known each other for ten years.'

Not thus would Frau Aia have written if she had detected, in the course of Christiane's three weeks' visit, any trace of those vices so freely imputed to her by Frau von Stein and her circle; in fact, the publication of these letters of Frau Rath's in 1889 has proved the best possible vindication of the character of poor 'Demoiselle Vulpius.'

It has been said that Goethe himself accompanied his family to Frankfort to introduce Christiane to his mother; this was in the summer of 1797, and it was to be his last visit. Though Frau Aia lived on for another eleven years, courted and made much of by Frankforters and strangers alike, she never set eyes on her 'Hätschelhans' again. It was a decade of great activity for him, both in literary production and in scientific studies; it saw the appearance of 'Hermann und Dorothea,' the first part of 'Faust,' the 'Theory of Colour,' and the 'Metamorphosis of Plants'; and it saw also the growth and ripening of his friendship for Schiller. These things all found their place in his system of self-development. His mother, with her homely wit, her overflowing spirits, and her erratic spelling, gradually ceased to have any significance in his scheme of things; so at least we must explain his conduct, for he himself never condescended to explain it. Frau Aia, on her side, went on from year to year hoping that each new summer would bring a visit from him; yet she did not sit down and mope under disappointment, but

set herself to enjoy, with all her old zest, the goods which the gods still provided for her entertainment.

She had a delightful old age. Loved and trusted by an immense circle of relations and friends of all ages and occupations, her kind old face spread happiness wherever she showed it; and the racy humour of her talk was so much appreciated that no festivity was considered complete without Frau Rath.

'My gift that God gave to me' (she writes to Goethe in the last year of her life) 'is that of giving a lively picture of all that comes within my knowledge, whether great things or small, facts or fairy-tales. As soon as I make my appearance everyone gets cheerful and happy, because I tell them stories. So I told stories to the Professors, and they went and still go away delighted—that is the whole secret. Only one other thing is necessary—I always make a cheerful face; that pleases people and costs no money, as our dear Merck used to say.'

Nicolovius, her grandson by marriage, who brought his wife and little boy to see her in the year 1800, has left perhaps the best account we possess of her in these closing years.

'Her manner' (he writes), 'her very decided ways in company, her singularity, her effervescing liveliness all carry one away and leave one neither leisure nor coolness to form a judgment. We cannot speak too highly of her kindness to us. Her age has made no impression either on mind or body. . . . Wherever she appears, life and joy spring up.'

She herself fully realised her popularity, and enjoyed it to the utmost. Not only was she the matriarch of Frankfort, cherished and made much of by the good burgher folk with whom she had lived and grown old, but she had become a social centre for strangers and voyagers from far and near, who came to pay their homage to the mother of Goethe. She took her reflected glory with a kind of simple pride which won the hearts of her visitors; and that she converted it into a feeling of real affection for herself may be seen indirectly from a letter to Christiane (December 1802):—

'I am, thank God, very well, and find myself (though I can't understand how it comes about) loved, honoured, and sought after by so many people that I am often a puzzle to myself

and can't make out what they all find in me. Enough that it is so, and I enjoy these people's goodness with gratitude to God.'

One distinguished visitor there was, however, to whom Frau Rath could not bring herself to be polite. In the winter of 1803 Mme de Staël arrived in Frankfort; and the readers of 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child' will remember the grotesque account which Bettina, 'that most accomplished of mendacious minxes,' as W. T. Arnold calls her, gives of a supposed meeting between Frau Aia, wonderfully decked out in a head-dress of red, white, and blue feathers, and the lion-hunting Frenchwoman. The story is, of course, an entire fabrication, as absurd as it is vulgar; and it is amusing to discover the real state of things from a letter of the Frau Rath to her son, in which she breaks out about the illustrious stranger with her usual energy of phrase:—

'I hear Mme de Staël is in Weimar now. I felt so oppressed by her that it was as if I had a millstone hanging round my neck. I avoided her everywhere, refused all parties to which she was going, and didn't breathe freely till she had left the place. What *does* the woman want with me? I've never written an A B C book in my life, and my good genius will keep me from doing so in the future too!'

We have frequently had occasion, in the course of this narrative, to make allusions of a somewhat disparaging nature to that wayward sprite, Bettina Brentano; yet, in spite of all her *Schwärmerei*, her impertinences, and her cheerful unverity, it must be admitted that she added nothing but brightness to the last two years of Frau Aia's life. She made the old lady's acquaintance first in 1806, on the strength of her family's old connexion with the Goethes, and of her own enthusiasm for Goethe's works; and she used to come in the evenings to sit on a stool at Frau Aia's feet and hear stories of Wolfgang's childhood—stories which she treasured up in her eager heart against the time when Goethe, regretting too late his neglect of his mother as 'copy,' turned to her as his best authority for the early parts of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' Frau Aia took a fancy to the hotheaded, impulsive child of twenty, as is attested by the two genuine letters to her which still survive among the many artistic

forgeries that Bettina prefixed to the 'Correspondence with a Child,' and which show that the Frau Rath accepted the little lady's adoration with real pleasure and gratitude. In them Bettina has become her 'dear, dear daughter'; Frau Aia can scarcely wait for Bettina's return from Weimar to hear from her own lips an account of her longed-for meeting with Goethe; she beseeches her to 'rejoice her heart, mind, and soul by coming back to her soon.' In fact, she derived a great deal of amusement from her intercourse with 'the little Brentano,' as she affectionately called her in writing to Goethe; but perhaps her enthusiasm would have cooled if she could have foreseen the wonderful picture Bettina was to paint of their acquaintance for the public benefit, when the restraint of her victim's living presence was withdrawn.

Goethe's mother closed her eyes upon the world she had loved at midday on September 13, 1808. Her end was in all respects worthy of so brave a life. Many tales are told of it, all of them more or less credible and characteristic; but the most authentic is that preserved by Goethe himself in a letter to his friend Zelter, in which he tells how, 'when she felt her end approaching, she made such precise arrangements for her funeral that everything, down to the particular sort of wine and the size of the cakes with which the mourners were to be regaled, was decided beforehand.' Jacobi even reports that she impressed upon her cook not to be sparing with the currants in the cakes; 'for,' as she said, 'I could never endure that while I was alive, and it would go on worrying me even in my grave.' An indiscreet carpenter called the day before the end to try and secure the commission for her coffin, but she politely told him that he came too late, as she had already made all arrangements; and on the very morning of her death, when an invitation came from some friends who did not realise how serious was the state of affairs, she sent down a message to the effect that 'she was extremely sorry, but the Frau Rath was at present engaged in dying.'

Her nephew Dr Melber and one of the brothers of her son-in-law Schlosser were with her to the end; but she forbade them to send for her son. After an absence of eleven years she may well have shrunk from the

painfulness of such a meeting, for, in spite of her warmth of heart, she had ever avoided, if she could, the stirring of the deep waters of the soul. Goethe himself did not know of her death until four days later, on his return from Carlsbad to Weimar. The funeral was already over, and the Weimar Court was in the full tide of preparation for the visit of Napoleon after the Congress of Erfurt; so nothing remained but to send Christiane to Frankfort to superintend the partition of the property, while Goethe himself remained at Weimar to receive the cross of the Legion of Honour from Napoleon's hands. His mother slept beside the old man she had watched over and tended so faithfully; and the good Frankforters mourned her with a sense of personal loss.

Posterity no longer mourns her; rather it is cheered by the contemplation of a life so full of joy and courage. Well indeed would it be if we could also feel that the great man for whose sake we disturb her quiet ashes had played his part in a manner worthy of his name and fame. In the endless discussions on the supposed egotism of Goethe's character it is astonishing how seldom any reference is made to so crucial a test as his relations with his mother. The German commentators slur it over, or even try, like Heinemann, to represent his behaviour as that of a model son; yet to a benighted foreigner who has sifted the evidence it must be confessed that such excuses ring comically hollow. Step by step, as we read through the mother's letters, the conviction grows that on her side was an infinite store of devotion, love, patience, and good-humour, while on his was the coldness born of an ever-increasing absorption in himself and his surroundings. At any moment during those long years from 1779 to 1792 he might have satisfied the hunger for sight and sound of him which he knew well was consuming her, for little Fritz, amongst others, brought it home to him. But he preferred, first his Frau von Stein, and then his 'poor creature' Christiane; and his mother longed in vain. Certainly he amused himself and her by drawing her portrait in some of his works—in 'Götz,' for instance, and in 'Hermann und Dorothea'; but, when one considers how picturesque a personality she made, it cannot be said that the debt for such presentments lay on her side.

So far as we can judge, she never allowed herself for an instant to harbour the thought that Goethe was treating her ill; her 'Hätschelhans' could do no wrong, and so late as 1798, in a letter to her grandson August, she declares with touching emphasis that her own son had caused her nothing but joy. Nor did she ever bore him with importunate entreaties to come and visit her, though she broke out once in a letter to the Duchess with the yearning cry: 'Son Wolf doesn't come to me either! And yet there come from east and west, south and north, figures that might rather stay away!' His letters were in proportion as rare as his visits, though, when they did come, they were always kind in tone; and, as Arnold remarks, 'if there were two volumes of his letters to her, instead of to that petrification of a woman (the Stein), one would think far better of his heart.' There is no hesitation about Arnold's final judgment, in the passage which he had intended to make the conclusion of his essay.

'The result of my unbiassed examination of all the literature of the subject' (he writes), 'on which I started with the usual preconception of Goethe's greatness as a man as well as writer, is that she who bore him and loved him and forgave him, and made excuses for his unpardonable neglect of her, was one of the most loving, sweetest, and most long-suffering of mothers; while the illustrious Goethe was one of the most selfish, cold-blooded, and least considerate of sons.'

William Arnold was not the man to fling such an indictment lightly; and, if the glamour which surrounds a great name could but be pierced, it is possible that even the Eckermanns of this world might feel uneasily bound to echo his stern verdict.

JANET TREVELYAN.

Art. VIII.—THE POETRY AND CRITICISM OF MR SWINBURNE.

1. *The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne*. Collected edition. Six vols. London: Chatto and Windus, 1904.
2. Dramas: *The Queen Mother, Rosamond* (1860); *Chastelard* (1865); *Bothwell* (1874); *Mary Stuart* (1881); *Marino Faliero* (1885); *Lochrine* (1887); *The Sisters* (1892); *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards* (1899). The Tragedies. Collected edition. Vols I, II. London: Chatto and Windus, 1905.
3. Prose Works: *Dead Love* (1864); *Miscellanies* (1866); *William Blake* (1868); *Essays and Studies* (1875); *George Chapman* (1875); *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880); *A Study of Victor Hugo* (1886); *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889); *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894); *Love's Cross Currents—a Year's Letters* (1905).

IF a change of temper has come over English criticism since Mr Swinburne began to write, and if it has grown more sensitive and interpretative, it does not follow that our judgment of him will be more sure or conclusive than that which was passed on him forty years ago. We have, it is true, his collected poems before us, and can compare the ventures of youth with his later performances, and see the fulfilment of many things that a generation ago looked doubtful. But while, to his older critics, he appeared a portent, he is for us an almost too familiar figure. Having casually gauged his books as they severally appeared, we are in danger now of retaining as final our first imperfectly ranged impressions, without being able to view and review his work in its accumulation and magnitude. Add to this, that there is a change, not only in our criticism, but in the spirit of our poetry. Its art appears to be tending to become small and fine, nervous and experimental; and the energy and intellectual enthusiasm that sped it formerly on the grand errands of the imagination effect its lyric enlargement no longer. This tendency must react in some degree upon our practice of criticism, since criticism is apt, with all its science, to set the instrument to the focus of what is prevalent; and being prepared for delicate organisations, it hardly knows what to make of

an exceptional creature requiring a different field. Mr Swinburne, moreover, apart from the inconsiderate size of his poetic dimensions, is qualitatively, and even more so than in the days of his youth, an incompatible. A republican and an aristocrat in our mildly royal democracy, an idolater in a day of easy sympathies, and a great lover and hater, while we are mainly likers and dislikers, he refuses to come into conventional range. This makes it difficult to assign his exact place; and it is only the advantage he has momentarily afforded us, by compressing the bulk of some twenty separate volumes of poetry into a collected edition in six, which allows us to make the attempt with any hope of success. The companion edition of his tragedies has not advanced far enough at the time of writing to be of much service in this reconsideration.

Mr Swinburne himself, it happens, has not been silent in his prose intervals as to the attitude which the critic should adopt toward him and his art. It is enough to recall one sentence from his counterblast to the scornful reviewers of the year 1866, in which he said: 'I have never been able to see what should attract men to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of praising.' That is a pleasure which it can do no harm to indulge, within limits, in resuming acquaintance with his work; and, while one can hardly hope to renew on a second or third encounter all that went with the first astonishment over his art and lyric resource, there are ample critical compensations by the way. It is good, for instance, to be led to re-read 'Atalanta in Calydon' and 'Erechtheus' in direct sequence, as they may be read now in this collective edition; for originally some of Mr Swinburne's readers felt a certain disappointment over the 'Erechtheus,' expecting it to repeat the inimitable, unrepeatable strains of 'Atalanta.' Now they may be glad to find how well 'Erechtheus' accords with that Atalantan music, and how, under the antique Euripidean form, it gives to the modern world a new song of heroic death, one of the noblest hymns of patriotism ever sung. So, too, the 'Songs of the Springtides,' being brought into concert with their forerunners in the 'Songs of Two Nations,' and the Arthurian and the Border-ballad poems being newly accorded one with another, leave a fresh and heightened impression of their author's powers. The individual

verdict upon these writings must vary considerably with each man's taste; but it can hardly be doubted that, whatever be thought of their lapses or their extravagances, their total effect will be, for most of us, that of a poet who not only has successfully appealed from the nineteenth to the twentieth century, but will as surely appeal from the twentieth century to the high court of time.

In pursuing the argument for this verdict, one need not follow throughout the exact order of the collected volumes. It is usual, in advancing the extreme pitch of Mr Swinburne's art, to begin with his 'Atalanta in Calydon'; but, both because criticism still owes him reparation for its old treatment of the first series of his 'Poems and Ballads,' and because there are pages in that book which more vividly than any others recall the forms and the influences that equipped his early genius, we may be content to begin there, as the collected edition directs.

Considering and recasting this lyric book of the genius and the extravagance of youth, we may find in it a curious instance of what may come of reading the old poets, classic and medieval, not in an academic, but in a new and exceedingly perfervid way. Its strange music, its stranger language, forcibly and consciously broke with the accepted methods and vocabularies; for the new poet felt it as a challenge and an artistic reproach that, as he said in 'Dolores,'

'Old poets outsing and outlove us,
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.'

The greatest poetical achievement in the book, the 'Laus Veneris,' revealed the strife of sense and spirit in a new vision of the ancient fable, which was of all its imaginative order surely the most intensely sensual, the most intensely spiritual. The pride of deadly sin sustained unto perdition, the knight's tragedy, the winter's interlude, provide motives and colours wonderfully wrought into its tapestry of rhyme.

'Lo, this is she that was the world's delight;
The old grey years were parcels of her might;
The strewings of the ways wherein she trod
Were the twain seasons of the day and night. . . .

Outside it must be winter among men ;
For at the gold bars of the gates again
I heard all night and all the hours of it
The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain.

Knights gather, riding sharp for cold ; I know
The ways and woods are strangled with the snow.
And with short song the maidens spin and sit
Until Christ's birthnight, lily-like, arow. . . .

This wonderfully imagined poem was written before 'Atalanta in Calydon,' and probably before the year 1862. It was recited one day of that winter on the sands of Tynemouth, then a comparatively lonely place on the Northumbrian coast, when the young poet, not long escaped from Oxford, was on a visit to the Bell Scotts.

It must be remembered that these years of Mr Swinburne's emergence belong to a time of many agitations, a time when the rumours of a coming intellectual revolution were in the air. Ruskin was, in his own domain, the herald of its advance; and many significant books, which look innocent enough to us now, appeared bold and ominous then. Even in prose fiction, works as unconventional as Charles Reade's 'Griffith Gaunt,' George Eliot's 'Felix Holt,' and an English version of Hugo's 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' were conspicuously carrying the new fashion of ideas afield; and George Meredith's 'Vittoria' was running in the 'Fortnightly Review,' then edited by G. H. Lewes. One recalls, as still more notable, that Browning's 'Dramatis Personæ' had appeared in 1864, and that Robert Buchanan, then regarded as a potential new poet, published his 'London Poems' in 1866. In science, Tyndall, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer were revolutionaries; and a fourth edition of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' appeared in that same year 1866. With Ruskin and Jowett at Oxford, with William Morris writing his 'Earthly Paradise' and working his way on to his coming protestation against an order where paradise was impossible; with Rossetti's poems producing their effect in private; and with Burne-Jones, Millais, Madox-Brown, Holman Hunt, bringing romance into art, one realises how full of new life and æsthetic provocation and encouragement were those days of the early sixties.

Any attempt made to trace the influences that gave Mr Swinburne his most individual early colours and rhythms must take great stock of his Oxford associations with D. G. Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and William Morris. There is an equivalent in poetry to the early Pre-raphaelite manner in painting; its worst and best characteristics are alike seen in 'Chastelard' and in the most mannered pages of the 'Poems and Ballads.' But when all is said that can be said of the petted conceits in the one and of the almost angry sensuality in the other, there is so fine a poetic residue, so large a fund of melody, creative power of phrase and epithet, and romantic imagination, that the attitude of the critics of 1866, who saw no merit anywhere, is to-day incomprehensible. Even the 'Athenæum,' which afterwards became Mr Swinburne's critical courier, spoke of the poems in the 1866 volume as 'insincere verses, without real music, without true colour'; about as queer a misconceit as angry critic ever found to hurl at offending poet. What one does seem to find in these ballads, under the 'precious' garb of the Pre-raphaelite and the Pre-spenserite, is a kind of barbaric force allied to the tempestuous sincerity of the young visionary who thinks to startle dull morality by revealing the naked passions. But, the more one considers Mr Swinburne's earlier verse, the more impressed one becomes with the sheer force and intellectual abundance which accompanied his lyric advent.

As it was this fecundity and exuberance which afterwards led him to accomplish feats of poetry, where to achieve too much technically is to run proverbial risks of diverting the reader's attention from the lyric god to the car in which he comes, it is worth note that already in this first volume the poet was a close and tireless artificer. He could pass from the 'Masque of Queen Bersabe' to the 'Song in time of Revolution,' and from new effects in hendecasyllabics to still more exacting pages of sapphics. And in the sea-sonorous lines of the 'Hymn to Proserpine' are to be surprised many of those ascents and cadences, typical of his art, which afterwards he used both for our delight and our confusion.

'Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the seasons
that laugh or that weep;

For these give joy and sorrow; but thou, Proserpina, sleep.

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Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet of the dove;

But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes or love.
Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
A bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?

In one of his prose pages upon 'Mary Stuart,' Mr Swinburne speaks of 'Chastelard' as in some sort an academic exercise, dating back to his last year at Oxford; but it has something of the unacademic excess of all his early writing, and it is surely unique prentice work. Here, at beginning, he is almost wholly preoccupied with the amorist's theme, love's tragedy, and tends to reduce all the play of life to a lover's litany or a lover's duet, with a few variations. His Mary Stuart has been called a Scottish Hesione.

'I am the queen Hesione.
The seasons that increased in me
Made my face fairer than all men's.
I had the summer in my hair;
And all the pale gold autumn air
Was as the habit of my sense.
My body was as fire that shone;
God's beauty that makes all things one
Was one among my handmaidens.'

But, if one had to go to the 'Masque of Queen Bersabe' for her prototype, one ought rather to have chosen another—let us say Ephraim's queen, Ephrath. In 'Chastelard' Mary Stuart is little better than her enemies called her, and there is no saving grace of true love in her. But the play, a dramatic study of an exorbitant and wholly loyal poor lover devoted to a great lady who is less womanly than the meanest *petite maitresse*, is a most amazingly vivid thing. The opening scene in that 'upper chamber in Holyrood' (destined to do much service afterwards on Mr Swinburne's stage) with the 'four Maries, the first of them singing a chanson to induct love's apologue,' is a singular piece of Preraphaelite fantasy. Mary Seyton's speech (Act i, Sc. 1) about the passing figure of John Knox,

'That is Master Knox;
He carries all these folk within his skin,
Bound up as 'twere between the brows of him
Like a bad thought . . .'

recalls how effectively he is used to intensify the moral tragedy in later passages of the 'Mary Stuart' trilogy, and how he preached from Ezekiel, one of Mr Swinburne's favourite Old Testament nurture books; how, too, in the last act of 'Chastelard,' he prompts one of the three citizens who are there colloquing to picture the 'men of Pharaoh's' in lines which illustrate their writer's early preciosity of style:—

'The bountiful fair men, the courteous men,
The delicate men with delicate feet, that went
Curling their small beards Agag-fashion, yea,
Pruning their mouths to nibble words behind
With pecking at God's skirts.'

As if specially designed to enable us to trace the stages of Mr Swinburne's dramatic ripening, it happens that the first and the last scene of 'Chastelard' are enacted at the same window; and the last, which is the death-scene of Chastelard, and yet again the death-scene of the Queen at the end of the whole trilogy, tragically rhyme with and complete one another. Comparison of these scenes, early and late, discovers how, at the end of 'Chastelard,' the dramatist drops his extravagantly figurative manner and steps clear; and then the result is such writing as we have not often had in the last century's remarkable roll of unacted poetic tragedies.

'Chastelard' and some two thirds of the first series of 'Poems and Ballads' ought to be read before 'Atalanta in Calydon,' if the reader would try to set right the chronology and artistic succession of Mr Swinburne's earlier writings. In attempting it he will discern the uniting and inweaving of two old poetries, Hebrew and Greek, by a new and original and vividly creative English craftsman, without being able to say precisely by what magic it is accomplished. Enough to know that their perfect commixture is to be found in 'Atalanta in Calydon,' many lyric passages of which are full of biblical phrases and images, as for example:—

'Not with cleaving of shields
And their clash in thine ear,
When the lord of fought fields
Breaketh spearshaft from spear,
Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken, with
travail and labour and fear.'

This radiant chorus suggests how naturally Mr Swinburne's English discipleship in song led to his resumption of Shelley's unconventional methods and poetic ideas; and the reference to 'the Acroceraunian sword' in the chorus quoted above, lends the suggestion something like certainty. A hater of tyrants in all things, Mr Swinburne soon broke with 'the tyranny of Iambe,' so far as she threatened his own metrical freedom, even more conclusively than Shelley had done, but never more magically than with this form of winged stanza, often repeated:—

'Would the winds blow me back

Or the waves hurl me home?

Ah, to touch in the track

Where the pine learnt to roam

Cold girdles and crowns of the sea-gods, cool blossoms
of water and foam!

Upon 'Atalanta in Calydon,' best known of all the poet's larger works, we will attempt no fresh criticism. Its lyric beauty has permanently enlarged the compass of English poetry; and the famous book with which he crowned his first period, the 'Songs before Sunrise,' represents, since it attempts a harder lyric achievement, an equally miraculous feat. In its pages one sees him taking up the heroic argument touched in at least two poems of his first book of 'Poems and Ballads,' and enlarged and made articulate in his 'Song of Italy.' Four or five of the 'Songs before Sunrise' have indeed passed into the texture of that very revolt which saved the nineteenth century, or its latter half, from the oncoming of an intellectual decline. The over-emphasis that outran argument, and the crudity of the denunciatory passages, were balanced by the power of conveying human aspirations, strong and sombre emotions, and hopes and fears, displayed in the new litanies, odes, and marching-songs of this remarkable book. In its pages one finds the metrical advance fully matched by the poet's revolutionary intrepidity of idea; and the poems have a lyric largesse, a fervour of idiom, that were new to our poetry. This time of the poet's first period includes, we must not forget, the publication of his first prose-book—that on the most childlike revolutionary poet who ever wrote and painted, William Blake.

There the fashion of antithetic prose which Mr Swinburne afterwards elaborated and made into a formal vehicle, is not yet apparent; but he lets us into some notable secrets of his art, and discovers many of his literary sympathies and predilections; and in telling of Blake's treatment by the 'Examiner' in 1803, he sets us pondering and wondering again over his own treatment by the critical journals sixty-three years later.

Three years after 'Songs before Sunrise' came 'Bothwell'—most interminable of play-books! 'Mon drame épique,' Mr Swinburne called it in commending it to his French master in song; and if the epic at times kills the drama in it, and the history overwhelms the poetry, the dramatic life and the poetic sense, everything considered, are surprisingly maintained. Misproportioned, long-drawn as it is, it is in essentials a marked advance on 'Chastelard.' Probably 'Bothwell' would be a better-known play if its 'book' were not so good: that is to say, if it had wholly and unreadably bad acts and scenes they might enhance by contrast its better parts; but the monster is a consistently well-behaved monster—a monster full of guile too, as is shown in the succession of episodes that might be considered psychological, from the love-scene between Bothwell and the Queen in Act i, Sc. 1, to the scene of their parting, in Act iv, Sc. 3, at Carberry Hill, or to that stranger scene in Act v where Queen Mary asks,

'Have I lived,
Since I came here in shadow and storm, three days
Out of the storm and shadow?'

Darnley's dream in Act ii, where, responding to Nelson's 'You have slept seven hours,' he says, 'I have been seven years in hell'; and his last cry for mercy,

'Out of her hands, God, God, deliver me!'

mark an art and dramatic idea very different from that contrived in 'Chastelard'; while the Queen's speech to Lady Lochleven, in a later passage, shows an extraordinary advance in humane emotion and in delicate simplicity of style:—

'Ay, we were fools, we Maries twain, and thought
To be into the summer back again

And see the broom blow in the golden world,
 The gentle broom on hill. For all men's talk
 And all things come and gone, yet, yet I find
 I am not tired of that I see not here—
 The sun, and the large air, and the sweet earth,
 And the hours that hum like fireflies on the hills
 As they burn out and die, and the bowed heaven,
 And the small clouds that swim and swoon i' the sun,
 And the small flowers.'

But a play that is an epic produces its favours in vain. It is no use pleading with a generation that is turning its theatres into peep-shows and its literature into anecdote on behalf of a history in blank-verse, five hundred pages long. It is psychological history—the moods, the impulses, the meditative approaches to action rather than action itself—that gives to 'Bothwell' its real interest, an interest which the students of Mr Swinburne's work will find sufficient, but which, one fears, will not avail to give it the wider vogue of its author's lyric verse. 'Bothwell' was dedicated in a French sonnet to Victor Hugo, whose power and stimulus for his disciple lasted long. A passage from Mr Swinburne's prose-study of Hugo—a volume which forms a kind of half-way house in his own poetical journey—may carry us past the difficulties that beset the chronicler who would like to deal as greatly with Mr Swinburne's plays as he did with his great master's. It is that very characteristic passage in which he is pronouncing on the last act of 'Torquemada.'

'The last act would indeed be too cruel for endurance if it were not too beautiful for blame. But not the Inquisition itself was more inevitably inexorable than is the spiritual law, the unalterable and immitigable instinct, of tragic poetry at its highest. Dante could not redeem Francesca, Shakespeare could not rescue Cordelia. To none of us, we must think, can the children of a great poet's divine imagination seem dearer or more deserving of mercy than they seemed to their creator; but, when poetry demands their immolation, they must die, that they may live for ever' (p. 105).

This brings up again the consideration of the whole treatment by Mr Swinburne of the one creature of his dramatic fantasy who is most likely to live with and through his art, Mary Stuart. But before we turn to the

third play which he devoted to her queenly and unqueenly fortunes and catastrophe, we have to speak of the first of those remarkable critical books, including that on Chapman (published in the year after 'Bothwell') and that on Shakespeare (published in the year before 'Mary Stuart'), in which he disclosed his profound Elizabethan sympathies, betrayed inferentially much of his own dramatic strength and weakness, and powerfully contributed to the Victorian revival of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists.

We have no quarrel to pick with Mr Swinburne the critic on account of the violence of his method. His function is not to interpret but to enlarge his authors. He magnifies Hugo by at least ten diameters, and makes Shakespeare into a sun-god. But therein he accomplishes one most important function of criticism, that of stimulating anew an interest live and strong in his authors. Either he fires by his enthusiasm, or he provokes by his over-zeal, a new and invigorating set of acquiescent or contrary opinions. In any case he does not let his readers sleep, as do some of the urbane and uninspired critics who are our recognised spokesmen to-day. Nevertheless, in spite of what he says about the gods and the giants in the eloquent opening to his study of Ben Jonson, he is more successful in playing the strict game, or, let us say, practising the mere science, of the critic when he is dealing with his giants, Jonson and Chapman to wit, than with his gods, Shakespeare and Hugo. At the mere workaday business of criticism Mr Swinburne is admirable; he writes of novels, of Charles Reade's for example, with the technical intelligence of a novelist, although it has been said no born novelist could ever have written his own epistolary novel, now republished and fully acknowledged—'Love's Cross Currents.' This we have known better in its original 'Tatler' form as 'A Year's Letters,' reprinted by that 'Golden Pirate' of Maine, Mr Mosher (may his piracies never be worse inspired!). If it is a failure as a novel *en grande tenue*, it is yet a remarkable fiction and a distinguished piece of literature, written in a rich, pregnant, and sonorous style, and showing veritable creative ability and uncanny powers of observation in a young man of twenty-five. From it let us cull, in passing, one example to illustrate Mr

Swinburne's capacity for descriptive prose. Amy, he writes,

'makes a delicious double to her baby, lying in a tumbled tortuous nest, or net of hair with golden linings, with tired, relieved eyes and a face that flashes and subsides every five minutes with a weary pleasure—she glitters and undulates at every sight of the child as if it were the sun, and she water in the light of it. . . . She and the baby were born at one birth, and knew each as much as the other of the people and things that went on before that.'

In all his criticism, as in all his dramatic writing and creative work, the moment, the flash of inspiration, comes to him with a lyric dilatation of phrase. But, it must be confessed, his critical work suffers thereby. The critic cannot put off the vesture of the bard; the poet still pervades the essayist. Hence the effort, conscious or unconscious, still to find an equivalent to the strophic and antistrophic effects of the lyric page, an effort which produces that brilliant but often oppressive prose in which he has conveyed his literary preferences and repugnances. And these preferences and repugnances are definite and strong. Whatever else he is, Mr Swinburne is always a partisan; and he gets his effects time after time by setting up a real or imaginary opposition. To praise the gods he has to set up *per contra* a family of giants; to praise Shakespeare he has to prove Ben Jonson the poet uninspired; to exalt the prose of Ben Jonson he must needs depreciate Bacon's essays. And if this tendency affects his criticism, it also reacts on his dramatic art. He cannot envisage his most ordinary characters unless he conceives them, sympathetically or antagonistically, as forensic disputants. He has a great feeling for humour, as his book on Ben Jonson and his other writings on the English masters of humour prove; but he rarely calls it in at any dramatic exigency to lighten or reveal human nature.

The third part of the 'Mary Stuart' trilogy did not appear till 1881, and in the interval had appeared three remarkable books of song; but we prefer, lest we should have done less than justice to Mr Swinburne the dramatist, to add now our tribute to his most complete piece of dramatic art, for which even 'Bothwell' seems only the

experiment and the preparation. In 'Mary Stuart' it is the use of Mary Beaton as emotional foil and companion and love's apparitor to the Queen that we should choose as the one significant instance to prove the reality of Mr Swinburne's dramatic imagination at its highest. The scene where Mary Beaton is with her at Fotheringay, and is bidden to sing and sings Chastelard's song while considering, in behoof of love's conscience, whether to strike or no, was singled out for praise long since. It is as fine a scene as the later English drama that is both literary and romantic can show; it makes clear what many pages of criticism could not deliver. It is the Queen who is speaking, and she says,

'I could now
Find in my heart to bid thee, as the Jews
Were once bid sing in their captivity
One of their songs of Sion, sing me now,
If one thou knowest, for love of that far time,
One of our songs of Paris.'

And then Mary Beaton replying drops, as she remembers Chastelard and the letter, into an aside:—

'... if she think but one soft thought,
Cast one poor word upon thee, God thereby
Shall surely bid me let her live; if none,
I shoot that letter home and sting her dead.
God strengthen me to sing but these words through
Though I fall dumb at end for ever. Now:

(*She sings*)

Après tant de jours, après tant de pleurs,
Soyez secourable à mon âme en peine.
Voyez comme Avril fait l'amour aux fleurs;
Dame d'amour, dame aux belles couleurs,
Dieu vous a fait belle, Amour vous fait reine.

Rions, je t'en prie; aimons, je le veux.
Le temps fuit et rit et ne revient guère
Pour baiser le bout de tes blonds cheveux,
Pour baiser tes cils, ta bouche et tes yeux,
L'amour n'a qu'un jour auprès de sa mère.

MARY STUART: Nay, I should once have known that
song, thou say'st,
And him that sang it and should now be dead:

Was it—but his rang sweeter—was it not
Remy Belleau?

MARY BEATON: (My letter—here at heart!) (*Aside.*)
I think it might be—were it better writ
And courtlier phrased, with Latin spice cast in,
And a more tunable descant.

MARY STUART: Ay; how sweet
Sang all the world about those stars that sang
With Ronsard for the strong midstar of all,
His bay-bound head all glorious with grey hairs,
Who sang my birth and bridal! When I think
Of those French years, I only seem to see
A light of swords and singing, only hear
Laughter of love and lovely stress of lutes,
And in between the passion of them borne
Sound of swords crossing ever, as of feet
Dancing, and life and death still equally
Blithe and bright-eyed from battle. Haply now
My sometime sister, mad Queen Madge, is grown
As grave as I should be, and wears at waist
No hearts of last year's lovers any more
Enchased for jewels, round her girdlestead,
But rather beads for penitence; yet I doubt
Time should not more abash her heart than mine,
Who live not heartless yet. . . . (Act iv, Sc. 2).

The year in which 'Mary Stuart' appeared, and the years preceding and succeeding, were the three climacteric years of Mr Swinburne's prime. In 1880 appeared his 'Studies in Song' and his 'Songs of the Springtides,' his 'Study of Shakespeare' and his 'Heptalogia'; while 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' one of the most lovely and sumptuous of all the ornate Arthurian tapestries woven by the English poets, followed in 1882, 'Mary Stuart' crowning the middle year. And, since we have had to remember Mr Swinburne at odds with the critics, it is worth while to note that, at this time of the full flowering of his genius, he had his compensation in encountering a wholly sympathetic critic, who was, as every true critic of poetry ought to be, a poet himself, and who made straight the path of appreciation. It would in any case be impossible to estimate the later influences which have affected his writing without recalling what has gradually become a friendship unique in English literature. But one is tempted to wonder, in remembering the terms of

the criticism directed by the one friend upon the lyric volumes of the other, how far this influence contributed, as Hugo's influence had formerly contributed, to decide Mr Swinburne's fixed and final habit of poetry.

The impression decidedly gains upon one, in ransacking this collected edition of the poems, that, after the period closed by his new deliverance of the heroic couplet in 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' Mr Swinburne injured his art by the frequent excess of his metrical artifice, especially by his use of the accelerated beat in the line and his love for dancing measures. We do not imply, however, that the inspired critic who has been his chosen exponent has tempted him to indulge his taste for free rhythms and the intoxicating 'triple-lilt.' We reject the ingenious notion that a contemporary criticism, which, by its blame in other hands, had hurt the poet at his outset, now misled him by its praise at his heyday; and we account for this strophic excess by the simple fact that in his case the lyric impulse, which rather fails most poets in mid-career, persisted with abnormal force and resiliency. And then, as regards our acceptance of a music continued beyond the usual term of our own susceptibility to its effects, we ought to remember that Mr Swinburne's earlier verse had, through his very emphasis and his power to enforce his favourite rhymes and allocutions on the ear, made it extremely difficult for him to continue the same method without an undue strain on the receptive faculty, oral and mental, of his hearers. There were idioms, allusions, rhymes, rhetorical mannerisms, inversions, and definite metrical tunes, which he could, as a still practising craftsman, go on repeating only at his peril.

Let us turn back to one of the loveliest poems in the early volumes, his 'Forsaken Garden,' in which his double rhyming and his euphonic strategy are perfectly wedded to the subject, and we shall see how its writer must inevitably, in a succession of such poems, exhaust the iterative possibilities of its typical rhymes and unforgettable cadences.

'All are at one now, roses and lovers,

Not known of the cliffs and the field and the sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers

In the air now soft with a summer to be.

Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
 When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
 From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
 Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
 While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
 Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
 Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
 Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
 Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
 Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead.'

Here are many effects of what Professor Sylvester would have us call 'syzygy' (an ugly word not to be confused with the original term applied by the Greek prosodists to combined 'quantities'); and, while they are applied after a fashion more in keeping with a Celtic than an English tradition of poetry, their use is warranted in this poem, as in many other of Mr Swinburne's poems, by the success of the lyric illusion they enable him to obtain. But in this particular instance the poet, delightfully accorded and possessed with his subject, brings his stanzaic melody to a natural close at the tenth return. In other poems, drawn by a too fertile theme, or exalted by his own great pleasure over some self-imposed feat beyond what ordinary poets would deem the last endurance of 'poetic pains,' he has forgotten the limits of the reader's concurrent interest, and has multiplied his verses to the brink of distraction. Probably he does not realise that ears, not sensitive like his own to a tune within a tune or to a delicate vowel echo made the bell-leader to a 'syzygy' of consonants, very soon reach exhaustion point. Then it is that their ungrateful possessors, being unable to attend any longer to the lyric argument, are apt to declare, half peevishly it may be, half in self-

defence, that there was no argument or no sensible progression of ideas there. Other readers and critics have gone further, and concluded outright that the poet's intellectual qualities were not equal to his lyric equipment; but the evidence of his intellectual resource in other kinds of writing, dramatic and critical, contradicts this theory of Mr Swinburne's mind and art. Where then, outside the limitations of his own temperament, can we turn for any dominant influence, any master in command of his lyric fantasy and poetic imagination, that can account for his occasional failure? Where are we to look for the master-spirit that has both inspired his highest lyric achievement and urged him to overleap his art? To answer that we may best echo his own words, where he says:—

‘Thou wast father of olden
Times hailed and adored,
And the sense of thy golden
Great harp's monochord
Was the joy in the soul of the singers that hailed
thee for master and lord.’

This ‘master and lord’ is the sea; and the sea's is the influence that has counted most, and has lasted longest, in his history, both for good and evil. We find it very distinctly in the first of these six volumes, and we find it strong and resonant almost to the very end of the last. Indeed, ‘A Midsummer Holiday,’ in the sixth volume, contains some of the most memorable passages that we could find to quote in the poet's sea-testament; and nothing in all Mr Swinburne's critical writing is more striking than the page in which he contrasts Victor Hugo's poems of the joy of earth with his sea-songs, and then turns from the lines that begin,

‘La terre est calme auprès de l'océan grondeur;
La terre est belle, . . .’

to those in which the sea's defiance is cast as a challenge to the hopes and dreams of mankind:—

‘Je suis la vaste mêlée,
Reptile, étant l'onde, ailée,
Étant le vent;

Force et fuite, haine et vie,
Houle immense, poursuivie,
Et poursuivant.'

The motion of the sea, says Mr Swinburne, was 'never till now so perfectly done into words as in these three last lines!' But he detects that in Hugo the sea-passion was not an inborn one, as it certainly was in himself. For, the son of a great sea-captain and admiral (and a friend, by the way, of Hugo's Admiral Canaris), Mr Swinburne might claim, if any island poet who ever lived could claim it, that the sea-passion was his birth-right. 'Friend,' he might have said to Hugo as he said to a more congenial sea-lover afterwards,

'Friend, earth is a harbour of refuge for winter, a covert
whereunder to flee
When day is the vassal of night, and the strength of the
hosts of her mightier than he;
But here is the presence adored of me, here my desire is at
rest and at home.
There are cliffs to be climbed upon land, there are ways to
be trodden and ridden: but we
Strike out from the shore as the heart in us bids and
beseeches, athirst for the foam' (vol. vi, p. 20).

'In Guernsey,' again, reveals not only its writer's continual sea-obsession, but in a very marked metrical contrast the sea-change, so to term it, in his verse-writing from the iambic to the more fluid metres which have been the glory and, if we are right, sometimes the bane too, of his later verse. And turning to what must be considered Mr Swinburne's *apologia* (although, indeed, it is about as apologetic as Talbot's retort to the French before Rouen), to the 'Dedicatory Epistle' of this collected edition, we find nothing there more significant than the page which speaks of 'the matchless magic, the ineffable fascination,' of the sea. There is indeed a particular accent, an unmistakable rapture, an increase of eloquence, at all times in his writing when he turns in verse or in prose from other things to this, his supreme subject. It has empowered him to give to English poetry a new emotion; but he has only done so at some sacrifice of those older, human, greatly commotive themes with which his lyric and dramatic art has dealt. His major

forces and his high creative impulses have, since 'Mary Stuart,' been mainly devoted to the splendidly impossible feat of providing continual lyric change for the most monotonous theme in existence. The sea, in truth, is a sublime but dangerous master for the imagination because of its inevitable monotone; and that is perhaps why most sailors lose their mental susceptibility after a few voyages and become reduced to two ideas.

But, lest we be tempted to indulge too far this theory of Mr Swinburne's art, let us turn again to the field where human nature makes for continual variety, and to his later dramatic adventures, including the plays of 1885 and 1887, 'Marino Faliero' and 'Lochrine.' One more than half suspects that his temperamental dislike of Byron and his contempt for Byron's treatment of the same subject had a good deal to do with his choice of the exacting tale of the pride of age presented in the first of these plays. Byron was no dramatist, but he took vigorous advantage of some openings which were barred to his successor. The most effective scene in Mr Swinburne's tragedy, however, all considered, is that in Act 3, where Marino Faliero receives the news of Steno's light sentence, an episode which Byron turned to account with obvious sensation at the very beginning of the play. It is because of the heroic emotion with which Mr Swinburne has suffused the later Acts, and the noble poetry he has embroidered upon the theme, that one remembers his setting in conclusive preference to Byron's. The later dramatist's last Act is imaginatively wrought, and the device of the Latin hymn, filling and defining the pauses of Marino Faliero's last speeches, brings again a welcome lyric relief to the scene; but the speeches are too long for either the ordinary or the ideal stage, and it is significant that the Doge's patriotic emotion and his unquenchable desire 'to redeem Venice' leave one thinking more of the fate of the doomed city than of that of the doomed man.

If 'Marino Faliero' is more poem than drama, 'Lochrine' may well be considered *en suite*, for it is a play-book to interest the poet's fellow-craftsmen almost exclusively. Here, indeed, he who of all our poets has been the most tirelessly and even provokingly set on inventing fresh metrical problems for himself, has written a tragedy whose rhymed lines often arbitrarily assume

the sonnet order and sequence. And yet, if one could get rid of one's anxiety or one's curiosity to see what metrical eccentricity the poet was going next to contrive, it is a play artistically, and, to those who care for old British and Celtic themes in new attire, even movingly wrought. It was a still harder problem that the dramatist, having regard to his canon of the art, set himself in 'The Sisters.' This tragedy, he tells us,

'is the only modern English play I know in which realism in the reproduction of natural dialogue and accuracy in the representation of natural intercourse between men and women of gentle birth and breeding have been found or made compatible with expression in genuine if simple blank-verse.'

An interesting experiment, then, by the most unwearying of artists and attempters of the impossible, the result is such as to suggest a modern problem-play written by a weary Elizabethan who remembers his Seneca and has survived to dislike the Victorian stage and all its Ibsenism. It is much easier to accept the final catastrophe of 'Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards,' which Mr Swinburne shaped anew for her story, than that of 'The Sisters'; but neither is wholly convincing. However, whether one accepts his treatment of the old story or the new that forms the tragic theme in these two latest of his dramatic essays, their relative success or failure will hardly help one to decide their writer's full powers in this region. Nor need it affect the general verdict upon his plays, namely, that they are the work of a dramatic artist who, if he had but enjoyed the Elizabethan opportunity and the stimulating fellowship they seem to ask for him, would have acquitted himself with the best of his fellows; failing which, having had in his day only a Victorian opportunity and a Victorian stage intolerant of poetry, he has written plays which are artistically lost—lost, that is, to the stage, whatever be their fate as printed poetry.

However, even if we should, in establishing the real base for his fame, reject all Mr Swinburne's plays, we should have in what would be left a lyric and poetic remnant far richer and larger than the whole contribution of many famous English poets. From this part of his writing sounds, no doubt, most clear the individual voice by which the world will now and hereafter recognise

him in England's antiphon. It is to be found in a love-song like 'The Oblation,' which a younger love-poet, writing from Italy, characterised lately in a letter to the present reviewer as 'surely the most beautiful love-song in all time.' It is found in the opening couplets that tell of the Sailing of the Swallow, in 'Tristram of Lyonesse':—

'About the middle music of the spring
 Came from the castled shore of Ireland's king
 A fair ship stoutly sailing, eastward bound
 And south by Wales and all its wonders round
 To the loud rocks and ringing reaches home
 That take the wild wrath of the Cornish foam,
 Past Lyonesse unswallowed of the tides
 And high Carlion that now the steep sea hides
 To the wind-hollowed heights and gusty bays
 Of sheer Tintagel, fair with famous days.
 Above the stem a gilded swallow shone,
 Wrought with straight wings and eyes of glittering stone
 As flying sunward oversea, to bear
 Green summer with it through the singing air,
 And on the deck between the rowers at dawn,
 As the bright sail with brightening wind was drawn,
 Sat with full face against the strengthening light
 Iseult, more fair than foam or dawn was white.'

Its accent is clear in a choice few of his sonnets; and among them in that luminously-phrased and impulsively rhymed sonnet dedicatory to the 'Tristram' volume, addressed to Mr Watts-Dunton, and in the finest of those addressed to the Elizabethan men, or inspired by Browning's death.

It sounds, too, in the child-poems, transparent and tender, such as one that might be quoted from his 'Dark Month,' or another from his very latest book. It is found most characteristically of all, and most unmistakably, in a full score of sea-poems like 'A Swimmer's Dream,' whose opening is a triumph of natural imagination and of the musical suggestion that can transcend the verbal medium of verse:—

'Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,
 Soft and passionate, dark and sweet.
 Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,
 Fair and flawless from face to feet,

Hailed of all when the world was golden,
 Loved of lovers whose names beholden
 Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden
 Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang: but for men that love her,
 Souls that hear not her word in vain,
 Earth beside her and heaven above her
 Seem but shadows that wax and wane.
 Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
 Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,
 Blither than spring's when her flowerful tresses
 Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.'

It is found again in the new magic got out of a very unlikely metre in the sea-poem called 'Ex Voto.' But we might multiply these instances without arriving finally at any deductive explanation of the lyric incidence of Mr Swinburne's genius, or at any certain determination of the line drawn between his true and his forced inspiration. Let us remember, in excuse, what he himself said once, in the essay on Wordsworth and Byron, that 'analysis may be able to explain how the colours of this flower of poetry are created and combined, but never by what process its odour is produced'; and again, 'the test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests.'

There are many pages in his poetry which are, without doubt, logically and critically indefensible: there are many in his superlative prose quite as impossible, which have yet had the subtle power to live and justify themselves to the instinctive lover of poetry and the poets. And even in those less assured, intemperate or manifestly forced rhetorical pages, which have clouded his art and obscured his fame, there is a continual sense of a poet who has loved poetry, and the passions and the aspirations that fire it, and the great masters who have sustained it, with the true enkindling enthusiasm of genius, creative, organic, and splendidly if extravagantly superabundant.

But, with a change of criticism, it is still, as was said, too early a day to establish definitely all the lines of Mr Swinburne's claim as a contemporary writer and a poet in time. He was a signal recruit to the men who might be called the Victorian humanists, those who

broke up, or tried to break up, the cautious fence of the orthodoxy of forty years ago. The documents that he contributed, that seemed so revolutionary then—his poetic tracts to convert the pious, his ballads to excite evil passions, his bombs thrown into the fool's paradise of the day—have long lost all their offensive quality, lost all, we may say, but that which their artistic vitality gave to them; and the poet who was considered Italianate, Gallic, everything that was anti-English, has proved as time has gone on to be passionately patriotic, with the Viking's sea-spirit and all the tastes of the fierce islander, one, in fact, in whom many of our barbaric poetic instincts are perpetuated. For Mr Swinburne has hated those who have seemed to him his country's enemies with a Hebraic, prophetic hatred. A Czar of the Russias has made him rhetorical, a Dutchman impious; and yet he is a republican, as the barons set against King John were premature republicans. In spite of this, or because of it, he has continued into our day the heroic tradition in poetry, and has been the last true rhapsodist carried away incontinently without appeal upon the lyric stream. Similarly his criticism has been an ecstasy of homage, an idolatry—his Victor Hugo a Titan, his Shakespeare a deity. If this is so in his prose, it is not wonderful that his poetry appears to have all the faults and all the qualities that English poetry ever learnt from Marlowe to Rossetti. He may be, as he has been termed, a Greek, an Elizabethan, an ancient Hebrew; he is in no respect an Edwardian. But anomaly and incongruity as he must be accounted, he is a master, a great poet, an 'immortal,' one of the last of those men of force who still arose in our last century literature, and whose type the present century hardly seems able or inclined to perpetuate.

Art. IX.—A COURTIER OF JAMES THE SECOND.

1. *The Adventures of King James II of England.* By the author of 'A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.' With an Introduction by the Right Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D.D. London: Longmans, 1904.
2. *Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury, written by himself.* Two vols. Roxburghe Club, 1890.

THE changes and chances of the Stewart fortunes have found almost endless expression in recent literature; but, hitherto, the inveterate distaste entertained by the average Englishman for the memory of James II has precluded that monarch's career from receiving the attention lavished on others of his race. This is the more noteworthy since few sovereigns have encountered greater hazards. Indeed, from the battle of Edgehill, where, as a child of nine, the Duke of York narrowly escaped capture by Parliamentary troopers, to that other stricken field, when the old king turned his horse's head away from the Boyne, James's life was rich in dramatic incidents.

It is always profitable to review our beliefs or prejudices. As regards the patron of Jeffreys and the penitent of Petre, that opportunity is now furnished us in the eminently readable 'Adventures of King James II.'

Dr Gasquet, whose utterances always deserve consideration, argues in his Introduction (p. xvii) that it is scant justice to condemn a man 'on a mere fraction of the entire span of life,' and 'that the few years of James's reign form but a passing episode of the whole story.' This may be sound morality for private individuals, but in that 'passing episode' the immemorial rights and liberties of a people well-nigh foundered. Nor, bravely as James fought under Turenne, and excellent head clerk as he proved at the Admiralty, can such creditable, though not unusual, performances obliterate the memory of the Bloody Assize.

The author of the 'Adventures of James II' has laid the Earl of Ailesbury's 'Memoirs' under contribution to establish the debatable virtues of his hero. Ailesbury was a staunch Jacobite and paid the penalty of his loyalty in long years of exile. Indeed he idolised the

house of Stewart and ascribed Charles II's premature decease to the Almighty's retribution on the nation's sins. 'The good God,' he seriously says, 'thought us not worthy of those blessings. His will be done.' After such an epitaph on the Merry Monarch, it is not surprising to find that Lord Ailesbury regarded James 'as the most honest and sincere man he ever knew, a great and good Englishman and a high protector of trade.' Nevertheless, apart from the question of divine right, Ailesbury was not devoid of shrewdness; and his 'Memoirs' are a quarry of anecdote and information. In his ingenuous pages we obtain a view of court and councillors as they appeared to a typical noble of the period; and, taken as a whole, despite his protestations, no record is perhaps more unfavourable to James.

Born in 1655, Thomas, Lord Bruce, was the eldest surviving son of Robert, Earl of Elgin in the peerage of Scotland—created Earl of Ailesbury in 1663 for his services in promoting the Restoration—and of Diana, daughter of Henry, Earl of Stamford. Although the first Earl of Ailesbury was himself no mean scholar, he preferred the company of his heir to the lad's education. Thomas Bruce never quitted the paternal mansion for school or college, and, when he attained man's estate, sadly realised that his ignorance would hamper him in any but a court career, where, he candidly observes, 'learning was not in any lustre.' It is vain, therefore, to seek in Bruce's writings the rhythmic flow, the incisive and felicitous phrase, that frequently mark the prose of his more cultivated contemporaries. It must, in fact, be confessed that the worthy historian was in this respect an exception to his age, when a tincture of literature was no uncommon attribute of nobleman or courtier.

But, if there is scant grace in Ailesbury's 'Memoirs,' their vividness and evident sincerity make ample atonement for a halting style. Moreover, Bruce's reminiscences are of real interest. Twice did he live in the very heart of the storm. He held Charles's hand while he lay dying. He received the parting injunctions of James II before that monarch stole through the back-door of his lodgings at Rochester to rejoin the fishing-smack that carried him to France. In their nurseries at York House he shared

the childish romps of two future queens of Great Britain. Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, perhaps the most tragic figure of the time, was his first love. James of Monmouth, 'her husband in the sight of God,' as the infatuated duke declared himself, was Bruce's best friend. In later years the monotony of exile was relieved by the charming intercourse, the graceful though empty courtesies, of the great Duke of Marlborough. And it may be said that his connexion with the house of Stewart outlived the grave, since his great-granddaughter became the wife of the luckless Charles Edward.

As for the man himself, it is impossible not to regard him with something akin to affection. In truth, the happy mortal who could enlist such diverse champions as Queen Mary and Mrs Bracegirdle cannot have been destitute of charm. Despite no inconsiderable talent for 'contriving'—as he euphemistically terms the most elaborate intrigues—Thomas Bruce was, in his private capacity, an essentially honest gentleman at a period when, and in a position where, the species had well-nigh disappeared. It is true that he had no more scruple in taking the oath of allegiance to William III than he had in breaking it. But under the conflicting strain of the duty owed to Cæsar and the native instincts of the common-sense, law-abiding Englishman, there was many a strange juggle with conscience. Indeed, the inconsistencies between the good lord's ethics and his conduct supply that touch of nature that makes all ages kin.

Position, fortune, a great and happy marriage contracted with Lady Elizabeth Seymour, the daughter of a house as royalist as his own, early combined to make Bruce an eligible candidate for preferment at Whitehall. Charles II conceived a liking for the loyal young giant, and shortly before his death appointed him Lord of the Bedchamber. It was into Bruce's arms that Charles fell when overtaken by his fatal seizure, and it was Bruce who then summoned the Duke of York to his brother, and in such hot haste that James reached the king's bedside shod 'with one shoe and one slipper.'

Subsequent events proved that James II had no more devoted subject than Thomas Bruce; but with Charles's life the young lord declared that all his joys in a court ceased. James had indeed graciously assured Bruce

'that he needed no man to solicit for him'; but the sequel proved that no greater dependence could be placed on the new sovereign's private utterances than on the memorable proclamation, which at his accession elicited frantic demonstrations of loyalty from a deluded nation. Bruce was not reappointed to the bedchamber; and, though he carried the royal train at the coronation, the honour was too costly to be generally coveted. Nevertheless, James did not scruple to avail himself of the good offices of that *rara avis*, a devoted though discarded courtier. He entrusted Bruce with the task of calling a general meeting of members of Parliament, to induce them to settle on him the same revenue as that enjoyed by his predecessor. Bruce would gladly have excused himself on the score of youth and inexperience. The king, however, was firm; and the only sign of wounded pride Lord Bruce permitted himself was to make a 'low, serious bow,' when James, somewhat tactlessly, remarked that, 'not being at court, it will be more in your power to render me a most effectual service in the House.'

Bruce accordingly invited two hundred and fifty members 'of the prime lords that were Commons and the top gentry of each county.' The gathering took place in the 'Fountain Tavern' in the Strand, and fulfilled James's most sanguine anticipations. In truth Bruce had neglected no precaution to make it successful. 'The great room,' he says, 'was more like a large gallery with little rooms adjoining, where I had friends of ingenuity and parts to drink a glass of wine with those that minded more the liquor than business.' In the perfervid condition of public feeling such artificial stimulus was, however, scarcely required. The royal message was welcomed with enthusiasm; and 'by a general joy in the countenance of each it was easily to be perceived that the king's desire and their hearts went together.' Bruce was empowered to assure his Majesty that his wishes as to the revenue would be fulfilled, and that the court nominee would be appointed Speaker. Naturally the happy intermediary met with 'a gracious reception at court'; 'but that,' he ruefully observes, 'was all I had for such a signal service.'

Bruce took no part in the Sedgemoor campaign, as the Government refused his offer to raise a troop against

Monmouth. Indeed, he felt he had been treated with scant courtesy, and withdrew for a space to the country. But Lord Ailesbury's appointment as Lord Chamberlain, and a few kind words from the king, whose civility, Bruce considered, could not have been bettered by Charles II, more than made amends for past slights. It is almost pathetic to note Bruce's anxious endeavours to exonerate James from responsibility in the horrors of the Western Assize. But even he experienced some misgiving (i, 121) when

'the King protested to me that he abhorred what had passed in that Commission. I knew the King's temper too well for to give my advice, but it was at my tongue's end, viz.: "Your Majesty ought to turn out the Justice and Mr Percy Kirke, and that will shew to the world your true abhorrence."'

Jeffreys' brutality must have been peculiarly revolting to a gentleman of Bruce's nice respectability and solid though unheroic virtues. But his natural detestation of the Chief Justice was heightened by a personal affront. As is well known, the lives of the prisoners were negotiable both on the bench and at court. The saintly Mary of Modena herself did not disdain, it is said, to price her intercessions at a marketable rate. But, according to Bruce, it was Jeffreys who was the head and front of the offending.

'In Devonshire one Mr Battescomb, a gentleman and minor of seventeen years old, was drawn in by a rascally guardian. He by a friend addressed to me. The King was most favourably inclined to pardon him. I told him: "Sir, if the Chief Justice should know I intercede, hanged he will be certainly!" And so he was for not applying to him with a present' (i, 122).

Of Pollexfen and Kirke, Bruce has also gruesome tales to tell. Yet the miserable ends of these scoundrels at least afford him spiritual refreshment and edification. 'The just judgments of God,' he cries, 'are unsearchable and past finding out'; for did not Kirke 'die eaten up with vermin,' and Pollexfen, equally uncomfortably, 'choked with his blood in the throat?'

In 1685, Bruce's 'true English heart' made him prefer the country to the capital as a residence. The one tragic episode he involuntarily witnessed remained indelibly

engraven on his memory, and was in itself sufficient to make London distasteful to him. When Monmouth was captured in the New Forest he was conducted to Lambeth under escort,

'and thence brought over by water to the privy stairs at Whitehall; and I' (says Bruce), 'coming from the city by water, unfortunately landed at the same moment and saw him led up the other stairs on Westminster side, lean and pale and with a disconsolate physiognomy, with soldiers with pistols in their hands. The Yeomen of the Guard were posted, and I got behind one of them that he should not perceive me, and I wished heartily and often since that I had not seen him, for I could never get him out of my mind for years, I so loved him personally' (i, 119).

In the autumn of that terrible year 1685, died Robert, Lord Ailesbury; and amongst territorial magnates the second earl was henceforward no inconsiderable figure. He might reasonably have expected his father's gold key, which, however, Lords Sunderland and Middleton bestowed on Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave. Ailesbury had perforce to content himself with the post of Lord of the Bedchamber and the lieutenancy of three counties. He was the more readily consoled, since the atmosphere of the court, which he could scarcely have quitted had he been Chamberlain, grew daily less to his liking. The notorious Father Petre was now installed, as official dispenser of place and power, in the princely apartments lately inhabited by the heir-presumptive. This was gall and wormwood to others besides Ailesbury; for the king's director, as many stories testify, was universally odious. It appears on one occasion that the Jesuit in full clerical habit—an unwelcome innovation to Protestant eyes—met his former instructor, Dr Busby, who enquired the reason of such a costume. 'I had not had it on, honourable master,' replied Petre, 'but that the Lord Jesus had need of me.' 'I never heard that our Lord and Saviour had need of anything but an ass,'* was the rejoinder. Ailesbury certainly endorsed the caustic old schoolmaster's estimate of his pupil, and moreover

* 'Adventures of James II,' p. 330. But the author of the life of Petre in the Dict. Nat. Biogr. says that 'the story told in 'Revolution Politicks,' implying that he was educated at Westminster under Busby, is apocryphal.'

complained that the royal confessor was no less unscrupulous in matters of patronage than his lay predecessors Louise de Keroualle and Chiffinch. 'Besides propagating his religion as his poor head conceived, there was mammon besides in the case.' In the domain temporal, a Huguenot refugee could, for a paltry 500 guineas, get the better of a true believer; while, in the art of spiritual compromise, Tartuffe himself could have obtained valuable hints from this son of Loyola.

Thus amidst intrigues, 'great clamours relating to the executing of Colonel Algernon Sidney,' and other unpleasant episodes, arrived the year 1688, that memorable year which witnessed the culmination of the secular struggle between despotism and liberty in England. Yet, true-blue Tory though he was, the time passed heavily for Lord Ailesbury. As he cogently remarks, 'if the king can dispense with the laws at his pleasure, Westminster Hall may be shut up and the Statute Book burnt.' He had, however, weighty reason to keep these 'sentiments private.' In fact, he ingenuously confesses:—

'This was my maxim, not to make one step against my conscience; on the other hand, to be silent and to keep my place in Court as long as I could, for to do good if possible and to keep the Earl of Peterborough from the Lieutenancies I enjoyed' (i, 153).

In this dilemma Lord Ailesbury's talent for 'contriving' stood him in good stead. When he became aware that the Nuncio's public audience would coincide with his attendance at court, he dexterously exchanged waitings with the Duke of Somerset, whose refusal to escort the papal envoy was visited with instant dismissal from his post. The one step, apparently, which Ailesbury's conscience refused to endorse was acquiescence in the urgent entreaty of Mary of Modena to 'allow his eyes to be opened as to matters of religion.' Although this prayer was coupled with the promise that she and the king would then stop at nothing that might be for his interest, he respectfully and gratefully declined the proposition.

He personally braved James's displeasure by imploring him to refrain from making Farmer President of

Magdalen. On his knees the earl besought James 'not to touch the freehold of the clergy, for that priests of all religions were the same as to matter of interest, and if you pinch them they will return it fourfold.' Nay, more, 'rather than to take the bread out of the mouths of those in possession,' he urged the foundation of a Romish college, himself proffering a thousand pounds towards its erection. But neither then nor later, when he vehemently protested against the wholesale dismissal of the deputy-lieutenants in his jurisdiction, who with one accord had refused to vote for the repeal of the penal laws, did his tried fidelity and devotion obtain a favourable hearing.

Lord Ailesbury's case was not a solitary one. Throughout the length and breadth of the land such treatment was goading even fanatical High Churchmen to condone or encourage rebellion against the Lord's anointed. The straitest sect of Anglicans only enjoined obedience to the tyrant, not participation in his unlawful works. The strain, even to Thomas Bruce, fast became intolerable. 'At last,' as he says, 'growing melancholy, and fearing it might give me my death after, perhaps, a violent fever,' he 'absolutely resolved to lay down' his appointments, and with that object he went to Court. There, although the hostile intentions of the Prince of Orange had not generally transpired, they were no longer unknown; and the king, acting on a timely hint from Lord Dartmouth, forestalled Bruce's resignation by informing him of the dangers that menaced the crown. The effect of the news on the devoted cavalier was instantaneous. In the 'dusky' royal closet, illuminated only by two wax candles lit by the sovereign for the interview, the earl flung himself on his knees with renewed vows of loyalty, and, as the natural sequel, 'carried home all his commissions.' In truth, he says, he ever after esteemed 'this of the king's preventing me one of the happy moments of my life; for, had I given up, the king, in the first place, might have suspected that I was associated with those that deserted him, and little to their honour.'

It may well be believed that, when William landed, so staunch a royalist as Ailesbury did not miss the roll-call. But, unfortunately, a dispute with the papist Lord Peterborough, who successfully contested Ailesbury's right to

enter the royal coach, diverted his attention from the national crisis ; and a disquisition on etiquette, worthy of St Simon, replaces the curious anecdotes which the sovereign's companion might have furnished on the journey to Salisbury. Thanks to his relations at court, the meditated escape of the king to Faversham was no mystery to Ailesbury. He taxed James with the design ; and the monarch, though at first he vowed it was 'a coffee-house report,' finally 'begged the question.' With tears in his eyes, the faithful servant implored James to renounce a project manifestly disastrous. But the monarch mandered on about 'the treatment he had found' at the hands of child and friend, while remonstrance and entreaty were alike impotent to cajole or galvanise him into a semblance of energy or manliness. Staunch in naught save a vain and petty duplicity, he persistently denied Ailesbury's loyal heart the small gratification of a farewell in due form rather than admit the truth of that lord's surmises. In fact, to the end, James 'refused him his hand,' and left Bruce to learn his departure half an hour later through the indiscretion of a footman.

Macaulay's vivid picture of the 'Irish night' has familiarised every schoolboy with the chaotic condition of London on James's flight ; and Ailesbury's conduct at this juncture is certainly a confirmation of the great writer's assertion 'that the urgency of the crisis united for a short time all who had any interest in the peace of society.' Thomas Bruce might be a devout disciple of Filmer, but in that hour of anarchy he happily forgot his creed and remembered he was an Englishman. Like Rochester and Sancroft, he joined the peers who constituted themselves into a committee of public safety at the Guildhall and endorsed the invitation to William of Orange. But the prince was still at Hungerford ; and, before he could reach London, arrived the news of James's detention at Faversham. The situation was unquestionably embarrassing to the majority of the councillors, though Ailesbury professed himself vastly indignant and astounded at their reception of the blessed intelligence. For a full quarter of an hour he left them to their dismal meditations ; then, unable longer to endure the unbroken silence, he rose and, 'in as civil a manner as his temper suffered him,' suggested they should invite back his

Majesty. No one disputed with Ailesbury the honour of carrying the message to the king; and 'on such a night as was hardly known for rain, wind, and darkness,' the sturdy Tory set forth in his coach and six.

The inclement weather was, however, the least obstacle he had to encounter. Before quitting Whitehall the 'Pater Patriæ' had ordered Lord Feversham to disband the army. His commands were punctually obeyed; and the rumour that the unpaid Irish soldiery were advancing on the capital produced a widespread panic among the defenceless population. Everywhere, as he pressed forward, Ailesbury found evidence both ludicrous and pathetic of the universal terror. Seldom indeed can Englishmen before or since have been so overmastered by fear. The spectacle was not edifying. Yet, when we reflect that our forefathers possessed none of those auxiliaries to law and order which the ubiquitous policeman and telegraph now afford, we can but admire, with Ailesbury, 'the goodness of the populace.' As he rode through the Kentish villages 'the women were crying at their doors, on each side, with their children by them, choosing rather to be murdered there than in their beds.' Nor was a calmer atmosphere to be found in the towns. At Dartford Ailesbury's progress was barred by a concourse of two thousand people; and, after 'reasoning for two hours with persons that had no reason,' he judged it wiser to await the daylight in a friendly constable's house. The night was made hideous 'by a continual shouting, most being in drink also, and the alarm-bell or tocsin going'; and a troop of Horse Guards was eventually required to disperse these noisy alarmists. At Rochester the situation was even more serious. Betwixt fright and sleeplessness—he had not closed his eyes for three nights—the mayor was well-nigh demented, and incapable of giving orders. Huddled in bedgown and nightcap, he awaited the coming of the Irish to cut his throat. Meanwhile the distracted townsfolk were busy demolishing Rochester Bridge. At Chatham, Ailesbury was met with a piteous 'compliment' for assistance from Sir Phineas Pett. He found Mr Pepys' old friend in bed with a fever,

'almost stifled with heat, his chamber being filled with sea-mob crying out for arms to defend them against the Irish

Papists, and that London, Dartford, etc., were on fire and blood running in the streets. For quiet sake he had given all the arms he had; and those that had none would not leave his room. At entering, I thought the chamber like a furnace, but a very offensive one for ill smells. I cried out, "Honest friends, I am come with good news; pray go into the yard and you all shall be satisfied." Poor Sir Phineas took me by the hand and told me he owed his life to me. His fever was not a very malignant one or dangerous, but he was quite stifled with the heat and ill scent' (i, 205).

It is only fifty-two miles from London to Faversham; but Ailesbury was almost at the end of his strength when he reached his destination. Sleep he had had none and but little food. An unready speaker, at every populous centre he had been forced to harangue the terror-stricken inhabitants. He had met with at least one fall from horseback, and when he was in sight of Faversham he narrowly escaped being carried off to prison by the over-zealous militia. In the circumstances, Thomas Bruce had confidently anticipated a cordial welcome from the monarch, but, like many another faithful servant of the house of Stewart, he was doomed to disappointment. Immediately on his arrest, the king had been installed, or rather confined, in the house of a Mr Napleton. This mansion was no palace; and the earl had to make his way across a hall unpleasantly crowded with seamen. On entering the parlour, Ailesbury found the king 'sitting in a great chair, with his hat on and his beard being much grown, and resembled the picture of his royal father at the pretended High Court of Justice.' Such an observation was well calculated to enhance Thomas Bruce's natural reverence, had his pity not been checked by James's greeting.

'He' (the king) 'rose up to meet me. I bent my knee, not being able to kneel by reason of my jackboots. He took me to the window with an air of displeasure, indeed, quite contrary to what I expected, and said: "You were all kings when I left London." I could not dissemble, but spoke my mind in these terms: "Sir, I expected another sort of welcome after the great dangers I ran last night by repairing to you." "I know," said the King, "you meant well as to your particular." I replied, "It is certainly so; and give me leave to tell Your Majesty that [owing to] your going away without

leaving a Commission of Regency, but for our care and vigilance the city of London might have been in ashes; but the Lord Mayor and the City respecting us, all was kept in a calm" (i, 209).

Ailesbury's frankness had a good effect on the king. 'His countenance became more serene'; he even vouchsafed to express satisfaction at Ailesbury's arrival and sorrow for the dangers he had run. He then promptly reverted to his own trials, especially bemoaning the 'sauciness' of the deputy-lieutenants, who objected to his sealing his letters, and his penniless condition, having been plundered of all he possessed. Ailesbury gave him such money as he had, and collected a further store of guineas from some royalists present. Moreover he greatly mitigated the general discomfort by silencing the babel of tongues, 'the room being filled with men, women, and children talking as if they had been at a market.' Then,

'dinner being ready, I asked him' (James) 'if he would be served with ceremony. He said yes, if I could hold it out, for fatigued I was very much. I giving him the wet napkin on the knees by the help of the arm of the great chair, I found the people bore more respect. The bread he had eaten there was so heavy that Platt was forced to toast it to render it less heavy, and the wine he drank was as bad in proportion. I observed his shoulders moved much: I asked him if he was indisposed. He told me "No; but I hope you can give me a clean shirt"; for they had left him nothing but what was on his back when they seized him, and neither nightgown, cap, or slippers. About the middle of dinner Mr Tomlinson, the yeoman of the Robes, and others under him, appeared. I know not who were more rejoiced, the King or them; and the latter gushed out their tears for joy to see their King and master. He told me smilingly, "I can now give *you* a shirt." As soon as dinner was ended he ordered me to go and eat, and empty I was to the last degree; but my appetite was lost. During the short time I was at dinner, the King went into the Hall to take leave of those faithful seamen that had lain there night and day. "Honest friends," said the King, "you will not know me presently." And indeed, after shaving and dressing, and with a good periwig, he had not the same countenance' (i, 210).

Ailesbury accompanied James on his return to Whitehall, and was much impressed by the ovation the king

received from the subjects whom he had deliberately abandoned to the horrors of mob-law. Others besides the faithful Lord of the Bedchamber noted the phenomenon; and those gentlemen who had hastily abjured their allegiance were not unvisited with misgivings. Conspicuous amongst these was Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, who had broken his white staff with marked precipitation on the sovereign's flight. He now not only returned unsolicited to his duties, but gave good proof that he regarded James once more as the fountain of honours. According to Ailesbury,

'he began with a dark preamble, and beating the bush so long that at last the King said, "My lord, I am in haste for to give an audience; tell me in short what you would be at." He began to praise himself for what he ought to have been ashamed of, that in all things he readily complied, and perhaps in some matters beyond the usual bounds, and that, if his Majesty did not distinguish such, it would be a great discouragement for to put such on an equal level with those that had been lukewarm. "My lord," repeated the King, "what would you desire of me?" He replied, "To be made a Marquis." "Good God!" said the King, "what a time you take to ask a thing of that nature! I am just arrived and all in disorder, nor do I know if I have a secretary or anyone in the office"' (i, 215).

Mulgrave had, however, not come unprepared. He instantly produced a warrant ready for the king's signature, and was pressing it on the monarch when Ailesbury put an end to the scene by opening the door so abruptly that he nearly knocked over the suppliant.

James having elected Rochester as his residence, the earl accompanied him thither. Sentiment apart, the journey was no pleasure-trip to Ailesbury. Prayerful piety enabled him to bear with Christian stoicism the 'hideous shooting of the bridge' in the royal barge. But, even in retrospect, he waxes pathetic over the memory of the sleepless night he spent at Gravesend, stretched 'on a wet floor, for the King's chamber had been washed but few hours before, and 'twas a most wet season.' Ever careful of his health, the poor nobleman was racked with apprehensions of the ill consequences of such imprudence. Indeed James's sound slumbers—for the king's rest was as little affected by his trials as was

Louis XVI's appetite in similar circumstances—were almost vexatious to his devoted servant.

Never was the text, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' more applicable than to James's mental condition at Rochester. Before quitting the shores of England he condescended to explain his reasons to Ailesbury. 'If I do not retire,' he said, 'I shall certainly be sent to the Tower; and no king ever went out of that place but to his grave. It is a cruel thing,' added the man who had despatched hundreds of poor peasants to slavery and death in the plantations, 'for a subject to be driven out of his native country, much more for a king to be driven out of his three kingdoms.' Then, having exhorted Ailesbury to 'live in unity for my good' with other adherents who were to prepare his return,

'he was pleased to embrace me tenderly, as in French *A Dieu*, and he ordered me to let in the company, as at a *couchee*, as usual. It was the custom, when they were taking off his stockings for to go into bed, for the company to retire; so I gave the signal, and he was pleased to give me the last *A Dieu*, and he dressed himself again, and by a back door in the garden he went to the vessel ready to transport him' (i, 225).

After James 'was walked out of his three kingdoms,' Ailesbury returned to London and, according to the king's orders, waited on William of Orange, who received him with the courtesy he never refused to an honourable opponent. As the earl entertained a sentiment only short of idolatry for Queen Mary, the prince's civility might in time have won him over but for a misunderstanding with Bentinck, to whose influence Ailesbury attributed all his subsequent misfortunes. During the debates on the settlement of the crown, Ailesbury was an active, though silent, member of the Opposition. Nevertheless he took the oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns, regarding it

'like to a garrison one; for it was my opinion that he [William], being declared King (although I did in Parliament do all that lay in my power to obstruct it), he was to protect the kingdom, and that those that desired protection ought to take some oath' (i, 237).

Doubtless James's policy, even more than these ethical considerations, contributed to Ailesbury's acquiescence

in the government *de facto*. He frankly characterised the style of the St Germain's manifestoes 'as far from being gracious and sweet.' The choice of Lord Melford to countersign those precious documents he considered suicidal; and he loudly deplored the wholesale confiscations practised in Ireland by James II and the Dublin Parliament. Unhappily a trivial incident, or rather its consequences, did much to arrest his growing resignation to the new order of things. One Sunday in the summer of 1689, Ailesbury chanced to be dining with the notorious Countess of Dorchester at her Weybridge villa. The proximity of the house to Hampton Court encouraged him to pay his respects at the palace. He arrived in time for service. The king received him coldly, but the usher instantly entrusted him with the duty of bearing the sword of state before the sovereigns to chapel. This office Bruce performed, he solemnly asseverates, 'with all respect and decency.' The royal devotions were, however, protracted; and, by the time he reached Lady Dorchester's house, dinner had long been waiting, and the patience of that choleric lady totally exhausted. His excuses and explanations did not mend matters. 'Did not you wish the sword in his body?' she cried. Horror-struck, Bruce remonstrated 'that, as a Christian, and having the fear of God before my eyes, I held it a most damnable sin even to hope it, and much more the putting it into execution.' The good man's sermon bore little fruit; for, some years after, having quarrelled with Ailesbury, the unprincipled woman 'turned her words on him,' swearing 'that she would make King William spit on him,' and 'that she would tell the King that he' (Ailesbury) 'wished the sword in his guts when he had carried it before him to Church at Hampton Court.' Monstrous as was the mere threat, Bruce could never shake off the suspicion that she had carried out her intention, since thereafter King William's former graciousness was transformed into a personal hatred.

The next few years were critical for England, engaged, as she was, in a life-and-death struggle with the power of France. When Louis' fleets rode the Channel, prominent Tories such as Thomas Bruce knew they ran the risk of being put under lock and key till the dangers of a descent and rising were overpast. Ailesbury, indeed, ingenuously

admits he could hardly expect more lenient treatment. But he wished to avoid residence in the Tower during the dog-days, and he was determined to surrender only at his convenience. Therefore, in 1692, when de Tourville raided the western coast, and before a warrant could be issued, the earl promptly absconded. But unfortunately, owing to his huge stature, alterations in costume and periwig were as ineffectual to mask his personality as the names of 'Mr Atkins' and 'The Squire,' which he bears in the Jacobite ciphers. Moreover, he was dogged by a malicious fate. Having described himself, when in hiding at Hayes, as a London physician on a holiday, he was haunted by the dread that some one in the village would fall ill and have recourse to his supposed medical talents. Finally, after a week's evasion, he preferred to surrender himself to Queen Mary rather than risk such a contingency.

The queen proved eminently placable. She insisted on her old playfellow being admitted to bail, and invited him to her own card-table, where, 'with a most smiling countenance,' she lent an amused ear to his late unpleasant adventures. Mary's clemency did not deter Bruce from intriguing with the Duchess of Marlborough and Princess Anne against the Government. Indeed, with greater optimism than judgment, he urged the latter to 'mount on horseback' to restore King James. But, at her death, 'the incomparable queen' had no warmer champion than the Tory lord. He would not even hear her conduct towards her father called in question, and protested 'that he esteemed her as a princess that had no fault.'

A journey made by the earl in 1693 to St Germain's to acquaint James with important overtures made by the admirals commanding the Channel fleet was not the least of his sacrifices for 'the cause.' A certain Farmer Hunt of Romney Marsh made a business of conveying Jacobites to France in the 'owlers' that returned thence laden with contraband goods. At this man's house the earl lay hid for ten days, and cannot be said to have relished the experience. The fare was so meagre that 'I was forced,' he said, 'to do what God knows poor people practice but too often, to sleep much, not to think of an empty belly.' In truth, 'bad butter, cheese worse, salt-water beer,' varied with 'a cat instead of a rabbit,' hardly

formed an appetising menu. Nor was this dinner of herbs eaten in peace. Had Hunt not made them drunk, a band of gaugers would one day have discovered Ailesbury's retreat; and the sight of a passer-by invariably drove him from the haycock, where alone he could breathe fresh air.

At last, however, the master of the owler appeared—'a fat greasy fellow,' says Thomas Bruce, 'yet the joy I was in at his arrival made me embrace him heartily.' When Ailesbury approached St Germain's, having no mind to be recognised and to find a warrant awaiting him on his return home, he carefully timed his arrival at an hour when none but grooms, leading their masters' horses to water, were astir; moreover he stipulated that he should be conveyed into the queen's closet at the castle in a sedan chair, hermetically sealed to inquisitive glances, and that Lord Melford alone should be made privy to his audience. Unluckily these very precautions intensified the watchful curiosity of the courtiers. When the Prince of Wales, summoned to do honour to Ailesbury, left the room, he was besieged by questionings as to the mysterious visitor.

'The poor child answered he did not know him, but that he believed I must be some one of consequence because the King had ordered him to kiss and embrace him, and that I was the tallest man he had ever seen, on which . . . they swore it must be myself that the Prince had seen' (i, 326).

Could Ailesbury have persuaded James to act with circumspection and Louis with energy, he might more cheerfully have faced such hazards. But, as he says, James II 'gave me soon a bitter pill to swallow; and down with it I must, or return to England.' Louis categorically stated that he durst not venture the squadron, which was essential to Ailesbury's scheme, at Portsmouth. He pointed out that Admiral Carter had proved untrustworthy the previous year, and that, if Admirals Delaval and Killigrew now failed to keep their pledge of non-interference, annihilation must overtake the French navy. His proposal to effect a landing for James at Torbay was equally inadmissible to Ailesbury. The earl explained that he desired a French contingent to protect the king, until a national rising should provide him with forces,

but that personally he could never treat with Louis for a design to 'settle the king on his throne by fire and sword, which in good English would be termed a conquest.' Louis XIV listened with distinguished courtesy, and sang the Englishman's praises to James after a fashion Ailesbury proudly records.

'This lord' (he said) 'is the first man of quality with a great estate that hath repaired to you; the first man that came over about an affair of the most high importance; and the first that never asked anything for himself.'

The approval of Louis, and Mary of Modena's cordial reception, were the sole consolations vouchsafed to Ailesbury in his abortive undertaking. The hardships he had endured on his outward journey were probably responsible for the fever that seized the unlucky envoy on his return to England. Not only was he forced to make the crossing in a miserable sloop, 'lying on the hulk without boards, and no quilt or any sort of bedding or pillow, the seamen broiling their mackerel, with the stench by smoking under my nose the worst of tobacco,' but he narrowly escaped capture by an English privateer. In fact Bruce's owler had to put back to France to avoid the enemy, though, by this time, such were the poor earl's sufferings that he would have risked the Tower itself rather than defer his landing on English soil.

He reached his London house in safety, but so ill and emaciated that his wife swooned with horror at his appearance. Nor was her alarm groundless, as he lay in bed for three weeks between life and death. On his recovery, he wisely determined never again to meddle in politics; but, like many another in similar case,

'when I thought to take my rest, I had then the most unquiet days. The party called Jacobites could never be quiet, and so flashy that, if they did but dream that King James was coming over, they imagined it when they awakened; and, because I would not enter into their vain schemes, they grew jealous of me, and swore they did not know what to make of me' (i, 844).

Probably Ailesbury genuinely disapproved of the 'vain schemes' aimed at William's life. But, as the Latin proverb says, 'Noscitur a sociis.' If, as he passion-

ately asseverates, Bruce had no knowledge of these conspiracies, he admits that he met and dined with their authors. Consequently, on the discovery of Sir John Fenwick's plot, he was immediately arrested and sent to the Tower. Here the earl spent close on a year, from March 1696 to February 1697, the discomforts of the situation being aggravated by his quarrels with the governor, Lord Lucas. From the Duke of Shrewsbury's Cabinet minutes, it is clear that the Government regarded Ailesbury as a dangerous man. It was some time before he obtained permission for Lady Ailesbury to share his imprisonment, and then only on terms that contrasted strangely with the liberty enjoyed by Lady Mary Fenwick. It was no small exasperation to the earl to see that lady come and go at her pleasure, sometimes in a coach and six, 'patched and painted and joyful,' sometimes 'in a hackney coach, with her hoods over her face, and lamenting,' whilst his poor wife, whose condition made life in the Tower peculiarly trying, was debarred from fresh air and exercise.

It appears that Ailesbury had not been able to resist boasting of his famous interview with Louis XIV to Sir John Fenwick. When, therefore, the wretched man failed to induce Bruce to join him in accusing Leeds, Marlborough, Shrewsbury, and Admiral Russell of holding treasonable correspondence with St Germain, he revenged himself by disclosing Bruce's doings to the Duke of Devonshire. Nor was Fenwick the only witness that the Government was able to call against Ailesbury. Farmer Hunt of Romney Marsh could identify his lodger; George Porter, whose evidence had hung Charnock, and 'Scum' Goodman, the player, could be cited as witnesses for the Crown. Undoubtedly things looked black for Ailesbury. Indeed, his Yorkshire tenants were so convinced that his estate would fall to Bentinck that they refused to pay their rents. Despite the threatening outlook, the earl kept a brave heart; and his friends left no stone unturned to save him. Thanks to their exertions—though Ailesbury declares it was without his approval—Goodman was lured out of the country, and Farmer Hunt was carried off by an armed boat's crew to France. Moreover the soldiers on guard in the Tower, and even some of their officers, were won over to Ailesbury and offered to facili-

tate his escape. In fact, had it come to the worst, he declared that he was in a position to seize the White Tower, then full of powder, and dictate terms. 'I only pitied the City of London,' he says, 'where I had the love of most; and I had rather have died on the breach than on Tower Hill.'

Happily for all concerned, such heroic methods proved unnecessary; and Ailesbury's ingenuity was mainly expended in devising means of preserving his health during his rigorous confinement. When the earl left the Tower he calculated that he had walked 4800 miles at full speed, and generally in a stooping attitude, to avoid hitting his head against the low ceilings, wearing out a pair of shoes a fortnight on the uneven boards. His chief amusement was in playing tricks on Lord Lucas and the warder, both of whom he detested, while his steward had orders to keep a sumptuous table at the 'Rose Tavern' for the officers on guard. In course of time Ailesbury established communication with his friends outside, mainly by means of messages, in sympathetic ink, inscribed on the white paper in which daily supplies of fruit and cakes were wrapt. As he scrupulously shared these dainties with the neighbouring Fenwick, he had perhaps additional reason to be aggrieved at Sir John's behaviour.

The summer of 1696 was cool; otherwise, Ailesbury declares, they had been broiled, as they were under the tiles. The real misery began with the winter. The small rooms were bitterly cold; and, to prevent escape, Lord Lucas so plentifully garnished the fireplace with iron bars that the luckless inmates were stifled by the smoke. Ailesbury almost lost his eyesight in consequence. 'The maps in my chamber against the wall were turned yellow as scorched by the fire, and my periwig in few days was of the colour of a fox's tail.' At last, Lady Ailesbury, who adored her husband, was forced to leave him. She went away 'in floods of tears,' says Ailesbury, 'and her last words to me were, "my dearest, I shall never see you more."' The poor lady had certainly good reason for the gloomiest forebodings. Goodman's flight, instead of proving Fenwick's salvation, was the ultimate cause of the baronet's death. As he was aware that the Government was now unable to put Goodman into the witness-box, he withdrew his previous confession; but Parliament,

in no temper for trifling, retaliated by passing an Act of Attainder; and Fenwick expiated his criminal intentions on the scaffold.

The proceedings were naturally fraught with menace for Ailesbury, and had a tragic echo in his home. On January 12, 1697, Lady Ailesbury heard the cannon firing as the king proceeded to Westminster to pass the Act of Attainder against Sir John. When she learned the purpose of the salute, 'she fell backwards in her great chair and never spoke more; and about twelve at night she was delivered of a daughter . . . and then expired.' On hearing of her illness, the Duke of Ormond instantly besought permission for Ailesbury to see his wife; but he had scarcely obtained the necessary leave when news 'was brought him that his sister-in-law had expired.' And, says Lord Ailesbury, with a burst of emotion that seems to bridge the centuries,

'This last word—expired—so touched me afresh, although after so many years, that I was forced to fling away my paper for to take it up on another day; and 'tis no wonder, for no man ever had such a wife, and endowed with all the most rare qualities that ever woman enjoyed' (ii, 419).

The tidings of his loss reached Ailesbury through overhearing a chance conversation. The shock was terrible. For some hours he lay on his bed speechless and insensible, much to the alarm of his two faithful servants, the only friendly beings present. Nor were the spiritual ministrations of Dr Hough, the Bishop of Lichfield—sent by King William instead of Dr Birch, for whom he had petitioned—of much avail. Indeed, he frankly accuses the prelate of practising on his fears instead of offering the ghostly consolations suitable to his state. The days of his captivity were, however, drawing to a close. His sturdy refusal to participate in Fenwick's denunciations of the Whig lords had at least earned their powerful goodwill and gratitude. On February 12, 1697, the earl was brought up in Westminster Hall, when Chief Justice Holt showed himself markedly propitious to his suit, and admitted him to bail. Not the least of Ailesbury's pleasures in his release was the discharging old scores with the persecuting gaolers. Like Shaftesbury, who, under similar circumstances, told the lieutenant

of the Tower, Mr Cheek, 'There, tailor, is your groat, and that is all your due!' Ailesbury now refused to pay the warders' bill, and the discomfited turnkey was obliged to sue the Government for 130*l*.

The earl's friends vied with one another in welcoming him back to his desolate home. But the good lord's satisfaction in the three hundred and fifty coaches that thronged his door was sadly marred by anxiety lest the Ministry should take umbrage at the ovation. He was haunted with the apprehension of being impeached for high misdemeanours, in which case a single witness only was required. 'More than death,' he confesses, did he dread 'a lumping fine and to lay out my days in restraint for non-payment.' These forebodings were not fated to be realised. But after the Peace of Ryswick, an Act was passed rendering persons who had visited France between December 1688 and December 1697 liable to the penalties of high treason, unless they voluntarily withdrew from this kingdom by February 1, 1698. As Lord Ailesbury's expedition to St Germain's was well known, he dared not face the consequences of remaining in England. Therefore, on the very morning of February 1, in the midst of a tremendous storm, he left his native land, never to return.

The rest of Ailesbury's life was spent mainly at Brussels, where a fountain that he erected on the Place du Sablon, in acknowledgment of the city's hospitality, long preserved his memory. In 1700 he married an heiress of good family, Charlotte-Jacqueline d'Argenteau, Comtesse de Sannu. The only child born of this union, a daughter, Charlotte-Maria, afterwards became Princessesse de Hornes, and was the grandmother of Louise de Stolberg, the ill-mated wife of Prince Charles Edward. Lord Ailesbury seems to have been warmly attached to his second wife, who predeceased him in 1710. Her amiability and charity endeared her, he declares, to the British soldiers of all ranks, from Marlborough downwards, who were brought into contact with the exiles during the war of the Spanish Succession. Indeed on one occasion the great general gave her a singular mark of esteem. At that time Lady Ailesbury's every whim was a matter of anxious moment to her friends; but unfortunately, in

the months of July and August, her 'natural longing' for a lobster was difficult to gratify.

'It coming to the ears of the Duke of Marlborough, each morning when they came for the word or order to him, he never failed this order: "Acquaint all the clerks of the kitchen in the army that they bring to me the first lobster that is brought in, that I may send it by a trumpet to the Countess of Ailesbury"' (ii, 598).

But, alas, there were limitations even to the great general's powers. No lobster could be obtained; and, when Lady Ailesbury's child was born it refused all nourishment, till Ailesbury, remembering the episode, had a brilliant inspiration, and ordered its gums to be rubbed with a crayfish.

It must not be imagined that Ailesbury resigned himself without a struggle to life-long banishment. In William's reign, he hoped much from the intercession of the Electress Sophia. On her way to England the princess had been the earl's constant guest at Brussels. Nor had she concealed her satisfaction at the stately ceremonial which distinguished the old courtier's entertainments from all others. In return she treated him with marked favour, discussing her ambitions and prospects with the utmost freedom. 'A crown was glittering,' she remarked, but added with a sigh, 'it would be still more if it arrived by a natural succession.' But all the prayers which the Electress addressed to William III on Ailesbury's behalf proved vain; and, though Anne promised to recall him when she could do it without prejudice to her service, that hour never struck. In 1709 the exile obtained a 'privy seal' for his return; but the Act of Abjuration finally closed the doors of home against him.

The marriage of his daughter Charlotte-Maria with the Prince de Hornes—an alliance communicated with due ceremony to George I, whose acquaintance he had made at Aix-la-Chapelle—gave Ailesbury additional interests in the land of his adoption. Bountiful hospitalities, the assiduous cultivation of his pear trees, and the recounting of tales, according to Lord Orrery, endless as Penelope's web,* occupied his old age in no unhappy

* 'The Orrery Papers,' edited by the Countess of Cork, i, 46.

fashion; and, in spite of constant anxiety about his health, Ailesbury was within a few years of a century when he died at Brussels in 1741. The one supreme consolation accorded him in the days of exile should not be forgotten. On his death-bed at St Germain, James II solemnly declared that, had he but followed Ailesbury's counsel in 1688, 'he had not now rendered his soul to God his Creator in a foreign country.' Ailesbury ever after esteemed this tribute to his sagacity as 'the most precious legacy.' Indeed it was the only return for life-long sacrifices which that loyal heart ever knew.

Such, in bare outline, is the story of Lord Ailesbury as told in a record which, for candour and wealth of detail, may almost be compared to the invaluable Diary of Mr Pepys. In his private relations the earl has certainly the advantage of the Secretary to the Admiralty. In matters politic he can hardly lay claim to an equal elevation. Yet let us not be mealy-mouthed in judging our forebears; they have at least the right to be tested by the standard of their own generation. Those pieties, which now have broadened and dignified into the love of fatherland, were then generally centred on the Lord's anointed. Perchance, had Ailesbury been endowed with a more original cast of thought, he might have freed himself from the family traditions that encompassed him from his very birth. Unquestionably it was a scurvy trick of fortune that ranged him on the side of James II. Had it been otherwise, we might have been spared the recital of those unedifying 'contrivings.' But, if he erred, he bore his punishment with splendid serenity; and it may be that his personal loss was the nation's gain. For that such worthy gentlemen as Thomas Bruce were to be found in both camps at the great dividing of the ways, was a signal mercy, a pledge of fair compromise and honourable reconciliation, and therefore of ordered progress, to the England of the Revolution.

WINIFRED BURGHCLERE.

Art. X.—FOOD-SUPPLY IN TIME OF WAR.

1. *Report of the Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War.* (Cd. 2643-'5, 1905.)
2. *Publications of the Association to Promote an Official Inquiry into the Security of our Food Supply in Time of War.*
3. *Report from the Agricultural Committee on National Wheat Stores.* London: Newnham and Co., 12 Finsbury Street, E.C. 1897-8.
4. *Our Food Supply in Time of War.* By Captain Stewart L. Murray. 'Journal of the Royal United Service Institution,' June 15, 1901.

AN island population depending for a large proportion of its necessary food and raw material on importation from countries oversea is naturally liable to be perturbed from time to time with regard to the safety of these supplies in time of war. The long period which has elapsed since we have been engaged in a naval war with a first-class power has rendered obsolete most of the data, imperfect as they always were, by which to gauge the magnitude of the danger caused by war to our oversea communications; and the confusion of the public mind as to the elements of naval strategy, together with the absence of any data at once modern and trustworthy with regard to the real risks to be incurred, leaves the alarmist a free field for his conjectures.

The apprehension of the public takes many forms. Now a picture is drawn of the coasts of the United Kingdom blockaded, like a gigantic Port Arthur, by a vigilant foe, and starved into an inglorious submission through the want of food. Now it is the prospect of an artificial scarcity of the necessaries of life induced by the operations of hostile governments on the world's produce exchanges; now we are warned of the danger of a panic rise in prices caused by captures of our merchant vessels, which will so affect the well-being and alarm the minds of the poorer classes that they will combine to put pressure on the Government to make a humiliating peace. Sometimes, again, the danger depicted is not so much the deficiency of supplies as the disappearance of the British flag from the seas by the wholesale transfer

of our swifter ships to neutral flags and the laying-up of the remainder. Then, again, it is pointed out that the cotton operative will lose not only his bread but his wages through dearth of raw material; and finally, many thoughtful persons who are not easily scared look with apprehension on the possible reaction of popular alarms, however ill-founded, on the dispositions and plans of the Admiralty.

To meet these real or imaginary dangers there has been a plentiful crop of schemes, ranging from the national insurance of shipping to the maintenance of gigantic food reserves, or even to measures for the systematic rationing of the whole population in time of war. A short time ago the popular agitation on the subject led to the formation of an association, under the presidency of the Duke of Sutherland, to promote an enquiry into the whole question. The direct result of the representations of this association was the appointment of the Royal Commission, whose Report is now before us.

The protection of our commerce and our food-supplies is an integral part of national defence; and it is reasonable to suppose that the various problems connected therewith have been constantly present to the minds of those who are responsible for the defence of the country. But the results of their studies are necessarily unknown to the public; and presumably the Government thought that the importance of taking the public into their confidence, in a matter which lends itself peculiarly to popular alarms, was sufficient to outweigh the obvious objections to remitting to any outside body a question inextricably bound up with the whole problem of national safety.

The Commission over which Lord Balfour of Burleigh presided, and of which the Prince of Wales was a member, was a large and representative body. Though strong as regards the capacity of individual members, it did not escape the difficulties which usually confront commissions of enquiry, constituted with a view to the representation of widely different sections of opinion. So long as evidence is being collected, all is plain sailing; while the evidence is being summarised and reviewed, differences begin to show themselves, but can be smoothed over; but, when it is a question of formulating practical recommendations, a commission of this kind too often

fails to agree. In the present case the Report is signed by all the members, but it is followed by a bewildering series of eleven reservations and notes which seriously detract from the value of some of the signatures. Only three members, including the Prince of Wales and the chairman, wholly abstain from reservations.

So far as we are able to judge, a little give and take among the dissentients on points of literary expression would have enabled the whole of the reservations, except on one or two quite insignificant points, to be combined into two documents, one of which would have given reasons for thinking that the Report goes too far and the other that it does not go far enough. Certainly such a combination would be of great advantage to the reader who is not interested in the minute verbal dissensions among the members or in their frank comments on the procedure adopted by their colleagues. In the present review it is neither possible nor necessary to deal separately with all these varied documents; and accordingly we shall follow the lines of the Report, referring to the reservations as occasion requires.

The reference to the Commission was as follows :—

‘To inquire into the conditions affecting the importation of food and raw material into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in time of war, and into the amount of the reserves of such supplies existing in the country at any given period; and to advise whether it is desirable to adopt any measures, in addition to the maintenance of a strong fleet, by which such supplies can be better secured and violent fluctuations avoided.’

The first duty of the Commission was to enquire into the position of the United Kingdom in relation to the supply of food-stuffs and raw material; and for this purpose it was necessary to ascertain the conditions affecting the consumption, home production, importation, and stocks of each of the more important classes of these articles. The evidence obtained by the Commission on this part of the subject, and the summary of results contained in the first part of their Report, will certainly be the *locus classicus* for the latest and most accurate information on these vital points. The interest of this part of the Report will therefore extend far beyond the

particular question which was referred to the Commission; and it deserves careful study by all who are interested in economic problems and policy.

The raw materials examined were cotton, wool, flax and jute, silk, iron ore, timber, hides and leather, petroleum, india-rubber, and tobacco; while the food-stuffs included meat, fish, dairy produce, tea, coffee, sugar, tinned provisions, and, finally, wheat and flour and other cereals. It is not possible to summarise here the information compiled by the Commission with regard to each of the above-mentioned articles; nor is it necessary for the purpose of following their reasoning, since practically the whole of the remainder of the Report is concerned with a single article—wheat. The Commission justify the special consideration given to wheat by its predominant importance as an article of food of general consumption, and the great proportion of our wheat supply imported from overseas.

It appears that the normal consumption of wheat per head of the population of the United Kingdom is about 350 lbs per annum, giving an annual consumption of 31,000,000 quarters. Four fifths of this wheat supply are imported from overseas; and, broadly speaking, this proportion tends to increase. Down to and including the time when the official evidence respecting imports of wheat and flour was put before the Commission, the tendency had been to draw these imports in increasing degree from a single source—the United States; and some remarkable figures bearing on this point are published in the Report. They show that whereas 39·9 per cent. of our imports came from this source in the quinquennial period 1871–5, the proportion had risen to 62·2 per cent. in the period 1898–1902. As if, however, to demonstrate the uncertainty of all inferences from figures, the tendency changed while the Commission was sitting; and in the year 1904 the proportion of our wheat and flour imports derived from the United States sank to 15·9 per cent. of the total.

That so great a change in our sources of supply could suddenly take place, almost unnoticed by the general public, is a very striking demonstration of the extent to which the failure of a single source is at once made good by increased drafts upon others. In 1904 Russia, the Argentine, British India, and Australia more than made

good the deficiency of our supplies from the United States. It appears also that, partly owing to the variety of sources from which our wheat imports are drawn, the influx of our wheat supplies as a whole is fairly constant throughout the year, though this constancy is also partly due to the increasing tendency to hold the grain in the place of production until actually required for consumption.

An elaborate examination of the available information with regard to stocks, including 'first-hand' stocks held in warehouses at the ports, 'second-hand' stocks held by millers and bakers, and farmers' stocks, leads to the conclusion that the stocks of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom vary, according to the season of the year, from about seventeen weeks' supply in September down to about seven weeks' supply, below which it rarely or never falls, except in August, when it might be six and a half weeks. 'The minimum could only occur in the unlikely contingency of first-hand, second-hand, and farmers' stocks being at their lowest point at the same time; and, even in these circumstances, such a result could only be reached in the period from June to August, when the home-grown crop is to a large extent exhausted' (§ 245). The Commissioners do not think it likely that the stock of wheat will ever be actually at the minimum, and point out that, in the eleven cereal years 1893-4 to 1903-4, there were only nine weeks in which the estimated stocks were less than seven weeks' supply, of which six occurred in August, 'when, owing to the proximity of the coming harvest, low stocks would give little cause for alarm.'

By a week's supply the Commission always mean 600,000 quarters, i.e. the amount required for a week at the normal rate of consumption. In case of scarcity this rate might be disturbed in two ways. The diminished purchasing power of the population might cause the poorer classes to rely more exclusively on bread; and, on the other hand, cheaper forms of grain might to some extent be substituted for wheat. These causes, however, would operate in opposite directions, and may perhaps be set against each other. It should be added that while the variations of first-hand and farmers' stocks are fairly well ascertained, there is no definite information with regard to so-called second-hand stocks, so that the final estimate contains a certain conjectural element. Thus

millers' stocks were estimated by different experts to vary from 2·8 to 3·6 weeks' supply, and from 4·7 to 5 weeks' supply according to the season; while the trade estimates of bakers' stocks (which appear to be fairly constant) vary from ten days' to three weeks' consumption.

In these circumstances, the Commissioners are probably well within the mark in considering four weeks' supply to be the minimum amount of second-hand stocks. Colonel Montgomery, the representative of the corn trade on the Commission, appears to consider that the Report understates the amount of stocks held; while, on the other hand, the reservation signed by the Duke of Sutherland, Mr Chaplin, and three other members concludes that, 'at certain periods of the year, between the end of June and the following harvest, it would not be safe to count upon a supply of wheat and flour within the United Kingdom amounting to much more than five and a half weeks' supply.' Practically the small difference between this conclusion and that of the Report is of little importance, since, by the time of the year when the minimum occurs, the home harvest is nearly due.

From a consideration of supplies the Report proceeds to estimate the amount and nature of the shipping necessary for their carriage, and concludes that 6 per cent. of the total British steam tonnage engaged in the foreign trade would suffice for the purpose of importing our wheat and flour, if exclusively used for the purpose; though, as a matter of fact, these imports are not confined either to a few ships or voyages or to a short period of the year, but are spread over a large proportion of the mercantile marine, a large number of trade routes, and practically the whole of the year. Such a trade, as is pointed out in a subsequent section of the Report, is peculiarly favourable for successful defence in time of war. The calculation on which the above conclusions are based is embodied in an appendix which has had the misfortune to arouse in a peculiar degree the hostility of certain members of the Commission. It is the subject of critical examination in a special reservation occupying several pages, which, whether it succeeds in throwing doubt on the trustworthiness of the estimate or not, certainly gives it a prominence to which its intrinsic importance hardly entitles it. The calculation possesses

statistical interest, but, so far as we can judge, does not affect the practical conclusions of the Report.

A Commission including so distinguished an authority as Professor Holland might be expected not to ignore the bearing of the doctrines of international law on the matters referred to them; and the section of the Report dealing with this branch of the subject is of permanent value as an authoritative exposition of the present state of the law of nations in respect of captures, search, transfer of shipping to neutral flags, contraband, and so forth. Some readers may think it a little unduly sanguine as to the respect likely to be paid to some of these doctrines by hard-pressed belligerents; though this is far from being the view taken by Professor Holland, who thinks it necessary in his reservation to disclaim the authorship of certain paragraphs which deal with the binding force of international law, on the ground that they underestimate the extent to which it may be expected to restrain belligerent action. The point bearing most directly on the question of our food-supply is the possibility that an enemy may declare corn unconditional contraband. In that case it would be liable to seizure even if carried on neutral vessels. On this subject the Report quotes the following rule, formulated by Professor Holland, which, in his opinion, 'has all but won its way to universal acceptance':—

'Provisions in neutral ships may be intercepted by a belligerent as contraband only when, being suitable for the purpose, they are on their way to a port of naval or military equipment belonging to the enemy, or occupied by the enemy's naval or military forces, or to the enemy's ships at sea; or when they are destined for the relief of a port besieged by such belligerent' (p. 24, § 101).

This rule, which undoubtedly expresses the doctrine of British and American prize-courts, has, however, been repudiated on two occasions: by France, which in 1885, in the war with China, declared rice to be contraband; and recently by Russia, which included 'rice, all kinds of grain, fish, fish products, beans, bean-oil and oil-cake' in the list of absolutely contraband articles. In both cases this country protested. In the former case the rapid termination of the war prevented the matter

from being brought to a definite issue; in the latter Russia receded from her position. But can we rely on the observance of sound doctrine by an enemy fully aware of the vital importance to this country of her food-supply from oversea? Only, we may suspect, in so far as the neutral nations interested in the maintenance of the trade are strong enough to enforce their views. The Commissioners think that,

‘just as the individual is influenced by the dictates of ordinary morality apart from the dread of actual legal penalties, so international law, as the morality governing the relations of states, will exercise a very considerable restraining influence upon the acts of nations. This influence cannot fail to be strengthened by the fact that the belligerent of to-day is the neutral of to-morrow, and *vice versa*.’

‘The interest of neutral nations in the maintenance of international law (especially if the nation interested is strong enough to enforce its views) affords a further and increasingly potent guarantee of its being duly observed’ (§ 111).

The schoolboy’s essay gave two reasons for not pulling pussy’s tail: ‘first, it is not right; secondly, cats has claws.’ The main point is the claws. It is probably true that, in any war in which the United States were not belligerents, that country would successfully insist on the observance of the right of neutrals, of which, as the Commissioners observe, it has long been the foremost advocate.

It is questionable, however, whether, in discussing the safety of our food supplies from capture, too much may not be made of the point whether or not food-stuffs could be declared unconditional contraband. In the first place, the question only affects food-stuffs carried on neutral vessels, for British ships carrying food-stuffs would of course be liable to capture; and British vessels form half the mercantile marine of the world. In the next place, the uncontested right of searching neutral vessels for contraband gives a belligerent such a power of delaying and otherwise harassing neutral ships trading with a hostile country, that cargoes carried in such vessels, even if not contraband, would be subject to war risks of a certain kind; while, if the destination were a blockaded port, goods of all kinds would be liable to seizure.

In regard to the secondary point of the damage likely to be done to British shipping by the transference of the carriage of our supplies to neutral vessels, the question of contraband is of more importance, since a slight differential advantage on the side of the neutral ship might suffice to transfer trade. But here our present safeguard is the entire inability of existing neutral tonnage to take the place of any considerable fraction of British shipping, and the grave difficulties that would beset an attempt to transfer shipping wholesale to neutral flags during the course of a war. On this point some of the shipowners who gave evidence certainly showed an imperfect appreciation of the conditions necessary to make a transfer of flag valid for the purpose of protecting from capture. As the Commissioners point out, no ship can escape capture by a sale made while she is *in transitu*; and it is a common doctrine of prize-courts that evidence of nationality which is conclusive against a vessel is not necessarily conclusive in its favour. A belligerent is entitled to look behind the usual marks of nationality and to enquire as to the actual nationality, or, according to the British system, the commercial domicile of the vessel's owners.

A deeply interesting section of the Report is that which deals with the vital question of naval protection to commerce—of course on the assumption implied in the reference, of the existence of a strong fleet. But what is a 'strong fleet' for the purpose of this enquiry? The Commissioners hold themselves justified in assuming that

'the phrase may be taken to imply the maintenance of the fleet at such a level of strength compared with that of other nations that there is no reasonable prospect of our maritime supremacy in time of war being seriously endangered'; or, in other words, 'that the fleet will always be strong enough to take the offensive against the enemy's ships. . . . It is in the light of this assumption that all we have to say on the subject must be read and considered' (§ 115).

Clearly, then, it behoves us at the outset to consider whether the assumption is a fair one. So far as the Report enables us to judge, the Commissioners consider that it is. A reverse which would cost us the command of the sea would produce such consequences to the whole

of our maritime trade that no measures that the Commission could recommend would materially assist us to retrieve our position. On the other hand, any less calamity 'would not produce a set of circumstances so far different from those with which we are now about to deal as to require separate consideration.'

Could a 'strong navy,' in the sense defined above, protect our oversea supplies of food and raw materials? The naval evidence was not quite unanimous, and some of it is not disclosed, on the good ground that it 'cannot consistently, with a due regard to public interest, be embodied in a document such as our Report.' The Commissioners, however, state that

'the effect of the naval and shipping evidence is conclusive as to the point that, while there will be some interference with trade and some captures, not only is there no risk of a total cessation of our supplies, but no reasonable probability of serious interference with them; and that, even during a maritime war, there will be no material diminution in their volume' (§ 250),

unless we lose the command of the sea.

This, perhaps, is the most important statement in the Report, as it reduces the whole question of supplies from one of deficiency to one of prices. The volume of our supplies will be practically undiminished; but they will undoubtedly be obtained at greater cost. The question is, how much greater? and what will be the effect of the increase of price on the poorer population? This forms the subject of the next section of the Report.

Before turning to it, however, it is necessary to remark that the above conclusions appear from the reservations to have been by no means unanimously arrived at. Professor Holland confesses himself 'unable to attach any useful meaning to the phrase "a strong fleet"' which occurs in the reference; and the Duke of Sutherland and his four colleagues interpret that phrase so differently from the Report that they are of opinion that, consistently with that assumption, the fleet

'may be quite unable to give protection to many of the vessels carrying our supplies of food—sailing-ships as well as steamers—sufficient to induce them to continue running, to prevent their capture and destruction in considerable numbers by the enemy, and to safeguard their arrival at our ports.'

It is to be noted, however, that the Commission is quite unanimous in the opinion that a blockade of the coast of the United Kingdom is a practical impossibility, and that there is no danger of our oversea supplies being entirely cut off.

The main Report also deduces from the naval evidence that the possibility of the enemy devoting his forces primarily to preying on our commerce is not one which need excite undue alarm. 'The first and principal object of both sides, in case of future maritime war, will be to obtain the command of the sea'; and for this purpose concentration rather than dispersion of force is necessary. Should a certain number of the enemy's cruisers be detached to harass our commerce, 'and if these cruisers should escape from the surveillance of our squadrons . . . we could always spare a superior number of vessels to follow them.' A certain number of captures will, of course, be made; but the evidence suggests that the proportion of these will be much smaller than alarmists anticipate. What the exact proportion will be, there are practically no data to determine; for the conditions of naval warfare have been revolutionised since the Napoleonic wars, which are the last for which definite figures on the subject are available. It is a nice question whether modern changes have increased or diminished the total risk of capture. A steamer has certainly greater freedom of movement than a sailing-ship, and hence greater facilities for escape; but, on the other hand, the telegraph, by disclosing the movements of merchant-vessels, is an ally to the attacking force. Against this, however, we may set the fact that a steam-cruiser is under the necessity of returning to port every few days to coal, and is much less able than a sailing-vessel either to spare a prize-crew or to accommodate the crew of a captured merchantman.

The evidence of the principal shipowners was to the effect that, if adequate protection were afforded by the fleet, the bulk of British steamers, at all events, would keep the sea in a maritime war, though of course freights and insurances would increase. How far the Mediterranean would be still available as a route is a question on which the naval evidence was inconclusive, Admiral Hopkins taking a less sanguine view on this point than

the official representatives of the Admiralty or than the Commission. Here, again, certain paragraphs in the reservations show that there was a difference of opinion within the Commission both as to the interpretation of the naval evidence and as to the probability of the ship-owners continuing to run their vessels during a war. So far, however, as we are able to judge, the weight of the evidence supports the conclusions stated in the Report.

That a maritime war, or the apprehension of such a war, will tend to raise the price of food in this country goes without saying; and the Commissioners distinguish two distinct causes or groups of causes which will tend to produce such an increase.

'There will be what we may call the economic rise caused by actual deficiency, if any, of imports, as also by the enhanced cost of transport and insurance; and what may be termed the "psychological" rise, due to apprehension and uncertainty as to what is going to happen. The former, it is obvious, must apply equally to the imports of food-stuffs and raw materials; and it is possible to put forward some estimate of its probable amount, founded upon the views expressed by practical men. The latter principally affects food-stuffs; these, being of more immediate importance to the population, are naturally more likely to become the objects of panic; but it is not easy to discover any data upon which to found an argument as to the probable amount of such a rise' (§ 150).

The distinction here drawn between the rise of price due to increased cost of importation and that due to panic and uncertainty seems a valuable one, if it be borne in mind that it belongs to the class of provisional distinctions which are useful for the purpose of analysis, so long as they are not mistaken for fundamental differences of kind. The dissentient minority are, we think, justified in pointing out that the factors which have the most important bearing on prices, viz. increased cost of freight and insurance, are liable themselves to be affected by the influence of panic; and they suggest cases which it is difficult to classify exclusively as either 'economic' or 'psychological.' There is, of course, no hard and fast line to be drawn between the two groups of causes, and the distinction must not be pressed too far; but it is useful as facilitating the discussion.

Nevertheless, in the paragraph which we have quoted

above, there appears to be some confusion of thought. The factor in the so-called 'economic' rise, here attributed to an actual deficiency in supply, should surely be treated on a separate footing from the effects of the increased cost of getting wheat into this country. It is to be remembered that, in the view of the Commission, such deficiency is only to be looked for if the command of the sea be lost. Thus, while the increased cost due to rise of freights and insurance is a certainty, and capable, within limits, of rough estimate, that due to a deficiency of supply is a remote contingency; and, if it occurred, no limit can be set to the rise of prices that would ensue. It will not occur, however, in the opinion of the Commissioners, if the navy be 'strong' in the sense assumed by them. As a matter of fact, both in the evidence before the Commission and in most of the reasoning of the Report, the effects of a possible deficiency of supply and of increased cost of importation are carefully separated. Putting aside the question of shortage, the remaining elements in the 'economic' rise of price are the rise in freights and insurance; in freights, because anything tending to alter the ordinary channels of trade tends to force them up, and because the demands of Government for transport may diminish the available supply of vessels; and in insurance, because of the risk of capture. The Commissioners, in their conclusions, state that they do not look with any great alarm on the economic rise of prices. They think 'that the addition to the price of commodities under this head will be covered by a moderate percentage on their ordinary cost.' This conclusion seems borne out by the evidence, which showed that, even under extreme conditions unlikely to occur, the causes named would not result in a rise in the price of wheat sufficient to excite alarm.

There remains for consideration the 'psychological' or 'panic' rise, which may be very serious, but the extent of which it is impossible to foretell.

'We may hope that such a rise will almost certainly be of brief duration, and will quickly be corrected by the competition which it will in itself tend to stimulate, especially so soon as data begin to be forthcoming as to the real risk of captures, though it might recur during the progress of the war on the rumour of a reverse at sea' (§ 161).

As Professor Holland is at the pains to point out, the wording of the above sentence is open to criticism on the ground that an expression of 'hope' is irrelevant. It may, however, be presumed that the Commission would not have used the expression if the conclusion did not also represent their reasoned belief.

That a popular scare resting on no real grounds is possible in time of war cannot be denied in view of the experience of the Spanish-American war, when, in Captain Mahan's words, 'the flying squadron was kept in Hampton Roads to calm the fears of the sea-board,' although the attempts of the Spanish authorities to create a scare 'did not for a moment impose as true upon those who were directing the movements of United States' ships' (§ 189). How far a scare as to the safety of our food supplies might result at a critical moment in embarrassing the Admiralty and causing it to deviate under popular pressure from principles of sound strategical distribution, is a question which it is not easy to answer. The Admiralty will not officially admit such a possibility; but the Commissioners think that it 'is not one we can ignore.'

Granted the existence of a panic, it is impossible to calculate the height to which, under its cover, prices of necessities might be driven. The only question is as to the possible duration of the rise due to this cause. Here the conclusion is reassuring. The panic rise could only last until accurate data began to be forthcoming and competition had time to act; unless, indeed, an attempt were made to create an artificial shortage by a combination of sellers, the possibility of which the Commissioners give reason for doubting. 'Corners' have never succeeded, even temporarily, except on the basis of a real shortage in the world's wheat-supply, a contingency independent of war. A suggestion was made to the Commission that in the event of an Anglo-Russian war our supply of wheat from Russia would be cut off; and, on the basis of this shortage, operators in America might corner our remaining supplies. But the suggestion is based on a failure to apprehend the true meaning of the term 'shortage.' So long as Russia continues to grow and export corn, even though not for our own market, the Commissioners point out that 'there would be no scarcity in the world's supplies, and that the

operators would not find matters any easier for them.' Should our fleet lock up Russian wheat, there would, no doubt, be a true shortage; but, 'in that case, any pressure caused by the corner would not be felt more in the United Kingdom than in any other country' (§ 163).

It will, in fact, be found that most of the alarmist views as to the possibility of inducing starvation rates in this country by operations on the wheat-market ignore the fact that this market is international, that trade is roundabout, and that the stoppage of commerce between any two countries does not necessarily alter the quantity of wheat in the world's market. The conclusion, that a panic rise of price is likely to be short-lived, is of vital importance in relation to its effect on the condition of the poorer classes. Obviously an enhancement in the price of bread that would cause dire distress if prolonged for a year, might be borne with comparative ease if it lasted only three months, and be barely perceptible if limited to three weeks.

In discussing this part of the subject, which is the kernel of the whole question, the Commissioners confine themselves to the case of wheat, seeing that wheat 'has an immense preponderance in the dietary of the nation as a whole, and that this preponderance is even more marked in the case of the poorer classes of the population.' On this point the official evidence (which might now be supplemented by the much more complete statistics published in the second 'Fiscal Blue-book') was corroborated by the views of so experienced an observer as Mr Charles Booth. The Commissioners consider that a rise of 50 per cent. in the price of wheat would cause a rise of 30 per cent. in that of bread, the cost of production of which, of course, contains other elements than that of the materials of which it is made.

As regards the power of the working classes to adapt themselves to a serious increase in the cost of necessities, a good deal of evidence was put before the Commission by workmen's representatives; but much of this evidence was inconclusive, inasmuch as it appeared 'to rest on the assumption that the pressure from this cause is likely to be of long duration, and that the distress which the poor would feel would be continually increasing in intensity.' Finally, after analysing the evidence, economic

and historical, on these points, the Commissioners arrive at the reassuring opinion that 'it seems doubtful whether high prices due to panic could last long enough to impair the resisting power even of those who may be classed as very poor' (§ 180). From this conclusion, however, the minority strongly dissent. They believe (p. 89)

'that, in the event of war between the United Kingdom and one or more of the great Powers, the rise in the price of bread is certain to be great and very possibly immense; and for how long a period it may continue no one with any accuracy can foretell. That the suffering in consequence among the poor, and especially if the rise was much prolonged, would lead to the danger of pressure being placed upon the Government, and add to their embarrassment at moments of great crisis.'

On a point on which opinions differ so widely every man must form his own judgment from the evidence; but we incline to the belief that the verdict of those who carefully study the question will be rather with the main Report than with the alarmist minority. But the Report goes on to point out that a temporary rise of price, which may not be serious in relation to food-supply, may exercise a very marked effect on the employment of the people, especially those working for export, both through the enhanced cost of their raw materials and the additional expense of placing the manufactured article on the foreign market, due to war-freights.

We now come to the sections of the Report dealing with proposed remedies, and the practical recommendations of the Commission. It is no slight to the Commission to express a doubt whether this part of the Report is of as great permanent value as that which we have already reviewed. The schemes brought before the Commission fall naturally under two heads, according as they concern home-supply or importation. To secure the presence of an adequate quantity of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom, and the continued influx of adequate imports of wheat and flour into our ports—these are the two main objects which practically all the schemes examined by the Commission had in view. The two most obvious means of achieving these objects are the encouragement of home cultivation of wheat and the increase of the efficiency of the fleet. Both these

subjects, however, were practically excluded from the scope of the enquiry, that of naval protection being ruled out by the terms of the reference, while the question of agricultural protection was perhaps felt to involve political issues which would indefinitely extend and complicate the enquiry. The great magnitude of the inducement which would be necessary to give sufficient encouragement to English farmers to extend their cultivation of wheat to a material extent is referred to by the Commission as one of the reasons for rejecting a scheme for subsidising English farmers; and, though this observation had no direct reference to a proposal for protective duties, the same considerations evidently apply to such duties.

The maintenance of a sufficient navy being assumed, and schemes for the protection of British farmers being put aside, the proposals actually considered by the Commission naturally resolved themselves into

'those for increasing the supplies of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom, and those in which it is suggested that the State should undertake the insurance of vessels and their cargoes against war-risk, so as to prevent the laying-up of British ships in time of war, and the consequent interruption of our supplies from abroad' (§ 102).

There was indeed one other proposal before the Commission, viz. to arrange in time of peace for the organisation of poor-law relief to meet special distress in time of war. This scheme does not, however, seem to have impressed the Commission; and, with the brief remark that it would be 'very difficult and possibly undesirable' to carry it into effect, it is relegated to an appendix in company with the criticisms of the various government departments concerned.

The schemes for increasing the quantity of wheat in the country ranged from a proposal that the Government should accumulate a reserve of two years' supply of wheat in national granaries, at a cost estimated by the Commission at over 10,000,000*l.* a year, down to one for paying sixpence a quarter on the storage capacity of privately owned granaries which should offer to store wheat, free of rent, at a cost of 100,000*l.* a year for 4,000,000 quarters. These proposals are discussed and

classified in the Report under four headings: (1) schemes for storage of government-owned wheat in government granaries; (2) schemes for inducing merchants and millers to carry a permanent stock of grain in addition to the stocks which they would hold in the ordinary course of their trade; (3) schemes for inducing owners of wheat to store it in the United Kingdom rather than in the country of production; (4) schemes for inducing farmers in the United Kingdom to retain in their own hands some portion of the wheat they grow for a longer period than they now do, or both to increase their production of wheat and to retain it longer in their own hands.

Under each of these headings there were various proposals, differing widely as regards scope and estimated cost. One witness held that the erection of granaries to store 6,000,000 quarters of wheat would only cost 1,000,000*l.*; the next estimated an expenditure of 4,000,000*l.* on granaries to store 10,000,000 quarters. The total cost of storing a quarter of wheat for a year (which is estimated by the Commission on the basis of existing Liverpool practice at 3*s.* 7½*d.*) was put at 1*s.* 4½*d.* by one witness, at 2*s.* by another. One witness thought the wheat in the stores would hardly ever require changing; another that it should be changed once in three years. Most of the schemes for state storage of wheat contemplated the storage of dry foreign wheat as more suitable for the purpose than British grain; but one of the proposals included a plan for drying British wheat, so as to make it less unsuitable for the purpose.

All proposals for state storage, whatever their character, are condemned by the Commission on the ground of their excessive cost, and of the disturbance of trade that would be caused by the Government becoming dealers on a large scale. The wheat would have to be sold and replaced by fresh grain at intervals, for the Commissioners do not think it safe to base any conclusions on the accuracy of the opinions of those who deny that the wheat will deteriorate with keeping. Should these intervals be regular or irregular? The Commissioners naturally demur to the idea that a Government could adopt the course of entering the market as a dealer to buy and sell when the market was favourable, in view of the intolerable interference with private trade

caused by such intervention on a large scale. It would therefore be necessary to change the wheat at regular intervals, which would be known to dealers; and it is scarcely likely that the dealers would fail 'to take advantage of the government necessity.'

It is clear that to create and maintain huge state granaries would be a very expensive business, and would tend to disturb private trade; but these objections are nothing to the difficulty of deciding how and at what price the reserve is to be utilised on the outbreak of war. None of the framers of schemes seem to have thought out this side of the problem. One after another declared his readiness to leave the disposal of the wheat in time of war to the discretion of the Government. On this the Commissioners make some very pertinent observations.

'The question arises, at what point is the national wheat to be made available for consumption, and at what price? If, on the declaration of war, prices rise rapidly and the whole national stock is thrown on the market at market prices, prices will, of course, decline again, possibly to their normal level. At the same time it is to be remembered that this will act as a check on importation at a time when imports are most to be desired; whereas the natural high price would have acted as an inducement to import by enabling importers to recoup themselves for the enhanced cost of transport due to the increase of freights and to war insurance. Moreover, high prices form the best natural guarantee of economy. Again, in the period of apprehension which generally precedes the outbreak of a modern war, the knowledge that a national stock exists might deter dealers from endeavouring to import the largest quantities possible, which it would otherwise be to their interest to do; in fact, the general tendency of a national stock must be to make the population dependent to an ever-increasing extent on the Government for their supplies. The Government, of course, might decide to hold back their stock as long as possible; but the point appears to be that, so long as it was known that the stock existed, and might be put upon the market at any moment, even a period of high prices would not have its usual effect in attracting supplies, while the pressure upon the Government to open their stores would be very great' (§ 226).

We may well pity a Government already preoccupied with vital questions of national defence, and expected at

the same time to exercise a wise discretion in steering between the Scylla of national privation and the Charybdis of ruin to the corn trade and discouragement of importation. Out of the dilemma here propounded by the Commission there is only one possible way, which is briefly referred to by the Report, viz. that the national stock of wheat should never be thrown on the market, but held throughout by the Government for direct distribution to the poorest of the population. Most people having experience of poor-law administration will be disposed to agree with the comment of the Commission, that 'it is difficult to exaggerate the complications which beset government action in administering relief of the kind.' Yet, if a government store of wheat be accumulated at all, the nation should at least have some guarantee that the whole stock will be used to meet the most necessitous cases, and will not, in the language of the Commissioners, be 'bought up by dealers in order to hold it for higher prices before retailing it for consumption.'

The special difficulties referred to above apply to schemes for the establishment of stores, owned or controlled by the Government. No less formidable, however, are the difficulties attending schemes for encouraging private persons by subsidies to hold larger stocks of wheat than they would otherwise do.

'If it is left to be disposed of by the owners according to the ordinary laws of trade, it is only to be expected that they will make use of it in their own interest rather than in that of the whole population, by whose benefit alone any such scheme would be capable of justification; and the result would almost certainly be that the nation would have been paying large sums in time of peace to enable a few men to make large profits out of the national difficulties in time of war' (§ 227).

The minority, led by the Duke of Sutherland and Mr Chaplin, agree with the conclusion of the Report, that the objections to state storage are practically conclusive; and it is noteworthy that, with one possible exception, the Commissioners are also unanimous in condemning schemes for subsidising merchants or farmers to induce them to increase their stocks of wheat or flour, or to keep grain in the stack.

A proposal that a three months' supply of the wheat

required for our regular home forces should always be stored by Government met with considerable support, and seems, if we may trust a disclosure of an unusual kind in one of the reservations, to have narrowly escaped adoption by the Commission as a whole. This limited scheme has, however, but little in common with proposals for storing wheat in order to secure the feeding of the civilian population.

So far there is no very serious difference of opinion; but a strongly marked division arose over the next class of schemes to be examined, viz. those contemplating state encouragement of the holding of stocks of wheat in the United Kingdom rather than in the country of production by the conditional offer of free storage.

The managing director of the Trafford Park Estate Company at Manchester put before the Commission an offer, on behalf of the company, to erect granaries,

'storage in which should be offered free of rent to any who chose to avail themselves of the accommodation, the company levying the operating charges ordinarily made when grain is passing through upon "ex-ship" terms, charges for special services being made in addition' (§ 206).

In return for this, the Government is to reimburse the company by paying 6*d.* per quarter per annum upon the storage capacity for 20 years, or 5*d.* per quarter per annum as long as the storage is provided. The idea is that the provision of free storage will tend to transfer to the United Kingdom part of the stocks of wheat now held in the country of production, and thus increase the supplies held in the country at any given time. The plan contains various additional details, which, however, need not delay us, as the Commissioners do not recommend the adoption of the scheme exactly as put before them. It is indeed very difficult to see why, on their view of the evidence, they give any countenance to it, for it appears that the very preamble of the scheme was not proved to their satisfaction. They say,

'We do not think it by any means certain that the offer of storage free of rent will be a sufficient inducement to persuade owners to keep in this country wheat which at present is held in the country of production. It also appears to us doubtful whether these schemes might not have considerable

effect in depleting existing stores and attracting their contents to the subsidised buildings; and further, whether in practice it would be possible to bring the matter to the test of actual fact' (§ 261).

In fact the only certain thing about the scheme is that it would cost the taxpayer sixpence per annum for twenty years on every quarter, not of wheat stored, but of storage capacity provided, which storage capacity might or might not be always fully utilised, and would certainly partly, and possibly entirely, be occupied by wheat diverted from existing granaries. The Commissioners are fully alive to this possibility, for they observe that 'a possible result, if the free stores were filled, would be simply to diminish *pro rata* the stock now held elsewhere in this country by merchants and millers.' If this were the case, the result might be 'that the Government would have to pay the rent of all the present stocks in the United Kingdom without appreciably increasing the amount of wheat held in the country.' The final opinion of the Commission is expressed in the following terms (§ 262):—

'Until an experiment is tried, these objections can only be a matter of conjecture; and, as the cost is not great, we think it well worth the consideration of the Government whether a public invitation should not be made, upon the authority of some department of state, for the purpose of seeing what offer would be made in response to it, and on what terms, with the object of insuring the holding of larger stocks of grain within the United Kingdom than is the case at present.'

But can we properly speak of an 'experiment' in relation to this matter? An 'experiment' could only mean an undertaking on a small scale, or for a short time, with a view to testing the practicability of a permanent scheme on a large scale. But, in this case, there would be no question of trying the plan on a small scale, because such a trial could prove or disprove nothing. No one doubts that warehouses offering free storage for a few hundred thousand quarters of wheat would speedily be filled. The question is, would this wheat be an addition to the total quantity stored in the United Kingdom? Nothing but a wholesale trial would settle this question. This difficulty again has not escaped

the Commissioners, who point out that the difference in total stocks in successive seasons under present conditions may be very great, the weekly range of first-hand stocks in 1902-3 having been from 1,200,000 to 2,265,000 quarters, and in 1903-4 from 1,917,000 to 2,548,000 quarters. 'Obviously,' as the Report observes, 'if some scheme had been put into operation at the beginning of the latter year for providing storage-room free of rent, the result of the experiment might have been altogether misleading.'

But if, in order to be able to arrive at a decisive result, the 'experiment' would have to be conducted on a large scale, say for 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 quarters, it is also evident that it must be continued for a long period of years, since on no other terms would the capital to build the new granaries be forthcoming.

Possibly, however, we are not intended to take very seriously a recommendation couched in such very qualified terms for giving a trial to a scheme which the Report has already riddled with destructive criticism. The want of correspondence between the recommendation of the Commissioners with regard to free storage and the trenchant criticisms which precede it would of itself lead us to suspect the existence of a sharp cleavage of opinion within the Commission, even if we had not the minority reservations before us. On turning to these reservations we find our suspicions amply confirmed. Mr Marshall Stevens' scheme figures in no less than four of the reservations, two of which emphasise the recommendation while repudiating or ignoring the criticism, while two others emphasise the criticism and repudiate the recommendation. Five members actually append their signatures to a declaration that they signed the main Report because of the importance they attached to this single recommendation, though their reservations show that they are at variance with the majority of their colleagues on many matters of importance.

An ingenious proposal, of quite a different kind, for increasing the storage of wheat in this country was put forward by Mr Cunynghame, one of the members of the Commission. Briefly, it is to establish a sliding scale of duties on wheat, the duty to diminish in proportion to the length of time during which the wheat is left in bond. Such a scheme would unquestionably give an inducement

to importers in ordinary times to keep larger stocks at the ports; but its weakness is that at a time of rapidly fluctuating prices (which a threatened war is likely to bring about) the inducement may easily cease to operate; and the bonded warehouses may empty themselves in the ordinary course of trade at the very time when it is most important that they should remain full. The scheme, in fact, appears to require the fulfilment of the impossible condition that the Government should possess and exercise absolute control over the disposal of the wheat, not only during a war, but in anticipation thereof. If, however, the suggested sliding-scale duty were replaced by an absolute requirement that all imported wheat should (with certain exceptions) be stored for a specified period before passing into consumption, the desired end of increasing the store of wheat in the country would be automatically attained. The cost would, of course, be the extra price paid by the consumer to cover the expense of storage and any other inconvenience incidentally caused to the trade.

From projects to increase the storage of grain in this country we turn to the next group of schemes discussed by the Commission, viz. those for securing the continued influx of food-stuffs from abroad in time of war. The existence of a strong navy being assumed, all the proposals under this head considered by the Commission relate to national insurance or indemnity for shipping captured in time of war.

The argument in favour of some step of the kind is, briefly, that it would operate both as an additional security to the maintenance of our oversea trade and as an important steadying influence upon prices. Since, in the view of the Commission, the 'economic' rise in prices is likely to be only moderate, it seems to follow that the sole, though perhaps sufficient, reason for state intervention in this matter, in order to increase the security of our food-supplies, is to be found in the importance of preventing, so far as possible, a panic rise of prices due to temporary uncertainty as to the real risk likely to be incurred by our shipping. It is true that other grounds for such a measure are often urged, viz. the desirability of equalising the conditions of competition between belligerent and neutral vessels by indemnifying the

owners of the former for losses by capture. But, however important may be such an object, it has no necessary connexion with the question of maintaining the inflow of our oversea food-supplies, and was hardly within the reference of the Commission.

If, then, as we suggest, the main if not the only sound reason for establishing a scheme of national insurance or indemnity with this object is to guard against temporary panic rates of insurance and rise of prices, the best scheme for the purpose would seem to be that which will secure this object at the least cost to the national exchequer and with the least interference with ordinary private business. The more limited the scope of state action, the better—provided that the object is attained—in view of the great risk of fraud against which the State could only very imperfectly guard, of the objection likely to be raised by underwriters to government interference with their business, and of the probable opposition of other trades to the preferential treatment of a single industry. No scheme is likely to meet with favour which has even the appearance of putting money into the pockets of a single class as compensation for losses in which all classes share.

Obviously there are difficulties connected with even the most limited proposal; and the suggestion of the Commission that the framing of an actual scheme should be referred to a small expert committee, in consultation with shipowners, seems a good one. The minority of the Commission, who followed the lead of the Duke of Sutherland and Mr Chaplin, gave a qualified adhesion to the appointment of such a committee, but they declined to support the recommendation of the Report that some scheme of indemnity should be tried. Probably some who are unable to endorse the reasoning of the minority will yet regret that the Report should definitely record a preference for a scheme of indemnity under which Government would gratuitously make good the losses of shipowners by capture in war, as compared with a more limited scheme, such as that put forward by Mr Wilding, under which state action would take the form of insurance at fixed rates.

It is easy to understand the grounds on which the shipowners advocated the wider proposal; but it is difficult

to see why the Commission, which was solely concerned with the safety of our supplies, should have accepted their arguments. A scheme so costly to the State as that which the Commission recommends seems to need some much stronger justification than we have succeeded in finding either in the Report or in the evidence. The Report quotes the argument that indemnity is more economical than insurance, because insurance rates are certain to be much higher than is justified by the real percentage of captures, and argues that,

'whereas ordinary war insurance will fall most heavily on the poorest class of consumer, national indemnity will fall upon the taxpayer; and its amount can be spread over a longer period by means of a war loan or taxation to which all classes would contribute according to their means' (§ 233).

It is impossible to deny some degree of validity to this contention; but those who have studied most deeply the theory of taxation will be the least likely to dogmatise with confidence on the subject of the ultimate incidence of its burden. On the whole, we hardly feel confident that the Commission got to the bottom of this difficult subject, or adequately weighed the relative advantages and difficulties of various modes of attaining the desired result. The proposed expert committee may arrive at a more satisfactory conclusion; and it is to be hoped that any such committee will not be unduly fettered in considering the lines on which a scheme should be framed.

The above-mentioned recommendations on the subject of the free storage of wheat and national indemnity for shipping comprise the whole of the practical proposals of the Commission, excepting on one or two quite minor points. Though nominally unanimous, a comparison of the Report and the reservations shows that the Commission was in reality sharply divided in opinion with regard to both these recommendations; and it also reveals the somewhat unexpected fact that those who favoured free storage were, as a rule, unfavourable to national indemnity, and *vice versa*. This tends to give the two proposals the appearance, not of complementary, but of alternative schemes. Regarded in this light, there can be little doubt which class of scheme deserves the greater consideration.

Whatever be the difference of opinion as to the scope of a scheme for indemnity or insurance of shipping, or the terms on which, or the extent to which, the State should interfere in such a business, a proposal of this kind at least implies a correct perception of the nature and source of the real dangers and difficulties which threaten our food-supplies in time of war. But, with regard to all such schemes, it is necessary to bear constantly in mind that the only effective guarantee both of the supply of food and the continued employment of our people is the maintenance of a sufficient fleet; and anything is mischievous which tends to divert public attention from this central fact.

A perusal of the blue-book can hardly fail to revive the doubts, which were widely felt when the Commission was appointed, as to the wisdom of instituting an enquiry of this kind, or at least of publishing its results. It is not very probable that the information now collected will yield any new lesson of importance to those directly responsible for the defence of this country. The practical recommendations of the Commission and the clarifying effect of the Report on public opinion will, we fear, be largely discounted by the numerous reservations; while the fact that opposite conclusions are drawn by persons of intelligence from the same evidence may even increase the confusion of the popular mind. On the other hand, the blue-book is excellent reading, and it places at the disposal of the student a large amount of information otherwise difficult or impossible to obtain. This is not a great result from so much labour, but perhaps it is all that we should expect from the application of the methods of a representative Commission to such a question as Imperial defence.

Art. XI.—GREAT BRITAIN, RUSSIA, AND JAPAN.

WITH the conclusion of the peace negotiations at Portsmouth and the publication of the amended and extended Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance, the problem of the Far East, which affects all that the Germans call *Weltpolitik*, has entered upon a new phase. Attractive as is the delusive pastime of constructing parallels and drawing analogies, it would baffle the most ingenious to find in the annals of the whole world a situation resembling that which has been created by the dramatic incidents of these last two years. We are too close to the colossal struggle to state positively that the battle of the Sea of Japan will rank amongst the decisive battles of the world. To the student of classical history there seems to have come through the ages an echo of the stern and decisive combats with which the names of Marathon and Salamis are imperishably associated. In those far-off days, too, there existed a great and overgrown empire, half-civilised itself, which was the terror of the civilised world. The Persian tempest swelled and burst in vain against the genius and valour of a small branch of the Aryan race, which, within a period counted by a few generations, was to run through the gamut of intellectual and æsthetic achievement. The might of Xerxes, exaggerated as it doubtless was by the pardonable vanity of Greek historians and dramatists, was not unlike that with which the Tsars have seemed to menace Europe.

To other minds other plausible analogies will suggest themselves, but all the resemblances are fanciful and superficial. For the first time in what we conventionally call modern history, a white and a yellow race have met in conflict, and victory complete and overwhelming has fallen to the latter. And this has happened in no chance conflict, such as often occurs between the white rulers of a heterogeneous empire and their yellow or black subjects. Had Great Britain been driven out of India as the result of the Indian Mutiny, the effect upon her Imperial fortunes would have been immense, but it would not have compared with the results produced by the triumph of Japan in the war now concluded.

That triumph, achieved by sea and by land, was no snatched or casual victory. The conflict itself had long been anticipated. Russia, the greatest and in appearance the most powerful military nation in the world, was believed by soldiers and statesmen alike to be sufficiently armed for any emergency, on however colossal a scale, that might demand the active service of her forces. Japan, ever since she was robbed of half the fruits of her victory over China ten years ago, had been steadily and openly preparing for a struggle upon which Emperor and people alike were convinced the future of their race was staked. To the most casual observer it was obvious that, with Russia firmly established in Manchuria, controlling the impotent government of Korea and directing the policy of Peking, the existence of Japanese independence would be worth but very few years' purchase. It was known to all, though perhaps it was less appreciated in St Petersburg than elsewhere, that Japan would not wait till Russia had grown too strong. We much doubt whether, at any moment since 1895, the Japanese Government believed in the efficacy of diplomatic methods to save them from falling victims to Russian force or Russian guile. At any rate, they made no secret of their determination to sharpen their sword for use should the pen fail. Russian arrogance and the corruption of those who advised the Tsar on Far-Eastern questions, brought matters to an issue earlier perhaps than Japan, and certainly than Russia, had anticipated.

From first to last, the Japanese have grasped the importance of putting their opponents in the wrong. There existed in Europe—France and England perhaps excepted—a strong racial prejudice against yellow peoples. In our own colonies, as recent events have shown, and in the United States of America, this almost instinctive antipathy was rampant. No doubt, on the other hand, the autocracy, by its harsh and even brutal treatment of Jews and Poles and Finns, and by the medieval rigidity of its administrative methods, had alienated the sympathies of free and constitutionally governed countries. Still, Russia was universally recognised as a white Power, and Japan was unquestionably yellow. To counter-balance the weight of this prejudice or instinct, it was essential for the Mikado and his advisers that, before

they entered upon a life and death struggle with Russia, it should be proved to the world beyond cavil that they had right on their side. Russia, in her contempt for the 'monkey men,' undertook the task herself. The flagrant violation of the reiterated pledges given by the Tsar, to respect the integrity and independence of China, constituted not only an affront but a danger to all Powers having material interests in the Celestial Empire. It thus came about that Japan, in resisting Russian aggression, was practically championing the cause of all the white races of the world.

More important still, the United States of America, traditionally anxious to avoid European entanglements and to maintain that splendid isolation of which the Monroe doctrine is the political expression, viewed with something more than suspicion the designs of Russia to convert the Pacific into a Russian lake. The Spanish war had compelled the rulers of the United States to abandon the policy of absolute aloofness to which, since the days of Washington, they had been committed. The possession of the Philippine Islands alone must have compelled them to protest against the uncontrolled ascendancy of any one Power or group of Powers in the Pacific. But much more than the sovereignty of the Pacific was involved. Year by year the commercial relations of America with China were increasing. To no other Power, from a manufacturing and industrial point of view, was the policy of the open door so essential; and Russia had no liking for open doors. When, therefore, Japan insisted upon the prompt evacuation of Manchuria by Russia, she was not only protecting her own national existence, but she was asking for the redemption of the most solemn pledges given by Russia, not only to herself, but to the whole civilised world. The cynical indifference of the Tsar's Government to all appeals and protests secured for Japan the moral position which was to her of such vital importance.

But the attitude consistently adopted by her statesmen secured for her much more than this. It won for them and for their policy the respect and sympathy of all classes and political creeds in England, with the result that the first Anglo-Japanese Treaty was not only acceptable but positively welcome to the people of Great Britain.

When the contents of this momentous treaty were made known, party feeling in the United Kingdom was running very high; and yet hardly a note of opposition was raised with regard to a diplomatic instrument which, on the face of it, was bound to modify the whole current of *Weltpolitik*. The history of the negotiations which preceded this master-stroke, so creditable to the sagacity of the Foreign Offices of London and Tokio, cannot yet be told in detail. It is sufficient to say that the alliance was encouraged and heartily approved in Washington. In the chanceries of Europe the document excited perhaps more astonishment than dismay. The intense and hoary conservatism of European diplomacy as exhibited by the diplomatists, in contradistinction to the statesmen who direct them, has established a set of unwritten laws not unlike to the Law of the Jungle as expounded in Mr Kipling's delightful stories. The feeling of the continental diplomatist when he heard that Great Britain had concluded an alliance with Japan was much like that of Baloo when he learned from Mowgli that he had been associating with the Bandar-log. Yet the consequences of this intimate alliance were destined to be of greater import to the world than those of almost any similar engagement contracted within the memory of living men.

It has been asserted that the Anglo-Japanese alliance was indirectly responsible for the outbreak of the late war, because, it is argued, Japan would never have ventured to try conclusions with Russia had she not been assured by a treaty with Great Britain that no third Power would be allowed to enter the ring. This argument, however, ignores the fixed opinions of the Japanese, forced upon them by the events of 1895. They firmly believed that it was the ultimate design of Russia so to fence them round that, when the hour came for the Tsar to strike at their independence, they would be powerless to resist. That such was their confirmed belief no one who has studied the current literature and journalism of Japan for the past ten years can possibly doubt. Japan was determined to cut the coils in which she believed she was being involved, before their grip could paralyse her energies. Moreover, her statesmen, who had carefully and intelligently studied the relations of the great Powers of the world, were convinced that, treaty or no

treaty, neither Great Britain nor the United States of America could afford to see Japan wiped out.

It is, then, safe to infer from these two indisputable propositions that the hour of Japan's striking was not hastened, though it may have been retarded, by the conclusion of her alliance with Great Britain. That alliance, however, had the incalculable advantage of circumscribing the battlefield and of saving the civilised world from the horrors of a universal war, into the vortex of which the nations of the earth, one after the other, might easily, though involuntarily, have been drawn. But for the notice and warning writ very large in the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, the border-lines of permissible interference would have been as vague and shadowy as they were in that instrument clearly and sharply defined. If we look back upon the 'untoward incidents' affecting the interests of neutrals which occurred from time to time during the progress of the war, we may perceive the gravity of the danger which civilisation has escaped. Questions of the contraband of war, of the right of search, of the hospitality to be extended to belligerents, afforded any Power seeking a pretext for interference at least a plausible case. But, when it was known to all concerned, beyond the possibility of mistake, that the intervention of a third Power in the conflict would bring Great Britain into the field, foreign statesmen thought twice or thrice before venturing to take a decisive step.

To France, especially, the existence of the Anglo-Japanese alliance must have been a source of constant relief during the past eighteen months. The French have never been an ungrateful nation; and the gratitude they felt toward Russia for rescuing them from the isolation caused by the war of 1870-1, though the debt had been repaid many times, was still intense. The war between Russia and Japan touched no French interest, and certainly was due to no act of French policy. But a feeling of chivalry, supplemented by the common folly of throwing good money after bad, might, but for the existence of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, have tempted the Republic to come to the assistance of her ally at more than one critical period of the conflict. On the other hand, the somewhat unusual hospitality extended by the French Indo-Chinese authorities to Admiral Rozhdest-

vensky and his fleets might easily have caused the gravest difficulties between Japan and the Republic. Public opinion in Tokio was deeply moved by the prolonged halts of the Russian vessels in or near French territorial waters in the Far East. But the Mikado's advisers, knowing how anxious His Majesty's Government was to maintain and develop the good feeling which had happily grown up between France and England, contented itself with making strong protests; and these were met in Paris by explanations which, whether adequate or not, at least soothed Japanese susceptibilities. Thus, at both ends of the cable, the Anglo-Japanese alliance was exercising a moderating and pacificatory influence.

Its beneficial effects were felt even in connexion with the Dogger Bank incident, which roused so fierce and so natural a storm of wrath throughout the British Empire. Many uninformed critics thought that Japan must have welcomed the occurrence of this outrage, as likely to force her ally into active co-operation in the war. Quite the contrary. The Japanese Government, with that singular insight which it has displayed in every phase of the struggle, was genuinely anxious that England should not be drawn into the war. These far-sighted men perceived the danger that must have arisen, had England been compelled to vindicate her honour against Russia by recourse to arms. The whole world might easily have been involved, sooner or later, in the conflict; and at the end thereof there would have been a world's congress, in which the claims of the great Powers would have been dealt with in that spirit of compromise which has always been fatal to the interests of the smaller communities.

Nor was the restraining influence of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan less conspicuous in bringing the war to a close than it had been in limiting its area. Months before the supreme victory of the Sea of Japan had destroyed Russia's naval power, the principal points of a new treaty had been agreed upon between Great Britain and Japan. This fact deserves to be emphasised, because certain malignant critics on the Continent have taunted His Majesty's Government with having deferred a renewal of the treaty until Admiral Togo had wiped his opponent off the face of the waters. On the contrary, at the time when the bases of the new

alliance were agreed upon, the fleets commanded by Admiral Rozhdestvensky were not only intact, but were, in the opinion of many experts, likely to prove a match, perhaps even more than a match, for the numerically inferior fleet of Japan. The probable effect of this agreement on the peace negotiations has been indicated by Lord Lansdowne in his despatch of September 6.

When President Roosevelt undertook his second attempt to bring about a suspension of hostilities, the Japanese had virtually completed the new treaty of alliance with Great Britain. Their plenipotentiaries went to Portsmouth with a full knowledge of the reassuring fact that, whatever terms were finally arranged between themselves and Russia, Great Britain would back the bill. The conference at Portsmouth opened on August 9; the Anglo-Japanese treaty was signed on August 12, though it had been ready for this formality several weeks previously. The Japanese keep their secrets well; and we may perhaps never know how far the terms to which they ultimately agreed concurred with those they had been originally instructed to accept. Count Witte has rather dimmed the lustre of the great reputation he undoubtedly earned at Portsmouth, by boasting to newspaper correspondents of the diplomatic triumph which his own firmness and skill obtained over the Japanese plenipotentiaries. It was a favourite saying of the late Lord Salisbury that diplomatic triumphs or defeats were the last things that diplomatists and statesmen should talk about. 'If you have gained your object,' he would say, 'surely that is reward enough. If you have failed, the less said about it the better.' To many of those who, without being participators in, were closely associated with the conference at Portsmouth, it appears very doubtful whether Count Witte gained even a diplomatic victory, in the sense of extorting from the Japanese anything which at the outset they had made up their minds not to yield. That Baron Komura and his colleagues at first pressed claims which in the end they relaxed, only proves that they had faithfully studied the precedents of western diplomacy.

At any rate, this much may be said, that the conditions of peace ultimately agreed upon were very much those which a detached and impartial student of politics would

have drafted as most beneficial to Japan. Every point upon which the Mikado's Government had insisted during the abortive negotiations which preceded the war was conceded to the full. The positions whence Russia had menaced Japan were in the hands of the Mikado's troops, and were left in his possession by the treaty of peace. Apart from the security assured by the alliance with Great Britain, the terms of the treaty with Russia have won for Japan a period of absolute relief from all fears for the integrity and independence of her empire. Much more also has been gained. It has been well said by a shrewd observer that the motto which ought to be inscribed in the council chambers of every Foreign Office is the wise paradox of Hesiod: *νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσφ πλέον ἡμῖν παντός*. The Japanese were not amongst the *νήπιοι*.

It is very doubtful whether the shrewd advisers of the Mikado really expected to obtain any reimbursement of the expenses incurred in the war, or even to acquire any part of the island of Sakhalin. The demands embodied in the Japanese conditions of peace were, as we have said, in excess of what Japan was prepared to accept. It is very possible that the Japanese Government did not reckon upon the journalistic methods so adroitly employed by Count Witte. Reticence had hitherto been quite as characteristic of Russian diplomatic procedure as it still is of that of Japan. The plenipotentiaries of the Mikado at no time communicated to the press, even in rough outline, the character and extent of their instructions. They probably believed that no particulars of this momentous conference would leak out until the protocols had been signed and the usual concise summary of the proceedings officially published. Had this proved to be the case, the outside world would never have learnt anything about the maximum of demand and the minimum of concession disclosed in the course of the bargain. The result would have appeared in the form of the inevitable compromise; and it may be taken for granted that there would have been no passionate protest in Tokio against the peace which intrinsically satisfied Japanese requirements.

In certain respects, we must admit, Count Witte was justified by the results of this daring experiment in 'the new diplomacy.' For himself and, in a much less degree,

for his country, he secured at least the appearance of having scored a diplomatic triumph; and he also succeeded in modifying the anti-Russian feeling which had grown up in the United States. Substantially, however, Japan obtained all that she required and perhaps a little more than she expected. It is true that, in compassing these great objects, Japan made enormous sacrifices in blood and treasure. Japan is not a rich country, and a monetary indemnity would have brought welcome relief to her strained financial resources; but the material advantages she has gained in Korea and in the Liaotung Peninsula will assuredly, within the course of a very few years, compensate her for all her financial sacrifices. But it was not for self-aggrandisement or for pecuniary profit that Japan staked her all in the daring struggle with the greatest military power of Europe. She fought, as every Japanese citizen believed, for national independence and for permanent immunity from the growing perils which beset that independence. These objects she has secured by her own valour and skill; and she enters into the enjoyment of her dearly-bought freedom with the knowledge that Great Britain has guaranteed its full fruition. If we look back through the centuries and take stock of the spoils of the most conclusive victories, we shall find that the harvest reaped at Portsmouth was at least as substantial as any which the records of European Powers can show.

The second Anglo-Japanese Agreement stands in the same relation to that of January 1902 as preventive measures stand to the system of isolation adopted to circumscribe an area in which an infectious disease has broken out. It must have been obvious to the framers of the earlier instrument that the germs of the war-plague were actually maturing in the Far East, beyond any reasonable hope of repression. In 1902 it had become evident that, unless Russia reversed the engines of her policy with regard to Manchuria and Korea, she must, within an easily measurable time, come into direct and violent collision with Japan. In spite of the solemn and specific pledges given by Russian ministers, there was hardly a diplomatist who believed that Russia intended to abandon one of her illegitimate pretensions. It was with the object of localising the inevitable conflict that Great

Britain and Japan entered upon the epoch-making agreement of January 30, 1902. Under its provisions, Great Britain undertook to draw a cordon round the scene of naval and military operations. Japan asked for no direct assistance from her ally, assured, with a confidence amply justified by events, that she was more than a match for her formidable antagonist.

Prevention, however, is better than limitation. The sole object of the new Anglo-Japanese Agreement is to prevent, so far as human provisions can prevent them, the genesis and development of a new armed conflict in the Far East. Alike in the preamble to the new Agreement and in the covering letter addressed by Lord Lansdowne to our ambassadors at St Petersburg and Paris, the point insisted upon is the absolutely pacific nature of the treaty. The first operative words of the preamble state that the ensuing articles have for their object 'the consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India'; and Lord Lansdowne instructs Sir Charles Hardinge to

'call special attention to the objects mentioned in the preamble as those by which the policy of the contracting parties is inspired. His Majesty's Government believe that they may count upon the goodwill and support of all the Powers in endeavouring to maintain peace in Eastern Asia, and in seeking to uphold the integrity and independence of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in that country.'

The end in view is that which every Power in the world has pledged itself, again and again, to pursue without reservation. The phrase 'equal opportunities' is merely the diplomatic equivalent of the more popular 'open door.'

There is only one provision in the Agreement that can be said to disturb arrangements which existed before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. The independence of the feeble Korean Empire was guaranteed by international treaties. These guarantees, however, did not deter Russia from prosecuting designs against Korean independence, which in themselves constituted one of the chief causes of the rupture. The fortunes of war have placed Korea in the power of Japan; and every chancery in the world is aware that Japan will never relinquish

her control over the Hermit Empire unless she is forcibly expelled. The Agreement recognises these facts.

'The new treaty' (says Lord Lansdowne) 'no doubt differs at this point conspicuously from that of 1902. It has, however, become evident that Korea, owing to its close proximity to the Japanese Empire, and to its inability to stand alone, must fall under the control and tutelage of Japan. His Majesty's Government observed with satisfaction that this point was readily conceded by Russia in the treaty of peace recently concluded with Japan, and they have every reason to believe that similar views are held by other Powers with regard to the relations which should subsist between Japan and Korea.'

But the most important and most far-reaching provisions of the treaty are those by which the contracting parties bind themselves to common action in the event of unprovoked attack upon their rights and interests 'in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India,' as set forth in articles 2, 3, 4, and 5 of this pregnant document.

The carefully chosen words, 'If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers,' etc., should make it clear alike to the friends and the potential enemies of Great Britain and Japan that the basis of this treaty is purely defensive. The traditional policy of this country, fortified by the pressure of increasing military and naval expenditure, is opposed to any expansion of the empire in any quarter of the globe. The political and economic conditions of Japan, tried to the uttermost by the sacrifices she has been compelled to make, supply material guarantees against aggressive and ambitious enterprises on her part. Her victory must, of course, tend to enhance her prestige and to extend her influence amongst her sluggish Chinese neighbours. But Japan has not the means, even if she entertained the desire, to attempt the establishment in China of a 'Raj' corresponding to that of England in India. That her influence will stimulate trade and industry in China no one can doubt; but the very terms of her agreement with Great Britain place at the disposal of all countries the opportunities which that influence will promote.

So far as India is concerned, the agreement merely strengthens the resources, but does not change the un-

alterable policy, of the rulers of that country. With or without allies, England would defend India and the approaches to India with her last man and her last shilling. But the knowledge that, at a pinch, the Indian Government can rely upon the material assistance of Japan in a defensive war must inevitably inspire those who dream of a conquest of India—if such there be—with a deeper conviction of the impossibility of the task. If there is any disposition to criticise the vagueness of the terms employed in this document, it must be remembered that every word has been carefully chosen in order to avoid giving umbrage to the most delicate susceptibilities, and to emphasise the pacific character of the treaty. There can, however, be no doubt as to its meaning. Great Britain and Japan have notified to the world their determination to maintain, at all costs, the existing *status quo* in the Far East. Such an agreement is not a menace, hardly even a warning; it is a safeguard and a guarantee. We may therefore trust confidently to the realisation of Lord Lansdowne's hope that, for many years to come, the second treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan will be instrumental in securing the peace of the world in those regions which come within its scope.

Even the short period which has elapsed since the publication of the Agreement has sufficed to show that the world at large has practically accepted the instrument in the spirit in which it was framed. In Germany, no doubt, a few discordant cries have been raised, but even these were intended to please Russia rather than to express any sense of danger to German interests, which are absolutely unaffected by the alliance. In the most intelligent circles in Russia itself—in some, indeed, deeply committed in the past to Anglophobism—the spirit of the treaty has been interpreted with unexpected and gratifying fairness. It promises to bring, not a sword, but peace. When in the progress of the political revolution which is maturing silently but surely under our eyes, a central responsible government in St Petersburg is substituted for the intermittent administration by unco-ordinated and rival departments, a general and permanent *entente* may well be achieved, based upon the principles which underlie the Anglo-Japanese Treaty.

Art. XII.—THE CENTENARY OF TRAFALGAR.

1. *The Year of Trafalgar*. By Henry Newbolt. London : Murray, 1905.
2. *Logs of the Great Sea-fights (1794–1805)*. Vol II. Edited by Admiral Sir T. Sturges Jackson, K.V.O. Navy Records Society, 1900.
3. *Fighting Instructions, 1530–1816*. Edited by Julian S. Corbett. Navy Records Society, 1905.
4. *Nelson : the Centenary of Trafalgar*. By Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B. 'Cornhill Magazine,' Sept. 1905.
5. *The Battle of Trafalgar*. By Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb. 'United Service Magazine,' September 1899 ; reprinted September 1905.
6. *Nelson's Tactics at Trafalgar*. By Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, G.C.B. 'United Service Magazine' (Centenary number), October 1905.
7. *Correspondence in 'The Times'*, July–October 1905.

FOR months past the rumour of the centenary of Trafalgar has been with us ; it is therefore not unfitting to attempt an estimate of what it really is that we are called on to commemorate, to take some note of what manner of man Nelson was, and, above all, what Trafalgar was that its memory should be thus singled out from among all the victories which brighten the pages of our history.

As to Nelson, few words will be sufficient. His life has been told in countless books ; there can be but few Englishmen who have not read at least one of these ; and, though the complex secrets of a man's heart are not to be learned in this or in any other way, we are all in a position to realise, as Sir Cyprian Bridge has lately told us, that 'he is the only man who has ever lived who, by universal consent, is without a peer.' Of soldiers, statesmen, sculptors, poets, painters, there are several who might be named as claimants for the first place in their several lines. But ask who was the first of admirals, and the unanimous reply will still be Nelson. It is not only amongst his fellow-countrymen that his pre-eminence is acknowledged. Foreigners admit it as readily as ourselves ; and a captain in the French navy, who fought both at the Nile and at Trafalgar, seems to comfort himself by speaking of him as 'l'invincible Nelson, le Bona-

parte de la marine anglaise.' For the rest, as Admiral Bridge has well said,

'the more closely we look into Nelson's tactical achievements, the more effective and brilliant do they appear. It is the same with his character and disposition. . . . His childlike vanity . . . was but a thin incrustation on noble qualities. As, in the material world, valueless earthy substances surround a vein of precious metal, so through Nelson's moral nature there ran an opulent lode of character, unimpaired in its priceless worth by adjacent frailties which, in the majority of mankind, are present without any precious stuff beneath them. It is with minds prepared to see this that we should commemorate our great Admiral.'

And in the words of Mahan, already become classical:—

'Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore." Wars may cease, but the need for heroism will not depart from the earth while man remains man and evil exists to be redressed. Wherever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson.'

But, while in this year and this month we revive the memory of our great admiral, we more especially recall his last great battle and his death in the hour of victory. It may be, it almost certainly is, to this striking synchronism that much of the celebrity of the battle must be attributed; but, with every allowance for this, the greatest part of that celebrity belongs to the battle itself, to the immediate relief it gave from the strain under which England was suffering, to its vast importance in the history of Europe, and, from the purely naval point of view, to its interest as a new and startling development of naval tactics.

For more than two years, ever since the renewal of the war in 1803, Bonaparte had openly announced his intention of invading England—so openly that, considering the great difficulty, or, as even then all naval officers of any rank believed, the impossibility of giving it effect, it has been doubted whether it was not a mere feint to distract the attention of some other enemy. But in 1803

there was no other enemy. Of Austria there was little doubt, and still less of Prussia. Russia, indeed, protested against the occupation of Hanover, but not for several months after the formation of the camp at Boulogne, and even then in a very half-hearted manner. It is conceivable that after the summer of 1804, when his relations with Russia and Austria were strained, Napoleon began to consider the possibility of having to defer the invasion of England till he had settled with his continental enemies; we may go farther, and say that by the summer of 1805, when the attitude of Russia and Austria had become unmistakably hostile, he had certainly determined to act against either England or Austria as circumstances should dictate; and, when his great scheme for the concentration of his naval force in the Narrow Seas had evidently failed, he was found not unprepared for another task. But this is very different from saying that the whole project was from the outset a pretence. This, though Napoleon himself said it was so, we refuse to admit. Nelson himself, as Mr Balfour has recently reminded us, disbelieved in the possibility of invasion; so did most of his colleagues. We have the direct testimony of St Vincent and Pellew, and can feel sure that their confidence was shared by Cornwallis, Collingwood, and every other admiral engaged in the work of the blockade. But it is quite certain that the great bulk of the nation did not share it; on the contrary, they believed that invasion was not only possible but probable. And, whatever views the admirals held of Napoleon's chances, it is clear that they had no doubt of his intentions.

We know that Napoleon, who wished to gather his whole navy into one fleet, with which to break down the blockade of the Channel and to escort his army of invasion to the English shores, framed an elaborate plan, in accordance with which the fleets from Toulon, Rochefort, and Brest were to meet in the West Indies and return to Europe in such force as to sweep everything before them. Careful and curiously detailed measures were taken for misleading Nelson; and, when Villeneuve, the French commander-in-chief at Toulon, evaded the blockading squadron and got to sea, he was instructed by Napoleon that Nelson was certain to look for him in Egypt, and, not finding him there, would go to the East Indies,

Napoleon had, in fact, convinced himself that this was what Nelson would do. His traps were so cunningly laid that he could not conceive it possible that a mere pudding-headed Englishman could avoid falling into them. That Nelson refused to fall into them was startling; but his arrival in the West Indies, when Villeneuve had been assured that he would be far away in the opposite direction, threatened disaster; and a speedy return to Europe appeared the only way of escape. Thus, indeed, Villeneuve evaded Nelson, but only to find Calder waiting for him off Finisterre. The indecisive battle which followed was sufficient to turn him from his purpose. He retired to Ferrol, whence he was ordered to join Ganteaume at Brest.

We are not now concerned to discuss the further safeguards of our country, if Villeneuve had arrived off Brest; if Ganteaume had come out to meet him; if the two had effected a junction, or if, acting separately, they had caught Cornwallis, who was commanding the British fleet before Brest, between them, and utterly crushed him, without themselves receiving serious damage. That all these possibilities should have 'come off' transcends the limits of legitimate hypothesis; and, as Napoleon's scheme broke down with the first of them, we need not follow them farther than to say that the extremely unlikely event of their all happening had been amply provided for. Villeneuve did not go to Brest, for the simple reason that he did not believe his fleet at that time equal to trying conclusions with either Nelson or Cornwallis. His ships were foul and leaky, his men badly trained. He had many sick; by the middle of August the French fleet was more than 2000 short of complement.

Personally brave, Villeneuve had not that supreme confidence in his own judgment, or that well-founded trust in his subordinates, which distinguished his great opponent. His collision with Calder had filled him with distrust; the mere sight of a single 74-gun ship, with a couple of frigates, off Cape Ortegal, led him to believe that the whole British fleet was arrayed against him; and he sought to avoid it by turning south and sheltering in Cadiz. The Emperor was quick to realise that his cherished scheme for the invasion of England had failed; and it was clear that Villeneuve was the immediate cause of the failure. Napoleon promptly turned his

arms elsewhere; the 'Army of England' marched to the Rhine; but he was none the less furious, and poured out the vials of his wrath on Villeneuve's head.

On September 1, Decrès, at the command of Napoleon, wrote a long letter, filled with such phrases as:—

'Sa Majesté a vu avec un mécontentement très marqué que etc.; Elle a observé avec amertume que etc.; L'Empereur a été très désagréablement affecté . . . Voilà, Monsieur l'Amiral, ce que Sa Majesté m'a textuellement prescrit de vous mander.'

What his Majesty really said may be gathered from a letter he wrote to Decrès on September 4:—

'Villeneuve est un misérable qu'il faut chasser ignominieusement. Sans combinaisons, sans courage, sans intérêt général, il sacrifierait tout pourvu qu'il sauve sa peau. . . . Il s'est lâchement comporté.' ('Correspondance,' xi, 177.)

The severe reprimand conveyed by Decrès concluded with an order to take in provisions and get ready to put to sea; and, on the 14th, a letter from Napoleon himself ordered the admiral to put to sea at once.

Thiers, in his voluminous travesty of history, has said that Villeneuve was 'authorised' to put to sea. Never, as Lanfrey says, were orders 'plus absolus, plus menaçants, plus péremptoires.' There was, in fact, work for Villeneuve to do; he had caused the invasion of England to fail, he should at least enable the invasion of Naples to succeed. He was ordered by Napoleon to call off Cartagena, where he would be joined by such Spanish ships as were there; he was then to go to Naples, and land the troops at a place convenient for their joining the French army there; to seize any English or Russian ships of war which he might meet; to remain on the coast of Naples as long as he judged necessary to intercept reinforcements from Malta; and subsequently to take the fleet to Toulon, to be refitted and revictualled. Napoleon concluded:—

'Notre intention est que, partout où vous trouverez l'ennemi en forces inférieures, vous l'attaquiez sans hésiter, et ayez avec lui une affaire décisive. Il ne vous échappera pas que le succès de ces opérations dépend essentiellement de la promptitude de votre départ de Cadix, et nous comptons que vous ne négligerez rien pour l'opérer sans délai; et nous vous recommandons, dans cette importante expédition, l'audace et la plus grande activité.' ('Correspondance,' xi, 195.)

On the next day, September 15, he wrote to Decrès complaining that Villeneuve was still at Cadiz, allowing himself to be blockaded by eleven English ships. Decrès was therefore to supersede him, sending Rosily to take over the command, while Villeneuve was to return to France to account for his conduct.

It has seemed necessary to dwell on this, because years afterwards, at St Helena—if any credence is to be given to O'Meara—Napoleon said: 'On Villeneuve's arrival in France I ordered that he should remain at Rennes and not proceed to Paris; but, afraid of being tried by a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and consequently losing the fleet—for I had ordered him not to sail, or to engage the English—he determined to destroy himself.' O'Meara is not beyond suspicion; but such a mendacious depreciation of a subordinate is far from improbable in the case of Napoleon. He acted in like manner towards Brueys, who, he asserted, had remained in Aboukir Bay in spite of his orders to go to Corfu; the falsehood of this statement, and the fact that Brueys, wishing to go to Corfu, remained in Aboukir Bay in obedience to Bonaparte's orders, being distinctly proved by his own letters at the time. It is equally certain that it was in obedience to the positive orders mentioned above that Villeneuve came out of Cadiz.

As soon as it became known at the Admiralty that Villeneuve had gone south to Cadiz, it had been decided that Nelson should return to his command of the Mediterranean fleet; and he left England almost immediately. He joined the fleet off Cadiz on September 28; and, by closely blockading that port and stopping the coasting trade, on which Cadiz largely, and the French fleet entirely, depended for its daily food, he counted on compelling Villeneuve in a short time to put to sea. He was meantime urging the Admiralty to send him every available ship; and they did, in fact, though sorely pressed, bring up his numbers to thirty-three sail of the line. Want of water, however, compelled him to send six of these away to Gibraltar; and the report of their arrival at that place, combined with the news that Rosily had reached Madrid, put an end to the hesitation of Villeneuve. The necessity was urgent; the opportunity was favourable; and on October 19 his fleet began to leave

port. But to get a large number of ships with untrained crews out of a land-locked harbour with a narrow entrance was a lengthy process; and it was the afternoon of the 20th before they were all outside. They then stood to the southward. The British fleet was out of sight; and, though scouts nearer the land had been maintaining a continual interchange of signals, it is probable that Villeneuve hoped that, by keeping close inshore, he might slip through the Straits of Gibraltar unperceived. The hope was vain, for the scouts had done their work; and, when the morning of October 21 dawned, the British captains, being then some five and twenty miles west of Cape Trafalgar,* saw the allied fleet, French and Spanish, about half-way between them and the land.

It is at this point that the controversy which has recently been carried on in the columns of the 'Times' begins. That Nelson at once led the British fleet against that of the enemy, attacked and 'annihilated' it, but at the cost of his own life, is the common property of the historian, the ballad-monger, and the man in the street. But the victory was so complete and so swiftly won, that naturally, not only naval officers, but every educated man, asked by what magic such a result was achieved.

Nelson's correspondence during the days before the battle has taught us that, in his private letters, he referred to it as the 'Nelson touch.' What was the Nelson touch? There seems no reason to doubt that he explained it to the admirals and captains of the fleet on September 29, his forty-sixth birthday. That it was prescribed in the memorandum of October 9, which was sent to Collingwood the same day, and on the 10th to the several captains, may be considered certain. The difficulty is that the traditional account of the battle differs, in an important detail, from the prearranged plan; and the question was not unnaturally raised by the late Admiral Colomb, a careful and exact student of the methods of signalling, especially in its relation to naval tactics, whether the received account of the battle was correct. Colomb came to the conclusion that it was not.

In September 1899 he published in the 'United Service

* Since 1805 the name has generally been spelt correctly; but, before that date, naval officers generally spelt it phonetically, Traffic-gar.

Magazine' an elaborate article, with diagrams, showing how, in his opinion, the recorded signals affected the positions of the fleet, and how the advance and the attack, which have always been described as made in two columns, line ahead, must in reality have been made by the two divisions of the fleet in line abreast, or in line of bearing.* Colomb unfortunately died within a few weeks after the publication of this article; and, as no one at the time felt disposed to continue his argument, or to contravene the opinion of a man so universally respected, when he could no longer maintain his thesis, the matter dropped. It was revived in July last by Sir Cyprian Bridge, who, in the address which he delivered to the annual meeting of the Navy Records Society, announced his entire adhesion to Colomb's theory. Sir C. Bridge has been known for many years as a student of naval history and naval tactics in their most practical form; he has been Director of Naval Intelligence, and has had the experience of several years in command of fleets—an advantage which never fell to the lot of Colomb. The opinions of so eminent an authority, delivered on such an occasion, could not fail to rouse attention; but they were immediately called in question, and a long correspondence ensued.

A controversy of this kind rarely leads to any definite conclusion. It died down, but the 'Times' itself subsequently intervened. In a series of articles, an able writer, whose identity is scarcely concealed, has described the events of that great day. His account is singularly lucid and closely argued, but it appears to rely too much on

* Ships are *in line ahead* when each follows the one before it, in Indian file. They are *in line abreast* when alongside of each other, keeping parallel courses in a direction at right angles to their line. They are *in line of bearing* when, while keeping parallel courses, each ship is somewhat behind her neighbour on one side, 'en échelon.' The recognised *line of battle* was the *line ahead, close-hauled*.

A ship is *close-hauled* when she is sailing as near the wind (i.e. pointing as near to the direction from which the wind comes) as possible; to bring her into that position is to *haul the wind*. When a ship is not close-hauled, she is *going free*; when the wind is abaft the beam, she is *sailing large*. To *bear up* is to turn a close-hauled ship so as to go free or sail large; ships in line ahead *bear up together* when they turn simultaneously, thus forming a line abreast or a line of bearing; they *bear up in succession* when each turns on arriving at the point where the leading ship turned, thus retaining the line ahead, but altering the direction. For other nautical phrases reference may be made to Admiral Smyth's 'Sailor's Word-book' (1867).

the postulates of Admiral Colomb, some of which we are unable to admit. When Admiral Colomb wrote, the second volume of Admiral Jackson's 'Great Sea-fights' had not been published; and, for the logs to which he referred, he was obliged to consult the originals at the Record Office, or to trust to the very inaccurate copies printed by Nicolas. Now the logs of a hundred years ago are dirty and badly written; to consult them is a work of time and difficulty, to compare several of them is still more difficult; and Admiral Colomb fell into errors which none can be readier to excuse than one who has himself tried similar work. With Admiral Jackson's volume in our hands, the task is comparatively easy.

Before going farther, it will be well to explain more fully the point in dispute. In the memorandum of October 9, Nelson described clearly the manner in which he intended to attack the enemy, supposed, of course, to be in the customary line of battle, i.e. line ahead, close-hauled or nearly so. There were evidently two cases; the enemy might be to windward or to leeward. Nelson provided for both possibilities.

'If the enemy's fleet' (he wrote) 'shall be seen to windward in line of battle, and that the two lines and the advanced squadron can fetch them, they will probably be so extended that their van could not succour their rear. I should therefore probably make the second-in-command's signal to lead through, about their twelfth ship from their rear, or wherever he could fetch, if not able to get so far advanced; my line would lead through about their centre; and the advanced squadron [is] to cut two or three or four ships ahead of their centre, so as to ensure getting at their commander-in-chief, whom every effort must be made to capture. The whole impression of the British fleet must be to overpower from two or three ships ahead of their commander-in-chief, supposed to be in the centre, to the rear of their fleet.'

This instruction has been very generally overlooked; for, on the day of battle, the enemy's fleet was not seen to windward but to leeward; and it has been assumed that the other instruction came automatically into force. This runs as follows:—

'The divisions of the British fleet will be brought nearly within gunshot of the enemy's centre. The signal will most

probably then be made for the lee line to bear up together, to set all their sails, even steering sails, in order to get as quickly as possible to the enemy's line and to cut through, beginning from the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear.'

Here, then, Nelson's intention is clearly laid down; the two divisions of the fleet were, in some way not prescribed, to take a position in lines parallel to that of the enemy, and at from 1200 to 1500 yards distance from it. From that position the lee division would 'most probably,' but not certainly, be ordered to bear up together, and, under all sail, break through and overpower the enemy's rear; while the division of the commander-in-chief was primarily to take care that the work of his second was not interfered with. But it was from the very first asserted that nothing like this was done; that no attempt was made to take the prescribed position in lines parallel to that of the enemy; but that the British fleet formed two lines ahead, each ship following in the wake of the one before her, and bore down at nearly right angles to the enemy's line, thereby exposing the leading ships to great, and, it was sometimes said, unnecessary risk. This was the history, this was the tradition; and it seemed all the more probable, as it was exactly what Nelson had proposed to do, if the enemy had been to windward; in which case, he had been willing to accept the risk to the leading ships. But against this history or tradition Admiral Colomb protested; he did not recognise the base of the history, the force of the tradition, and gave the memorandum an absolute interpretation which its words do not warrant. There is certainly nothing absolute in the words 'most probably.'

Among the evidence on which the history is based, a high place must be accorded to the diagram or plan of the battle, which, from the date (November 1805) of its publication in the 'Naval Chronicle,' must have come to the Admiralty in company with Collingwood's despatch. Nothing is known of its author. It may have been sent unofficially by Collingwood, or by some other correspondent of Lord Barham's; but the covering letter has not been found. It may have been sketched by Lapénotière, in giving to Barham a verbal account of what he had seen. But all this is mere guessing: it is certainly of English origin, and was considered by Barham, not only

worth keeping, but worth submitting to Villeneuve, then a prisoner in England. Villeneuve appears to have handed it to his flag-captain, who returned it with his signature: 'Certifie véritable le Capitaine de Vaisseau, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, commandant le Bucen-taure, J. J. Magendie.'

The original, so signed, shows the British fleet at daylight in two disorderly clusters; again, at nine o'clock, as if trying to form order of sailing; and finally, at noon, in two fairly formed lines, roughly perpendicular to the main line of the enemy, but converging on its centre. The plan is reproduced in Mr Newbolt's 'Year of Trafalgar,' and also by Admiral Colomb, principally, it would seem, to give him an opportunity of saying that

'it is absurd. . . . It was drawn by some one who had no notion of the facts, and who could not have used them if he had known them, because of his utter ignorance of the nature of fleets and their management.'

But, as we may fairly presume that it was drawn by an officer of the fleet, and as we know that it is attested by Magendie, Admiral Colomb's arraignment falls flat; and, though Sir C. Bridge has rightly pointed out that Magendie could only certify as to the positions of the ships on his own side, it can scarcely be denied that he could see whether the ships advancing towards him were formed on a broad or narrow front. At some distance, lines of bearing might easily be mistaken for lines abreast, but, if worthy of the name, could not be mistaken for lines ahead.

But, letting the unknown artist and Magendie pass, we have the letters of Captain Moorsom of the 'Revenge,' published by Admiral Jackson, which show what at least one captain in the fleet wrote to his friends in England: 'We kept going down in two columns pointing to their centre.' Admiral Colomb would have replied to this that naval officers at that time meant, by the word 'column,' any body of ships, independent of their formation. We doubt if this was at all general; we doubt if the signal 'to form order of sailing in two columns' had no reference to formation; and we doubt very much if so many private writers and so many logs would have used the word 'column' had it not generally conveyed a definite

meaning. We may certainly ask for clear evidence of its being used in the sense of 'line of bearing,' and then for an explanation of the way in which two lines of bearing could point to the enemy's centre. But Moorsom continues: 'All our ships were carrying stud-sails, and many bad sailers a long way astern, but little or no stop was made for them.' And again, referring to some time after the battle had begun:—

'Their [the enemy's] van could not afford any succour to their centre without passing through the sternmost part of our weather column. . . . I am not certain that our mode of attack was the best; however it succeeded. . . . I have seen several plans of the action, but none to answer my ideas of it. A regular plan was laid down by Lord Nelson some time before the action, but not acted upon.'

Surely we may suppose that the captain of the 'Revenge' knew what position the ships were in; knew, at any rate, the signals that had been made to regulate the movements of the fleet. That Moorsom's belief was that of the other officers in command and of the service generally would seem to be proved by Lord St Vincent's letter to the Admiralty (June 2, 1806), in answer to their request that he would give them 'his opinion on the influence of Clerk's "Treatise on Naval Tactics" in the victories obtained by our fleets since its publication.'

'Clerk's position' (he wrote), "'that a fleet to windward bearing down at right angles upon the fleet of the enemy must be crippled, if not totally disabled, before it can reach the enemy," has been disproved by the recent action under Lord Nelson, bearing down in two columns at Trafalgar.'*

St Vincent's knowledge was, of course, only by hearsay; but the hearsay on which an officer of his distinction and standing was content to base a semi-official report may fairly be considered as good evidence of the fact, and as certain proof of the general belief.

Here, then—in the authenticated diagram sent to the Admiralty and published in the 'Naval Chronicle'; in the accounts published in the 'Naval Chronicle'; in the belief of naval officers, as proved by the letters of Moorsom

* Tucker, 'Memoirs of the Earl of St Vincent,' ii, 263.

and St Vincent—we have the basis of the historical account, an account, it must be remembered, widely published, everywhere read, and never contradicted by or on behalf of any one of the two admirals, twenty-six captains, and numerous lieutenants who were present in the battle and had related the details of it to scores of personal friends. Truly, it looks as if no historical narrative could rest on a better foundation. But Admiral Colomb, Sir C. Bridge, and the ‘Times’ correspondent are at one in pinning their faith on the words of the memorandum, or rather on some of them—they ignore the ‘most probably’—and hold that the mere supposition of any change from what is there prescribed is a libel on Nelson. The ‘Times’ correspondent even says:—

‘Nelson had in his keeping the fate of his country, the confidence, the loyalty, the devoted affection of officers who knew his plans and were ready to die in executing them. How could he be said not to have betrayed that trust if he jeopardised his country’s fate by deceiving those who had so trusted him, and impaired even their tried efficiency by expecting them, without a word of notice or warning, to execute a plan of which they had never even heard?’ (‘Times,’ Sep. 30.)

Considering the ‘most probably’ of the memorandum, such a denunciation of any change may seem exaggerated. We feel no doubt that these officers had very sufficient warning of what they might expect. The correspondent indeed adds:—

‘I do not say that Nelson was bound not to change his plan. On the contrary, I think he was bound to change it, if circumstances so required. But then, surely, he was equally bound to tell his subordinates that he had changed it. A single signal would have sufficed . . . to the effect that the memorandum of October 9 was to be disregarded. Yet no scrap of evidence has ever yet been adduced to show that any such signal was made, or that any information of like purport was conveyed to the fleet in any manner whatever. It is this total omission to make his change of mind known to his followers that, if it could be established, would, in my judgment, inflict a lasting stain on Nelson’s honour and fame.’

Here again we think the condemnation exaggerated; but it is of little consequence, for we feel sure that Nelson gave his officers all the information in his power. Sir

Edward Berry has told us what he did before the battle of the Nile ; and Sir John Ross, in his 'Life of Saumarez,' was able to lift a corner of the curtain in front of these friendly gatherings. We know that between September 29 and October 19, admirals and captains were frequently on board the 'Victory'; and we have every right to believe that Nelson's verbal comments on the memorandum, and on possible modifications of it, had been heard directly by many, indirectly by all of them. In the particular case before us, if the attack was made as all history describes it, a simple reference to the prescribed attack from the leeward would be sufficient; *mutatis mutandis*, the two are the same.

But Admiral Colomb and Sir C. Bridge hold that the memorandum was carried out exactly, and that the logs of the several ships entirely bear out this contention. We cannot admit this; nor, whilst recognising the value of the logs as first-hand evidence, can we concede to them that impeccability which Admiral Colomb seems to claim for them. They are, as a rule, very imperfect, and, with respect to the morning and forenoon of October 21, are meagre in the extreme. They were not written up till, it may be, three or four days after the battle; some divergence was inevitable; and many details, which would now be priceless, were omitted. On the other hand, making a liberal allowance for blunders, it may be assumed that anything distinctly recorded by two or three or more of the logs really happened. When a large majority of the logs speak of the British as bearing down in two columns, we accept the statement of fact, even though we may differ as to the meaning of the word 'columns,' about which, however, the logs suggest no doubt. Similarly, when many of the logs record that, about 6 A.M., the 'Victory' made signal No. 76, we are sure that signal 76 was made, though, again, we may differ as to the interpretation of it.

As No. 76 has loomed very large in the recent discussion, we give the interpretation as it stands in the signal-book: 'When lying by or sailing by the wind, to bear up and sail large on the course pointed out.' To this is appended a reference to the following instruction: 'When the fleet is to bear up in succession and sail large, it will be necessary that each ship should, etc.' Admiral Colomb,

with whom Sir C. Bridge agrees, held that the meaning of the signal was 'to bear up all together unless specially ordered otherwise'; Nicolas, Sir E. Fremantle, Sir Sturges Jackson, Mr Corbett, and Mr Newbolt, that, at any rate to a fleet in order of sailing, it necessarily meant 'to bear up in succession.' Who shall decide?

With all their practical ability, the men of old had not the gift of framing intelligible orders; and this defect was a frequent cause of miscarriage. The most celebrated instance of this is the action to the west of Martinique, on April 17, 1780, when Captain Carkett and the commanders of the British van misunderstood—as any one even now might misunderstand—the wording of the signal, which Rodney had taken no pains to explain to them. Howe's language was still more confused; it is of him that Sir Sturges Jackson has aptly said: * 'He seems to have suffered from an absolute inability to make himself understood.' The signal-book of 1805 still bore much of the impress of Howe's work; and we may believe that Nelson fully recognised the ambiguity of many of the signals, so much so that, in the memorandum before us, he distinctly provided for the case of signals not being perfectly understood, in the classic phrase, 'No captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.' Thus, though signal No. 76 seems to admit of both interpretations, and the official meaning is far from clear, it is no great stretch of imagination to suppose that Nelson had given a verbal explanation of it to at least several of his captains.

Such a solution of the difficulty is, however, not needed here, for this particular ambiguity is one of Admiral Colomb's own making. The curious part of it all is that so many able officers and writers have fallen into the snare, and, whilst contending as to the meaning to be attached to No. 76, have passed with scant notice the illuminating fact that it was made as a pendant to No. 72—'form order of sailing in two columns.' Admiral Colomb does indeed say that the 'Téméraire's' log 'records the "Victory" as making the signal 72,' and argues on it through a whole page, arriving at the conclusion that 'we may be certain that the master of the "Téméraire"

* 'From Howard to Nelson: Twelve Sailors,' p. 335.

entered 72 when he should have entered 76.' Admiral Colomb here neglected to verify his reference, for, as a matter of fact, the 'Téméraire's' log does not record either 72 or 76. There is no log which records 72 only; some few record 76 only; and several record both 72 and 76, as made at an interval of a few minutes.

This point seems so important in its bearing on the present controversy, that a few lines may well be devoted to elaborating it. Sir C. Bridge assumes that at daylight the British fleet was in order of sailing, by the wind, in two columns; that is, with the wind at N.W. by W., heading towards the N.N.E. But the positions of the ships, as indicated, though very imperfectly, by their logs, show that at daylight the ships were in no order at all; and this is confirmed by the signal 72, which could not have been made if the ships were already in order of sailing in two columns. When it is observed that signal 72 was made, and was immediately (within ten minutes) followed by 76, E.N.E., all possible ambiguity disappears; and the signals, taken in conjunction, can only read, 'form order of sailing in two columns, in the wakes of the respective flagships steering E.N.E.' It is perhaps well to add that this double signal is recorded by the 'Mars,' 'Defiance,' 'Conqueror,' 'Bellerophon,' and 'Ajax.' The 'Belleisle' does not give the numbers but enters the meaning of the signals—'form order of sailing,' 'bear up and sail large'; the 'Royal Sovereign,' or rather Collingwood in his journal, says, 'the commander-in-chief made the signal to "form the order of sailing in two columns."'

Towards seven o'clock, signal 76, E. was made and duly recorded by several of the ships; but this alteration of course from E.N.E. to E., in lines that cannot possibly have been exactly formed, can scarcely have affected the formation to any noticeable extent. In fact, as the flagships were, from the first, hurrying eastward under a press of sail, and every ship was crowding sail after them, it cannot be supposed that the lines were ever formed with any approach to accuracy. So far as the battle is concerned, it can hardly be said to have mattered much whether the advance was made in very badly formed lines ahead, according to the traditional account, or in equally badly formed lines of bearing, as Sir C. Bridge's diagram indicates. But, when an attempt is made—

and it is thus that we understand Admiral Colomb's article—to establish the exact agreement of Nelson's memorandum and Nelson's attack by the contention that he bore up towards the enemy in lines of bearing, when still twelve miles distant, we feel compelled to deny that the order in two parallel lines ahead, as prescribed by the memorandum—we waive the question of the third line—at a distance of 1200 or 1500 yards from the enemy, is identical with the order of sailing described by Admiral Colomb, viz. two parallel lines at a distance of twelve miles from the enemy; or that, if both lines bore up together at a distance of twelve miles, as Admiral Colomb insisted they did, such a movement would have been in accordance with the instruction for the lee line to bear up from a distance of 1200 or 1500 yards.

It appears as if Admiral Colomb had confused what Sir C. Bridge is very careful to distinguish—the advance and the attack. The distinction is emphasised by the 'Times' correspondent also. We are compelled to dissent from much that he has said as regards the advance, which we conceive to be vitiated by the radical error of supposing the bearing-up to have been ordered from well-formed N.N.E. lines; but he is under no misapprehension as to the relation of this bearing-up to that prescribed by the memorandum. He says:—

'The signal made at daybreak to bear up and steer E.N.E. can have had no tactical relation whatever to the similar signal prescribed by the memorandum for a different situation at a much later stage of the advance.' ('Times,' Sept. 28.)

As the memorandum says nothing about the advance, the facts cannot be brought into relation with it until the lines had approached within a mile of the enemy. Then, but not till then, there was, we conceive, a departure from the prearranged mode of attack. The British fleet never took the positions laid down; and, as the 'Times' correspondent has clearly shown, it was geometrically impossible that it could do so. For, whether by chance or intention—almost certainly by chance—the enemy's line was formed in a deep bight, or rather, as Sir C. Bridge puts it, in two lines making an obtuse angle with each other; thus, while their main body was in line nearly due north and south, the rear was in a line

extended towards the south-west. On entering this angle, Collingwood made the signal to form line of bearing—a clear proof, if further proof were wanting, that his division was not in line of bearing already.

We accept the inference from the correspondent's argument—that Collingwood's signal may be considered as marking the beginning of the attack, and as ordering an equivalent of the prescribed movement. But the movement actually made was not that which was prescribed. The change from a line ahead, going free, to a line of bearing, preserving the same course, cannot, by any argument, be made to appear identical with the change from a close-hauled line ahead to a line abreast or a line of bearing made by bearing up through six or eight points; and, if done without warning, it would call down on the commander-in-chief the correspondent's anathema. It appears, however, very doubtful whether Collingwood's signal was generally seen or acted on. Moorsom thought it was addressed to him alone. He wrote:—

'My station was the sixth ship in the rear of the lee column; but, as the "Revenge" sailed well, Admiral Collingwood made my signal to keep a line of bearing from him, which made me one of the leading ships through the enemy's line.'

Whether the signal was generally seen or not, the ships of the lee line understood very well what they had to do; and, when the 'Royal Sovereign' and the 'Belleisle' at the head of the line, and the 'Revenge' towards the rear, broke in among the enemy, the others were not backward. Of the fifteen ships which formed the lee line, Mr Newbolt shows that nine were in close action within the first half-hour. Several of the remaining six were far astern; some in consequence of their outlying position at day-break; some, and especially the 'Prince,' in consequence of their slow sailing. The 'Prince' had been ordered out of the line, 'to take station as most convenient.' Her log notes, 'steering down between the lines with all sail set.' If we did not think that we had already answered the question, we might ask between what lines? Not, we may be quite sure, between the lines of bearing shown in the diagrams by Admiral Colomb and Sir C. Bridge.

But the nine ships, presently supported by the others, produced the intended effect. The enemy's rear was

crushed ; and, when the weather line, which Sir C. Bridge draws and partially describes as a line ahead, broke into the centre, the work was finished in a very short time. On the celebrated Twelfth of April, the battle raged from 7 A.M. till after 6 P.M., with the result that thirty-six British ships captured six out of the enemy's fleet of thirty-four. On the 'glorious' First of June, the battle began at 9.30 A.M. and ended, with the sinking of the 'Vengeur,' at a little after 6 P.M., in which time twenty-six British ships captured six and sank one out of a French fleet of twenty-six. The fighting at Trafalgar began after noon and ended about 5 P.M. In less than five hours, the British fleet of twenty-seven ships captured seventeen and burnt one out of the enemy's fleet of thirty-three, and so mauled the rest that the four which got away to the northward fell easy victims to Sir Richard Strachan, and the other eleven, which would probably have been captured but for Nelson's death, only escaped with great difficulty into Cadiz.

Modern history, since the battles of Lepanto and Gravelines, knew of no such victory at sea. At La Hogue, which, in a political sense, may compare with it, the allied fleet, English and Dutch, of eighty-two ships destroyed fifteen out of forty-five French ; but they took five days about it, and the enormous disproportion of numbers renders comparison impossible. Quiberon Bay, which of all others comes into most direct comparison, was a brilliant defeat of a French fleet by one of practically equal numbers—twenty-three British to twenty-one larger and heavier French ; it put an end to a threat of invasion, gave England the command of the sea, and secured the conquest of Canada ; but the very completeness of the victory, and the apparent ease with which it was won, gave rise to the belief that the French contributed more than their fair share to their own defeat. Nothing of this kind dimmed the splendour of Trafalgar. The enemy fought well ; Spaniard vied with Frenchman in the obstinacy of his defence, which was attested by the terrible death-roll ; and they were numerically stronger by more than one sixth. Nor, until the present year, could any sea-fights of the following century bear comparison ; for though, in the Spanish-American war, the fleets of the United States did their

work even more thoroughly, the numbers engaged were far smaller, the issues far less important, and the American vessels greatly superior to the Spanish. It is only Admiral Togo's victory in the Sea of Japan that can compare with Nelson's last and greatest triumph.

The last thirty years have wrought a great change in public opinion as to the results of Trafalgar. Few would write now, as was written only ten years ago, that Great Britain was saved from the threatened invasion by the muster of her volunteers. It is but little more than half a century since Creasy brought out his popular work, 'Fifteen Decisive Battles'; but it is noteworthy that among the 'fifteen' there is only one action at sea—the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Valmy is there, a skirmish which permitted the development of the French army and of the career of Napoleon; Waterloo also, the battle which brought that career to an end; but the author did not see that Waterloo, though the final, was not the decisive battle of that war. If he had understood this, then, in searching for the battle which made Waterloo inevitable and the continuance of Napoleon's empire impossible, he would have been led back to Trafalgar.

Because he could not strike directly at England, Napoleon felt himself 'compelled' to undertake the conquest of Europe. The 'compulsion' was still stronger after Trafalgar had finally destroyed his hopes of invasion. Out of this grew the Continental System and its tremendous strain on France and her allies; the successive annexations of the coast-line of all western Europe; the refusal of Portugal to submit; the Peninsular War, rendered possible only by the assured command of the sea; the defection of Russia, the invasion, the retreat from Moscow; the Leipzig campaign; Elba; Waterloo and St Helena. These were all consequents of the great battle of which we have been speaking. It is this, the downfall of tyranny and oppression, the saving of Great Britain, and the liberation of Europe, that we now celebrate under the name of Trafalgar.

J. K. LAUGHTON.

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TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND THIRD VOLUME OF THE
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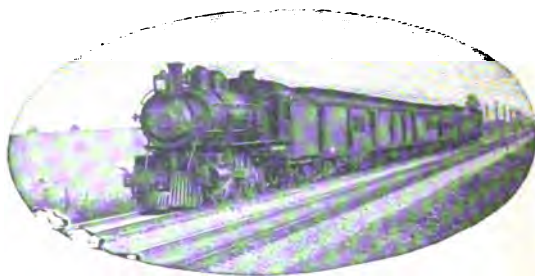
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